HORIZON

SPRING 1965

HORIZON

SPRING, 1965 · VOLUME VII, NUMBER 2

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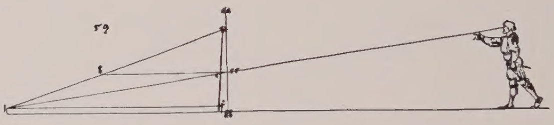
The World in Perspective

Writing about Picasso in the Winter issue of HORIZON, John Canaday suggested that this contemporary "old master" might be the last of the great humanists. Like the humanists of the Renaissance, Picasso has fused an appreciation of old, traditional concepts with an eager investigation of what is new and significant in modern life. No other living artist has equalled his achievement and few are making the effort. For the most part modern art has set itself more limited goals.

Men have always lived in "modern" times, but they have never been so acutely conscious of the fact as we are today. In our time, man's relationship to the world about him, and to the cosmos, seems to change so fast that its becomes increasingly difficult to reconcile newly developing concepts with the human values that have sustained our culture for many centuries. Such reconcilation is the more difficult because so many of the new forces that affect our lives appear to be, potentially at least, dehumanizing by their nature. There are few areas of experience, from religion to art, where the impact of these forces is not felt.

Yet we can claim at least one common interest with Renaissance Italy—a preoccupation with the problems of space. In our own day, almost incredibly, man has entered and probed regions of outer space, bent on resolving its mysteries. But the discovery and development of the rules of perspective, and their application to the visual arts, was in a sense also a conquest of space that opened new avenues to human expression and invention. This rationalization of sight, so to speak, was one of the unique accomplishments of the Renaissance. To create a convincing illusion of three-dimensional reality on a flat surface became part of the basic language of art, and so it remained until fairly recent times.

The most progressive—and the most accomplished—artists of our own day have discarded all but a small part of that language. In their aversion to any representation of natural and living forms they have jettisoned the rules of perspective, or reduced them to a state of ambiguity; and while doing so they have drastically reduced the vocabulary of art. In effect, this is a denial of what had remained the fundamental assumptions of Western art, at least since the time of Giotto seven hundred years ago. Painting, that for so long attempted a total expression of a view of life, has become preoccupied with fragments of experience.



All this has been most apparent in the abstract expressionist painting that has enjoyed such a worldwide vogue in recent years, and it is again obvious

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HORIZON

A Magazine of the Arts

SPRING, 1965 · VOLUME VII, NUMBER 2

in the dazzling examples of optical art reproduced on pages 96–103 of this issue. Such fragmentation and especially, in the case of optical art, the reduction of fragments to geometrical patterns are fair examples of what José Ortega y Gasset referred to as the dehumanization of art. Nevertheless, this approach to art well reflects the splintered character of contemporary culture. As paths to special fields of knowledge proliferate in all directions and at an accelerating rate, a comprehensive view of life becomes progressively more difficult to master. Too much raw data of too many kinds too quickly crowd upon us.

In one of his essays Aldous Huxley questioned whether even the genius of Dante would suffice to provide a true synthesis of the swiftly changing complexity of modern life. In the *Divine Comedy* Dante proposed a supreme synthesis for his own age—"the greatest of ages." His poem was actually an answer to the threatening fragmentation of the social and spiritual order that he perceived in the world of his time. Dante conceived a universe wonderfully different from the one we now ponder; but by his poetic insights he reached far toward those transcendant truths we try to reach by other approaches and to define by scientific revelations. In our forthcoming Summer issue Morris Bishop will discuss the enduring relevance and beauty of this "most tremendous poem in the world." Professor Bishop's article will commemorate the 700th anniversary of Dante's birth.

THE EDITORS

All correspondence about subscriptions should be addressed to: HORIZON Subscription Office, 379 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43301.

Single Copies: $ 5.00
Subscriptions: $16.00 per year in the U.S. & Canada; elsewhere, $17.00

Annual indexes for Volumes I–VI are available at $1 each. A cumulative index for Volumes I–V is available at $3. HORIZON is also indexed in the *Readers Guide to Periodical Literature*.

The editors welcome contributions but can assume no responsibility for unsolicited material.

Title registered U.S. Patent Office

Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.

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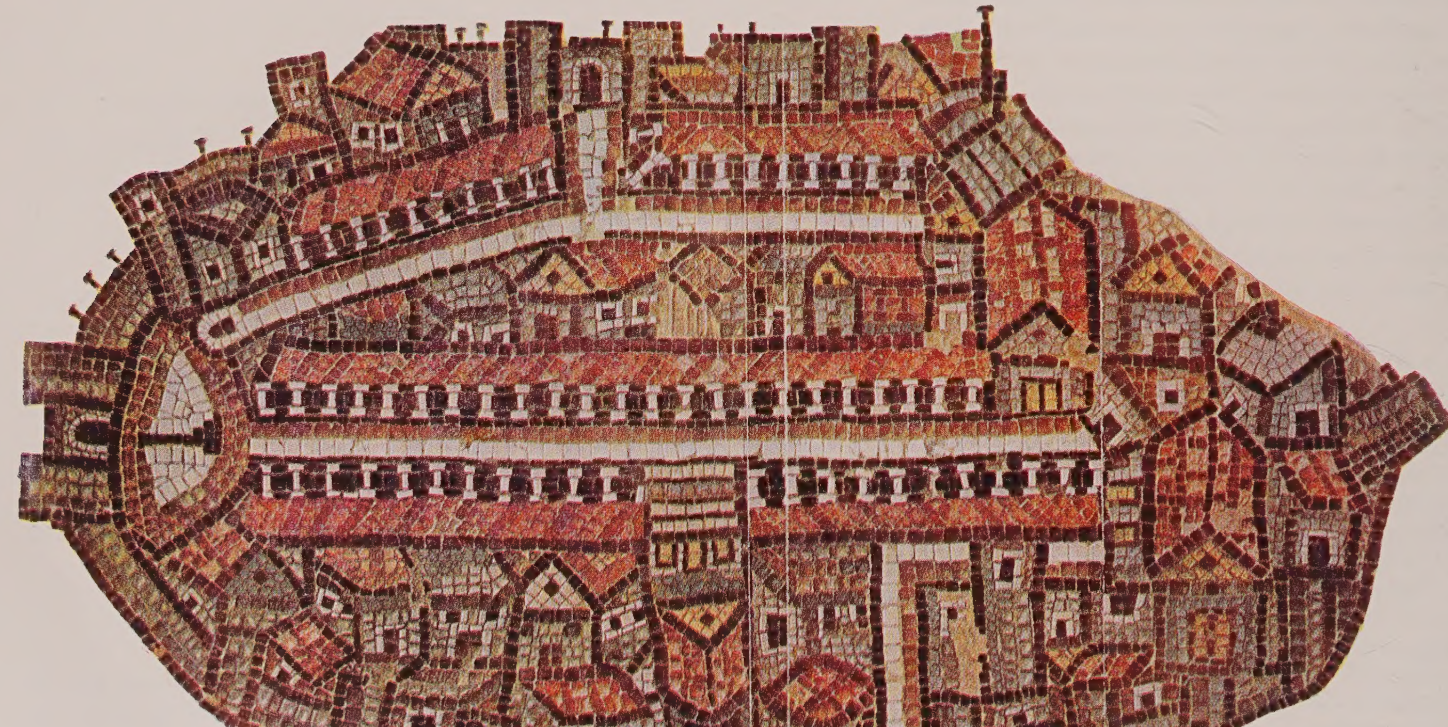
COVER: Even after arriving in the Holy Land, Jerusalem-bound pilgrims had a good deal farther to go than this fifteenth-century miniature suggests (the city is forty miles from the sea, not the short stroll it seems to be here). Despite that, the unknown artist who painted it in 1455 for Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy (the manuscript is now in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris), got some things right. One can recognize the octagonal Dome of the Rock, even though he improved on the dome itself, and, to the left of it, the open-topped dome over the Holy Sepulchre. The little red-and-white toy town is Bethlehem. A history of Jerusalem begins on page 4.

THE HOLY CITY

Sacred to Christian, Moslem, and Jew alike, Jerusalem has inspired warfare as well as worship, and has witnessed mankind not only in its noblest moments, but in its worst



ZEITSCHRIFT DES DEUTSCHEN PALASTINA—VEREINS 1929

This sixth-century A.D. *mosaic map shows Jerusalem's fortified walls and gateways and colonnaded streets*

By NORMAN KOTKER

Originally all cities were holy. Just as primitive farmers sanctified the whole earth, primitive townsfolk revered the enclosure within which they lived, imagining it a sacred space, like a church, where a sacred drama was continually being enacted between themselves and their god. In Sumer, and later in Babylonia, every city contained within its walls a ziggurat, a temple shaped like a mountain, where the patron god of the city lived. The city of Rome was itself a deity and was worshiped as such by its citizens. In Etruria each town was considered to be an image of the heavens above; like the sky, the towns were divided into sections, each of which was placed under the protection of a particular god. As the world grew less terrifying and more controllable, cities, like their inhabitants, became more secular. But certain cities never lost their sacred character; and some, like Mecca, Rome, or Moscow, even survived the extinction or eclipse of their original cult to become dedicated to a new one. Of these, the most famous is Jerusalem.

To its inhabitants, whether Hebrew, Moslem, or Christian, whether ancient or modern, this has never seemed surprising. According to traditions that they invented or inherited, Jerusalem was the center of the earth and the place where God created Adam. Beneath it is the source of all sweet waters, and above it stands the throne of God and the celestial Temple. There in the New Jerusalem, where the streets are paved with gold, a former resident of the Old City, King David, leads the heavenly choir, and the Virgin Mary again intones the Magnificat which she had first sung in a suburb of the town beneath. It was from Jerusalem that Mohammed ascended to heaven to converse with God, and it is to Jerusalem, on the Day of Judgment, that the Garden of Eden will be transferred to the delight of the elect. On that day, all mankind will have assembled on the Mount of Olives at the one place on the hill where no blood has ever been spilled. It is probably the only place in Jerusalem that has been spared bloodshed, for the history of the town is as dreadful as it is exalted.

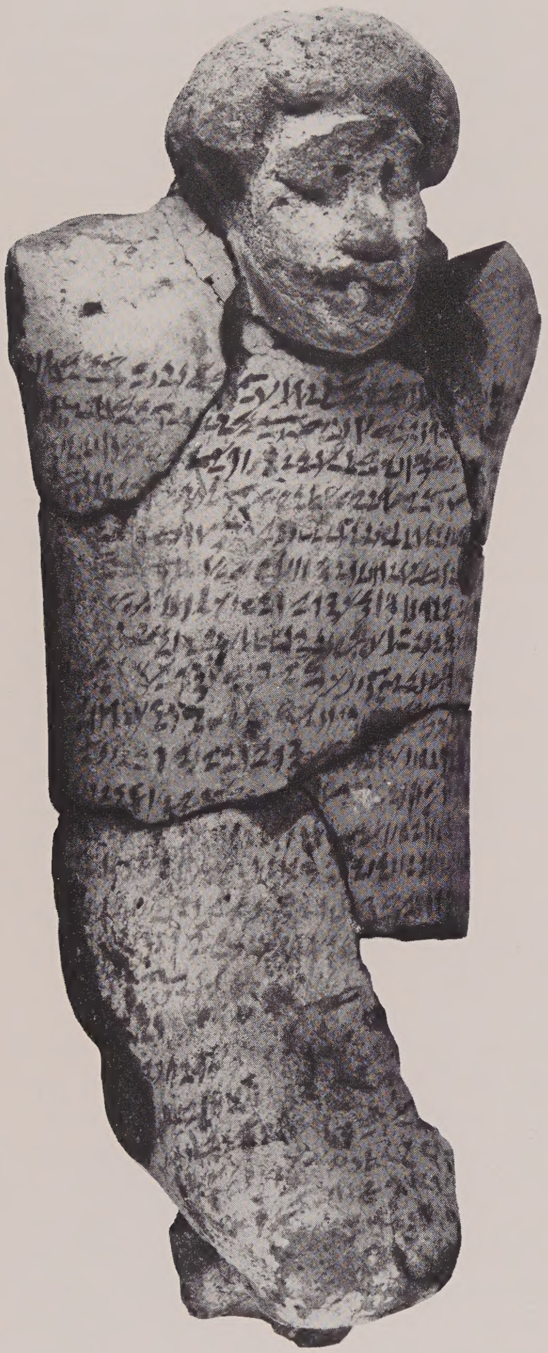
Jerusalem has been besieged and taken and sacked countless times by countless kings, whose antagonism was usually inspired by the religion of its inhabitants. The city's religion may have changed numerous times, but its fanaticism has remained constant, and the price which that fanaticism exacts has remained large. Now, because of religious strife, it is divided in two, and ruled by two governments, neither of which recognizes the other's right to be there; and its inhabitants may well stand a better chance of seeing the New Jerusalem in heaven than the other half of their own city.

The citizens of Jerusalem are a remarkably cosmopolitan lot. Even before the time of the Queen of Sheba, the city attracted pilgrims, and many of them remained to settle. Devout Abyssinians have been living in the town since the early centuries of the Christian Era. During the Crusades, Armenians migrated there in great numbers, and now they dwell in a quarter of their own in the Old City. There are pilgrims from the lands of Islam, Russian nuns, Greek Orthodox priests, resolute American missionaries, and military observers from Norway and Italy sent by the United Nations to keep the inhabitants from attacking one another as they have so frequently in the past. The Jews first arrived around 1000 B.C., when King David took the town from the Canaanites, and except for a few centuries they have been represented there ever since. The "Arabs" who live there now are a heterogeneous group descended from Roman and Greek colonists, Canaanites and Turks, with perhaps as much Hebrew blood in their veins as true Bedouin.

How did Jerusalem, a provincial town in a small and provincial land, come to acquire such a mixture of inhabitants and traditions, attain such holiness, and inspire such fanatical devotion? The Canaanite town that grew up at the site was unimportant. There was little to differentiate it from the other small towns that perched among the barren mountains separating the Mediterranean coast from the great valley of the Jordan River and the Dead Sea, the lowest spot on earth. The city lay at the juncture of two ancient trade routes, one leading from a ford of the Jordan near Jericho to the Mediterranean, and the other running over the hills from Galilee in the north to the southern desert. But they were minor routes, and the town at their crossing, according to the records we possess, showed little promise of its great future. The major cities of Canaan were on the coastal plain; the hills where Jerusalem is set were so sparsely populated that when the Israelites came into them at the end of the Bronze Age, they displaced few native inhabitants. Despite the stirring Biblical account of their arrival, they did not have to conquer the land to settle on it; there was room enough there for them.

It is unlikely now that much more evidence of the original Canaanite city will be unearthed. Besieged and rebuilt numerous times, Jerusalem is one of the least productive sites at which Biblical archaeologists have dug. We do know, however, that the town was settled early—probably by the year 3000 B.C.—and that by 1800 B.C. it was known to the Egyptians. About that time its name appears on execration bowls and figurines of clay, which the Egyptians were accustomed to inscribe with a curse against Pharaoh's enemies, and then smash to pieces. A few centuries later, Jerusalem became part of the Egyptian empire. But it was not to stay that way for long. In the fourteenth century, at the time of Akhenaten and Nefertiti when nomadic tribesmen took advantage of Egypt's weakening control over Canaan to immigrate there, a prince of Jerusalem wrote to Akhenaten, frantically begging for aid: "O king, my lord, there are no garrison troops . . . let the king take care of his land! . . . Do you not hearken unto me? . . . if there are no archers the lands of the king, my lord, will be lost!"

No aid came, and Canaan was subjected to the invasions that it has traditionally suffered whenever there was a power



MUSEES ROYAUX D'ART ET D'HISTOIRE, BRUXELLES

The Egyptian clay figurine above, made about 1800 B.C., *depicts a bound prisoner. It is inscribed with a curse against those tribes and cities—including Jerusalem—that might oppose Egyptian power. After the curse was written, the figurine was smashed to pieces in an act of sympathetic magic that, the Egyptians believed, would bring about the destruction of their enemies as well.*

vacuum in the Middle East. Ammonites, Moabites, and Edomites settled in the lands east and south of the Jordan and the Dead Sea; Hebrew settlements dotted the hills on both sides of the Jordan; and the Philistines conquered the fertile and populous plain along the Mediterranean. The Hebrews surrounded Jerusalem, but that city, like a good many others, managed to maintain its independence. Although they had been settling in Canaan since the thirteenth century, it was not until early in the tenth century that the Hebrews finally succeeded in conquering Jerusalem.

The city that their king, David, captured at that time, after his soldiers had sneaked into it through a water conduit that is still discernible today, lay on Mount Zion, a small hill just south of the walls of the present-day city. A broad plateau, a fairly large one for that hilly land, extends behind Zion, and below it lies a steep semicircular valley. (It was in one part of the valley, Hinnom, that the Canaanites used to sacrifice their children, a custom the Hebrews found so abhorrent that they took their name for hell, Gehenna, from its name.) Higher hills surround the site—the Mount of Olives is one of them—but to the south and east the land falls away so that one can see the stone city of Bethlehem five miles away and the pink mountains of Moab, across the Dead Sea, some thirty miles distant. Alone among those empty hills, the city must have seemed then, as it does now, like an island.

In an attempt to unify the Hebrew tribes of the south and of the north, David made Jerusalem his capital. The tribes had chosen him as king and might easily revoke the choice; but he had conquered Jerusalem himself, and there he was king in his own right. As was customary, it had taken the name of its conqueror as an epithet, and thenceforth it was to be known also as the City of David. From there David ruled, besides the Hebrews, the nations east and south of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. He was the sovereign of Damascus, and his domain in Syria reached as far as the Euphrates. When David brought to his capital the Ark of the Covenant, which contained the Tablets of the Law that Moses had received from the hands of God on Mount Sinai, and danced before it in prayer and celebration, he was performing a political act as much as a religious one—although the chronicler, reflecting and perhaps encouraging the importance that the Temple later acquired in Jewish life, invested the act only with religious significance.

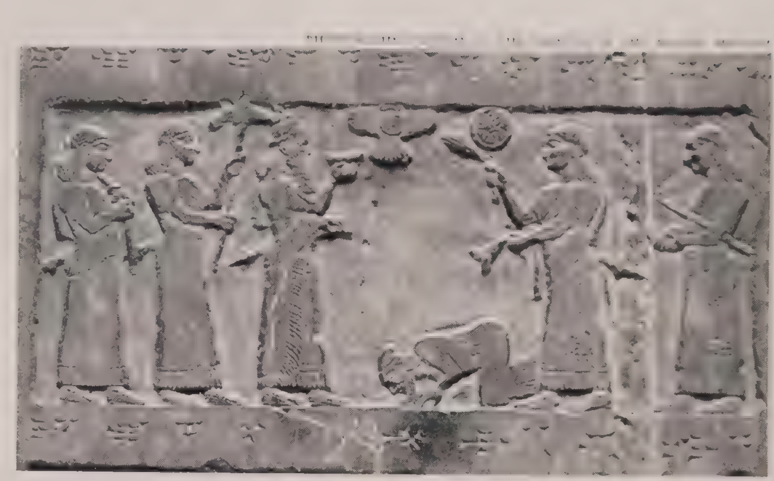
With the capture of Jerusalem, the Hebrews had subjugated one of the last of the independent Canaanite cities. But in a sense David's victory marked Canaan's conquest of the Hebrews as well. Before the time of Saul and David, Israel had been ruled by an assembly of elders, and by certain leaders chosen to meet an emergency, the Judges, whose authority usually lasted only as long as it was needed. The Hebrew religion had no permanent center; the holy Ark of the Covenant was moved freely from place to place. Now, like their neighbors, the Israelites had a king, and now, too, their God was to have a shrine, a royal sanctuary, as was the usual custom in the ancient Near East. Both changes were adjustments made by the Hebrews to the world of Canaan; both excited and continued to excite fierce opposition among traditionalists.

North of the city was a field containing a boulder larger than a house, to which numerous ancient and holy traditions had been attached. David purchased the field from its Canaanite owner as a site for his royal sanctuary. Here he gathered materials, iron and cedar trees, "brass in abundance without weight," and "an hundred thousand talents of gold, and a thousand thousand talents of silver." And here "he set masons to hew wrought stones to build the house of God."

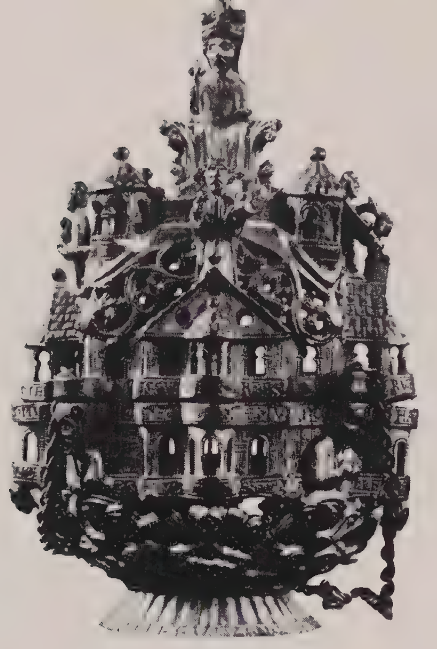
According to later Jewish traditions, David was not allowed to build the Temple himself because he was a warrior. That task had to wait until his son Solomon ascended the throne. With the help of Phoenician craftsmen who, legend relates, received their pay in heaven (for they died as soon as their job was done to keep them from ever working on a pagan temple), Solomon constructed the "House of God" high above the city. Only the God to whom it was dedicated distinguished this Temple from others of the ancient East. In most respects it was similar to pagan sanctuaries for, like them, it was carefully designed to symbolize the universe.

The great altar on which the priests offered their sacrifices was like a small Babylonian ziggurat, a sort of stepped pyramid, built in the way that the Babylonians imagined the universe was built. Above the ark and on the walls of the Temple there were cherubim; these were not the chubby *putti* of latter-day art but, most probably, winged sphinxes like the one on which the thunder-god of the Syrians was supposed to ride through the skies. In the Temple courtyard there was a great vessel of bronze, the "Brazen Sea," perhaps a symbol of the waters beneath the earth, the primeval chaos of the Babylonian and Hebrew creation myths. As in Egypt and much of the Levant, the Temple contained three rooms which, according to the Hebrew historian Josephus, who lived around the time of Christ, represented the three elements believed to compose the universe: water, earth, and air.

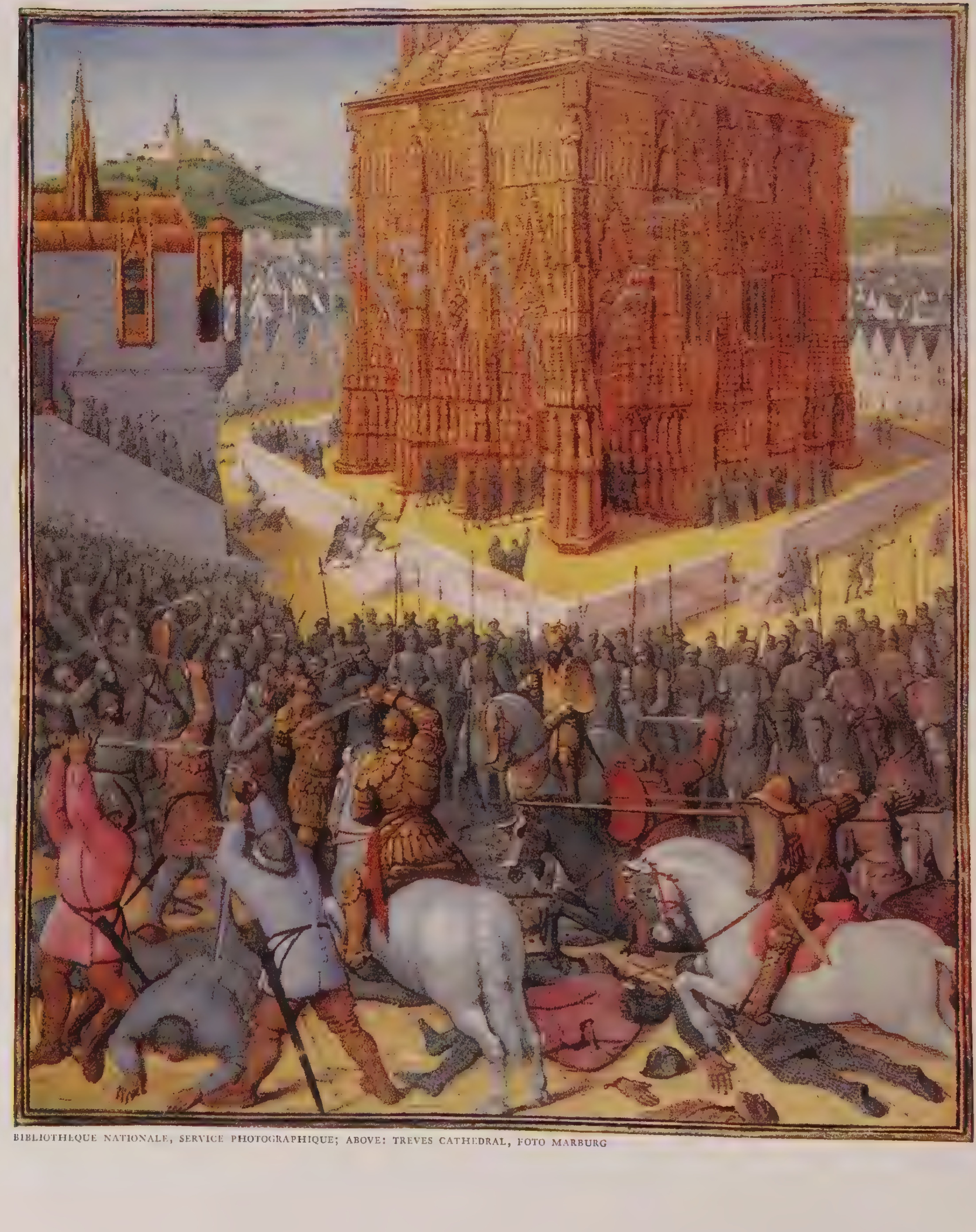
One of the Temple's rooms was an entrance hall; another contained cult objects—a golden altar and a golden table, knives, basins, and the other paraphernalia used in making sacrifices. The third and inmost room, uniform in length, width, and height, was the Holy of Holies, containing the Ark of the Covenant. Like the rest of the Temple, it was ornamented with carvings of flowers and cherubim, and garlands made of cedarwood overlaid with pure gold. No light entered here. No people entered either, except once a year on the Day of Atonement, when the high priest solemnly went in to sprinkle the walls, the floor, and the Ark with the blood of a sacrificed bullock. Most Jews probably came to believe that this room was the actual earthly dwelling place of their God. But there was another tradition among them, one that existed long before the Temple was built, long before Solo-



The only contemporary representation of a Hebrew Old Testament figure (above) shows Jehu of Israel prostrating himself before the king of Assyria. The alternative to such humiliation was an Assyrian attack, such as the one below, on a town that may be Jerusalem.



Although the Bible describes it in some detail, no one knows exactly what Solomon's Temple looked like, and in depicting it, artists have followed their own fancy as much as the Biblical account. The fifteenth-century French miniaturist Jean Fouquet, showing its fall to the Babylonians (right), represented the Temple as a flamboyant Gothic building similar to the churches built in his own time. A censer made in the shape of the Temple around A.D. *1000 (above), shows it as a church in the then current Romanesque style. Solomon, guarded by lions, sits atop it.*



BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE, SERVICE PHOTOGRAPHIQUE; ABOVE: TREVES CATHEDRAL, FOTO MARBURG mon's prayer at its dedication was written down: "The heaven and even the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee how much less this house that I have builded." This tradition was universal, while the temple cult was parochial, and it stressed morality while the cult stressed ritual. One was upheld by the prophets and the people, the other by the priests and the royal city of Jerusalem. Jerusalem and its Temple were to become the center of Israel's religion, but with their strong emphasis on ritual, they also tended to be a stultifying force. This is why Jesus was to cry against "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets!" The Temple was to acquire a profound influence in the nation's life; indeed, it was to become the only official one the nation had, and to it all Jews eagerly made a pilgrimage three times each year. But, as elsewhere in the ancient East, the official cult often served to advance the interests of the rich and of the royal court.

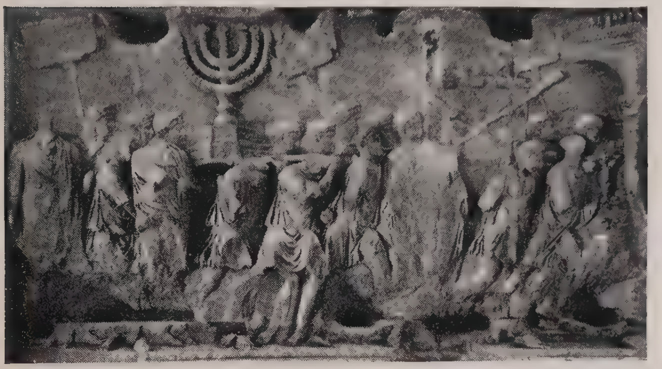
Jerusalem, with its Temple ritual, was always to be sharply divided from the rest of the country. At the time of Solomon, even the population of the city was separate, made up as it was mostly of native Canaanites and of royal retainers, many of them Gentile mercenaries. In its appearance, too, the capital must have been remarkably different from the other towns of the land. For the Temple was by no means the only noble building erected there, or the only holy site. There were still pagan places of worship outside the city, and Solomon even built new shrines to accommodate the gods of his foreign wives. He also constructed a great palace complex, expanding the palace of David, his father, just as David had expanded the house of his Canaanite predecessor. Solomon's palace contained a throne room "where he might judge" and a vast reception room, or treasure house, which was larger than the Temple itself. The dwelling quarters were also spacious; they had to be to accommodate Solomon's seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines.

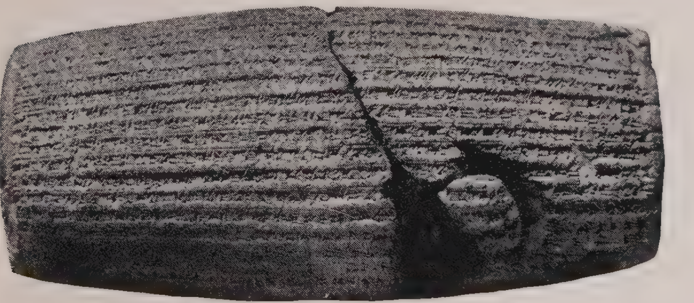
Splendid though the palace was, it remained an imperial residence for only a brief time. With the death of Solomon and the division of his kingdom in two, the royal city lost its predominance both politically and religiously. Jerusalem was now the capital of only the tiny kingdom of Judah, made up of the tribes of Judah and Simeon, two of the twelve that had traditionally formed the Hebrew nation. The ten other tribes in the north, known now as the kingdom of Israel, reestablished worship at Bethel, an ancient Canaanite shrine which had been eclipsed when Solomon's Temple was built in the capital. But pilgrims still came from Israel to sacrifice at the Temple in Jerusalem, and their ceaseless traffic played a more and more important role in the city's economic life. Indeed, the economic importance of pilgrimages in the city has continued, century after century, down to our own day.

The Hebrew kingdom of Israel was larger and more powerful than Judah was. The palace of the Israelite kings, recently found at Samaria and dating from the ninth and

On the Arch of Titus the Romans depicted the triumphal procession with which they celebrated that emperor's conquest of Jerusalem in A.D. *70. Soldiers, crowned with laurel, are shown carrying spoils from the fallen Temple—silver trumpets, the golden table, and the great candelabra made of gold.*

ALINARI; BELOW: COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM





In 538 B.C. *the Persians ordered the rebuilding of the Jerusalem Temple which the Babylonians had destroyed. The cuneiform text on the clay cylinder above is a proclamation by the Persian ruler Cyrus; it tells of the restoration of demolished shrines, such as the one in Jerusalem, throughout his empire, and of the return of banished peoples to their homeland—among them the exiles in Babylon.*

When the Moslems conquered Jerusalem in A.D. *638, they requisitioned many Jewish and Christian shrines for their own use. Among them was the holy rock, shown at bottom, on the site of Solomon's Temple. A footprint on the rock supposedly marked the spot from which Mohammed ascended to heaven to converse with God. The Crusaders, attacking Jerusalem in 1099, assumed that the dome which the Moslems had built over the rock was actually Solomon's Temple. When they sacked the city and massacred its inhabitants, they spared the dome, although the medieval Persian miniature below—propaganda perhaps—shows them burning it down.*

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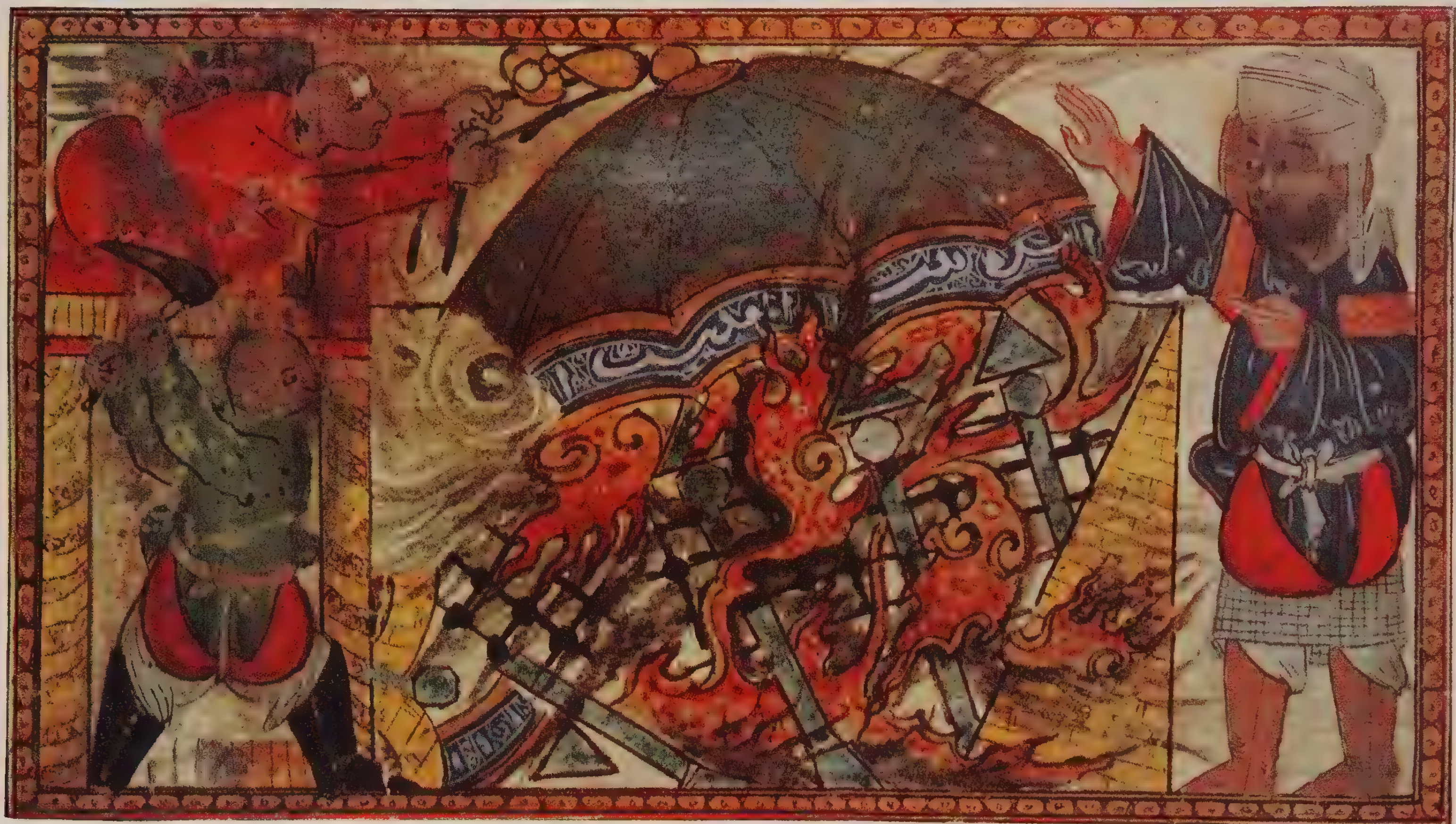

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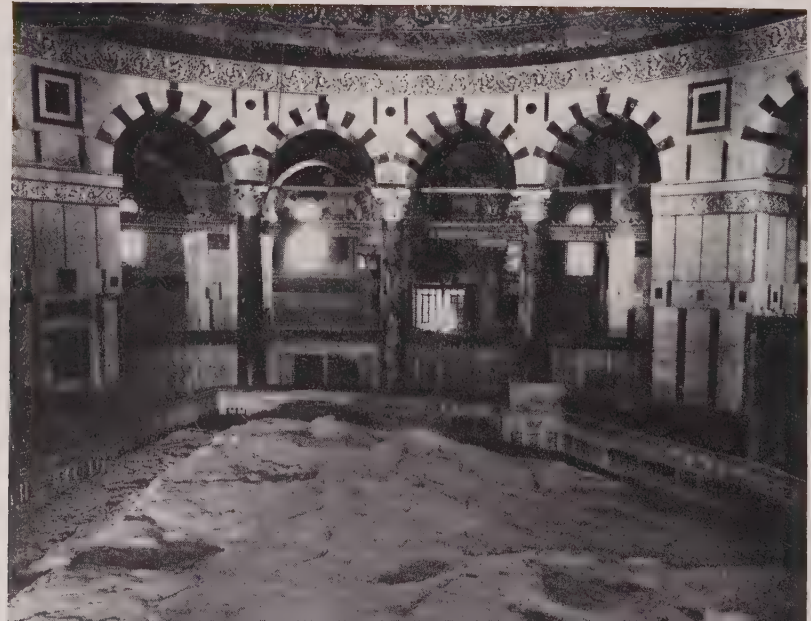


eighth centuries B.C., has provided evidence of far more wealth than has a similar Judean palace recently discovered outside Jerusalem. (The latter was first thought to be the residence of a leper king who was obliged to live outside the walls of the city far from the Temple.) Judah was a petty state, often at war with neighboring Israel, or joining with it or others in the local squabbles that plagued a land where numerous minor kingdoms—Ammon, Moab, Edom, Aram, Philistia—jostled for primacy. Their insignificance was made increasingly evident, as the centuries progressed, by the growth of Assyria, the first of those mighty empires that ruled over the East in the millennium before the birth of Christ.

In the ninth century the Assyrians contented themselves with periodic marches through the Levant to exact the tribute on which their national economy depended. They found it easy to get. Their armies were usually invincible, and anyone who resisted them met a most unpleasant fate. If he was fortunate, he was exiled or quickly beheaded, but usually he was flayed alive or impaled on a stake. Most of the time the kings of Israel and Judah prudently paid tribute to their Assyrian overlords and were left in possession of their lands. In 724 B.C., however, when one king of Israel was indiscreet enough to join a rebellion against the Assyrians, his nation was wiped out; its population was exiled (they were known thenceforth as the "ten lost tribes"); and insubordinate peoples from elsewhere in the Assyrian empire resettled on its lands. Despite this example, a few years later the Judeans also had the temerity to rebel, but by then the situation must have changed. For reasons of policy or lack of power, Assyria left Judah alive, although stripped of most of its territory.

It was, in part, these unhappy events that aroused the prophets to preach throughout the country and especially in Jerusalem, where a population most dependent on the official cult had been most shaken by the fact that other gods were proving themselves stronger than the God of Israel. The prophets' explanation returned Jerusalem to its accustomed place at the center of the universe. Its God, they proclaimed, was not the God of Israel alone but of all the nations, who were being called upon to punish Jerusalem for its sins. Its chief sin, according to the prophets, was the worship of other gods. The metaphor most frequently applied to both the sin and the city was "whoredom," a not inappropriate one considering that Jerusalem, like many shrines, has always been a particularly racy place. To repent by ridding the Temple of alien cults was risky, for Assyrian idols had been introduced there in the first place to symbolize Assyrian power; removing them was, in effect, an invitation for the Assyrian army to return. But since leaving the idols there apparently brought punishment also, it was inevitable that the Jews would begin to diminish the importance of the corruptible Temple cult, and to stress instead the observance of the Law as the proper way of worshiping God. In this they were upholding a tradition that was far more ancient than that of the Temple.

In 586 B.C., after Judah rebelled against Nebuchadnezzar

LEONARD WOLFE

The most beautiful building in Jerusalem today is the golden Dome of the Rock, designed by Greek architects in the seventh century. It is the third holiest shrine of Islam; according to Moslem tradition, one pilgrimage there was equal to participation in ten campaigns of a holy war, and to die there ensured entering paradise.

of Babylon, who had inherited control of half the Assyrian empire, the Temple itself was defiled and burned. Most of the inhabitants of Jerusalem were carried off to exile in Babylon, and the few who remained in the desolate city fainted in the streets from hunger. Foxes out of the wilderness scampered among the ruins of Solomon's Temple. "Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?" cried the prophet Jeremiah. The exiles in Babylon also mourned the city: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning . . . let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Their exile was probably the beginning of the dispersion of the Jews.

Jerusalem's destruction had a profound effect on the religion of the Jews. The city's aristocrats, exiled in Babylon without their accustomed Temple cult, turned more and more to the traditional Law. Even after some Jews had risen high in the service of the Persian monarchy, which overthrew Babylon in 539 B.C., and had persuaded the Persian king to allow them to return to Jerusalem and rebuild the city and the Temple, the Law retained its importance. In the succeeding years the returning exiles joined in a covenant with those who had remained in the country, swearing as their ancestors had at Sinai, to be faithful to the Law. Jerusalem was repopulated with Jews of the surrounding countryside, chosen by lot only from among those who had subscribed to the new covenant.

As part of a campaign to uphold the observance of the Law in the city, all Gentiles were expelled from Jerusalem in the fifth century B.C. Merchants were not allowed to trade on the Sabbath, and men who had married Gentile wives were pummeled and cursed and had their beards pulled. Such fervor brought results; Jerusalem was purified more thoroughly than at any other time in its history. Indeed, the city and Temple became and remained so pure that, by the time of Jesus, all the rest of the nation was considered impure, and only the Jews of Jerusalem were undefiled. Only they could possibly follow the ritual requirements of cleansing themselves at the Temple after contact with a dead body, or after passing a graveyard, or even after contact with another Jew who was ritually unclean. Because of this, eventually there was a minimum of intercourse between the inhabitants of Jerusalem and the rest of the world, Jewish or Gentile. This is why Jesus was scoffed at with the words, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" This is why its citizens fought so fanatically when holy Jerusalem was threatened again.

Under the Persians the city had been left in peace, and when Alexander the Great overthrew the Persian empire in the fourth century, he passed Jerusalem by. But under the Seleucid kings who succeeded to the rule of one third of Alexander's Hellenistic empire, the city was less fortunate. To consolidate control of his kingdom, one of the Seleucids, Antiochus IV Epiphanes, announced that he was a god, and proceeded to requisition the Temple treasuries of the other gods of his empire. It was easy for most of his subjects to add Antiochus to their pantheon, although they must have resented the financial sacrifices that he demanded. The Jews, of course, were not so amenable. When, in 167 B.C., the king's followers tried to break down their resistance to paganism by introducing a statue of Zeus into their Temple and sacrificing a pig to it, a rebellion broke out.

The rebellion succeeded, and the Temple was reconquered and purified, an event which delighted all the Jews, and which their descendants still celebrate annually with the feast of Hanukkah. Once the Temple had been rededicated, however, the nation's unity disappeared. One group, moderate in both politics and religion, would have stopped the war before gaining independence. Religious freedom was all they wanted. A second group, centered like the first in Jerusalem, also would have been happy to forego independence, but for totally different reasons. They were eager to adjust to a world that was larger, more cultured, and more exciting than the parochial world of the Jews, and wanted to build gymnasiums and theatres in Jerusalem and turn it into a beautiful and logical Greek city. By the time of Christ, the first group was known as the Pharisees, and the second, made up of the upper classes and the Temple establishment, as the Sadducees. A third group demanded national independence. Along with it, they expected the coming of the Messiah. (These outlooks have been modified by time and circumstance, but, curiously enough, they still remain discernible among the Jews of today.)

The nationalists prevailed over their adversaries, Jewish and Gentile; they won the war for independence and established a Hebrew kingdom once again. Then, instead of dealing with the divisions among their subjects, they devoted themselves to dynastic strife, which was attended by parricide and incest, and to wars of conquest. The wars, at least, were terminated by the growing power of Rome. In 63 B.C. Pompey marched into Jerusalem. Priests who were offering sacrifices in the Temple courtyard were themselves sent to heaven by Roman legionaries, and Pompey strolled into the Holy of Holies, which heretofore had been entered only by the high priest. The king of the Jews was taken back to Rome to march in Pompey's triumph. But still Jerusalem managed to adjust itself to Rome.

The most successful adjuster among the Jews was Herod the Great, whom the Romans had placed on the throne in 40 B.C., despite the complaints of the people. Under his rule, Jerusalem became, if not "the most splendid and famous city of the east," as one Roman writer was to call it, certainly *one* of the most splendid and famous. By this time the city had spread far beyond the area of the ancient capital of David. It was a rich, cosmopolitan place with a population that may have reached a hundred thousand. To it came pilgrims from all the lands of the Diaspora, for by now, because of exile or emigration, millions of Jews lived outside Palestine.

Above the city towered the glorious Temple that Herod built to replace the one constructed during the Persian era. It was set within a wide courtyard and surrounded by a vast double colonnade of pillars Hellenistic in style; each pillar was almost forty feet high and carved from a solid block of pure white marble. The gates of the courtyard were golden, and one was more than a hundred feet high; above it was a great golden vine from which hung huge clusters of golden grapes. The buildings within were of marble, with massive doors plated with gold and silver. At the center was the Holy of Holies, dark and empty, for the Ark of the Covenant had disappeared after the destruction of Solomon's Temple. The roof of the building was studded with spikes, which dazzled the beholder when they caught the sun's rays; they also served the more prosaic purpose of keeping birds from resting on the sacred roof and soiling it with droppings.

Usually, Herod was more indulgent of pigeons and, indeed, was kinder to them than he was to people. He kept dovecotes in his garden, where he bred birds as a hobby. To protect the king from his subjects, the garden was enclosed by a high wall, and the palace adjoining it was well fortified. It was here that Herod entertained Cleopatra in a meeting that is as fascinating, if not as famous, as the earlier royal encounter in Jerusalem between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Antony's insatiable paramour had cajoled him into giving her new territories in Syria and Palestine. Herod was too weak to resist, and his kingdom was stripped of a good part of its lands. At that he was fortunate, for Cleopatra had asked for his entire domain. When she came to inspect her new provinces, Herod went down to Jericho to meet her, and there, to his astonishment, Josephus reports, she attempted to seduce him. He was prudent and resisted Cleopatra's advances, but he still entertained her as courteously, if not as thoroughly, as she might have desired, and then he accompanied her on a tour through the lands he was surrendering. They had to pass through Jerusalem, and while she was in Herod's territory and power, his advisers suggested that he kill her to regain his land. But Herod, who was to murder his mother-in-law, his wife, three of his sons, and, according to the Bible, thousands of innocent infants when he heard of the birth of Christ, restrained himself for once, and Cleopatra returned to Egypt.

At Herod's own death, the Romans divided his kingdom. Jerusalem soon found itself under the control of Roman procurators, who ruled the province of Judea from Caesarea on the coast. Under Roman oppression, the threat of rebellion was constant. The population was sullen and rumors of the coming of the Messiah swept through the land. The situation was aggravated by the clumsiness of the procurators, who often failed to respect the customs or even the stubbornness of the Jews. The fifth of these Roman procurators was Pontius Pilate, who was especially detested because he had introduced graven images into Jerusalem—the standards of

The Via Dolorosa follows the route of Jesus from his trial to his Crucifixion. Although the identification of many of its sites is very ancient, the route as a whole was not finally set until the fourteenth century. Then, it was so ingeniously fixed that Christian and Moslem pilgrims could tour their respective holy places without once crossing each other's paths.

his legionaries bearing Caesar's portrait. Only when the elders of the Jews announced that they would rather die than permit these images in the city, did he take them out.

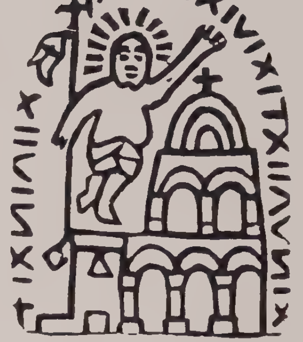
It was during Pilate's rule that Jesus went to Jerusalem and taught in the Temple and on the Mount of Olives; and as he descended the Mount of Olives to enter the city, he paused and wept over the destruction that he foresaw for it. A small church called "Dominus Flevit," the Lord Wept, now stands on the site overlooking the city. From its great window one can see the gate through which Jesus entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, the places of his capture and trial, and the sites of the Crucifixion and of the Resurrection.

He had been accused before the Romans, with some justification perhaps, of being a rebel as well as a blasphemer. In the years after his death the Romans were forced to be on guard, for the political agitation which they feared and for which he had been crucified became more intense. In A.D. 66 the country erupted into a rebellion that was motivated partly by a desire for national independence and partly by the curious belief that the end of the world was at hand.

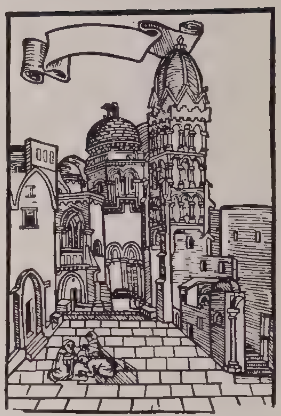
This rebellion, which was to have such calamitous consequences for Jerusalem and for the Jewish nation, broke out when the Roman procurator Florus, pleading poverty, attempted to expropriate part of the Temple treasury. In angry derision a group of Jews paraded through the streets of Jerusalem with baskets to take up a collection for him. Florus became so enraged that he marched his legionaries to Jerusalem to plunder it. Then he withdrew with most of his troops for a time to let the Jews think the situation over. Immediately a civil war broke out in the streets of the city between two factions, one hoping to make peace with the Romans, the other determined to rebel. But despite its belligerence, the "peace" party failed to capture the Temple and re-establish the daily sacrifice "for Caesar and the Roman people." Since omission of the rite was tantamount to a denial of imperial authority, war with Rome began in earnest. The first victims were the partisans of peace, most of whom were massacred.

The demands of fighting an enemy as powerful as Rome did not put an end to factional strife among the Jews, however. When the Roman army marched off to subjugate Galilee, which had also rebelled, the people of Jerusalem once again occupied themselves with slaughtering each other. This time the opposing factions were the moderate branch of the "war" party, mostly aristocrats, and the Zealots, who were mostly proletarians. Eventually the Zealots succeeded in exterminating their rivals, the nation's previous leaders.

The Zealots were led by several generals who disapproved of each other so heartily that, even as the Romans returned to besiege the city, they engaged in yet a third civil war, this time one undignified by any ideological basis. Their hatred was so fierce that the followers of one general burned enormous stores of grain to keep them from falling into the hands of his rivals. Except for this insane act, the Jews could



© JOHN CARSWELL
Coptic Tattoo Designs, 1956



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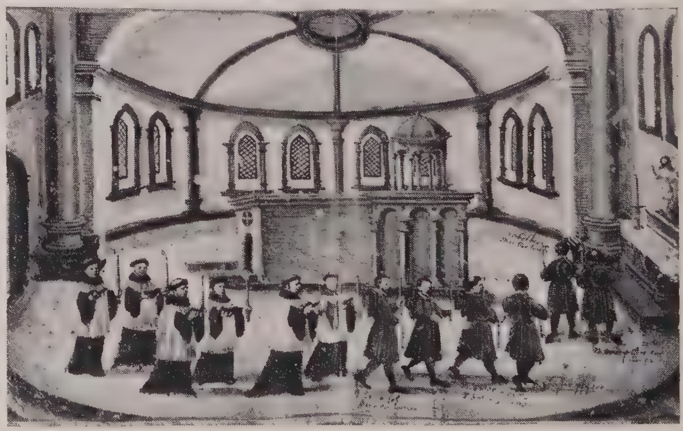
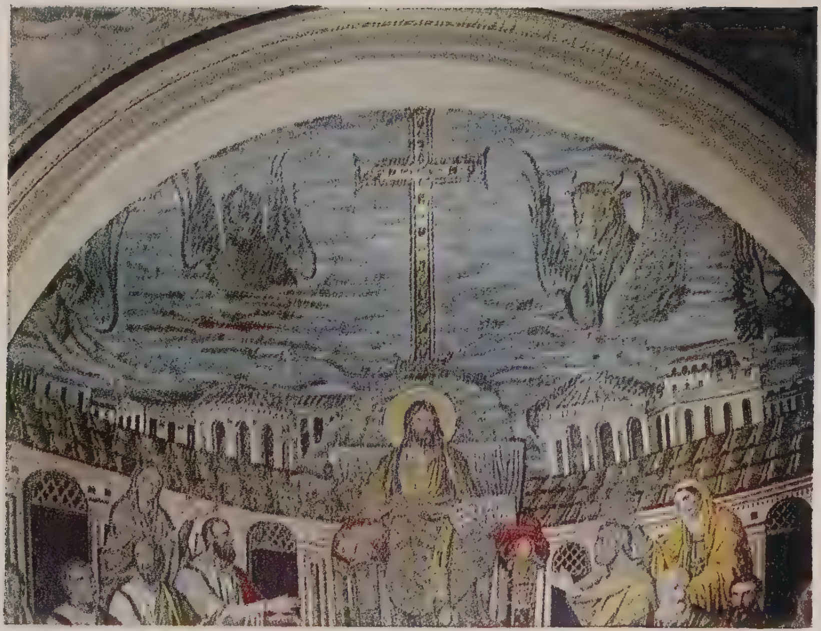
On visiting Jerusalem, devout Copts usually commemorated their journey by being tattooed with one of the traditional designs that only pilgrims are entitled to wear. The one at left above shows the resurrected Christ rising above the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. That shrine is depicted again at right above, in a fifteenth-century German woodcut which illustrated a travel guide written for the benefit of pilgrims.



ZENTRALBIBLIOTHEK, LUCERNE

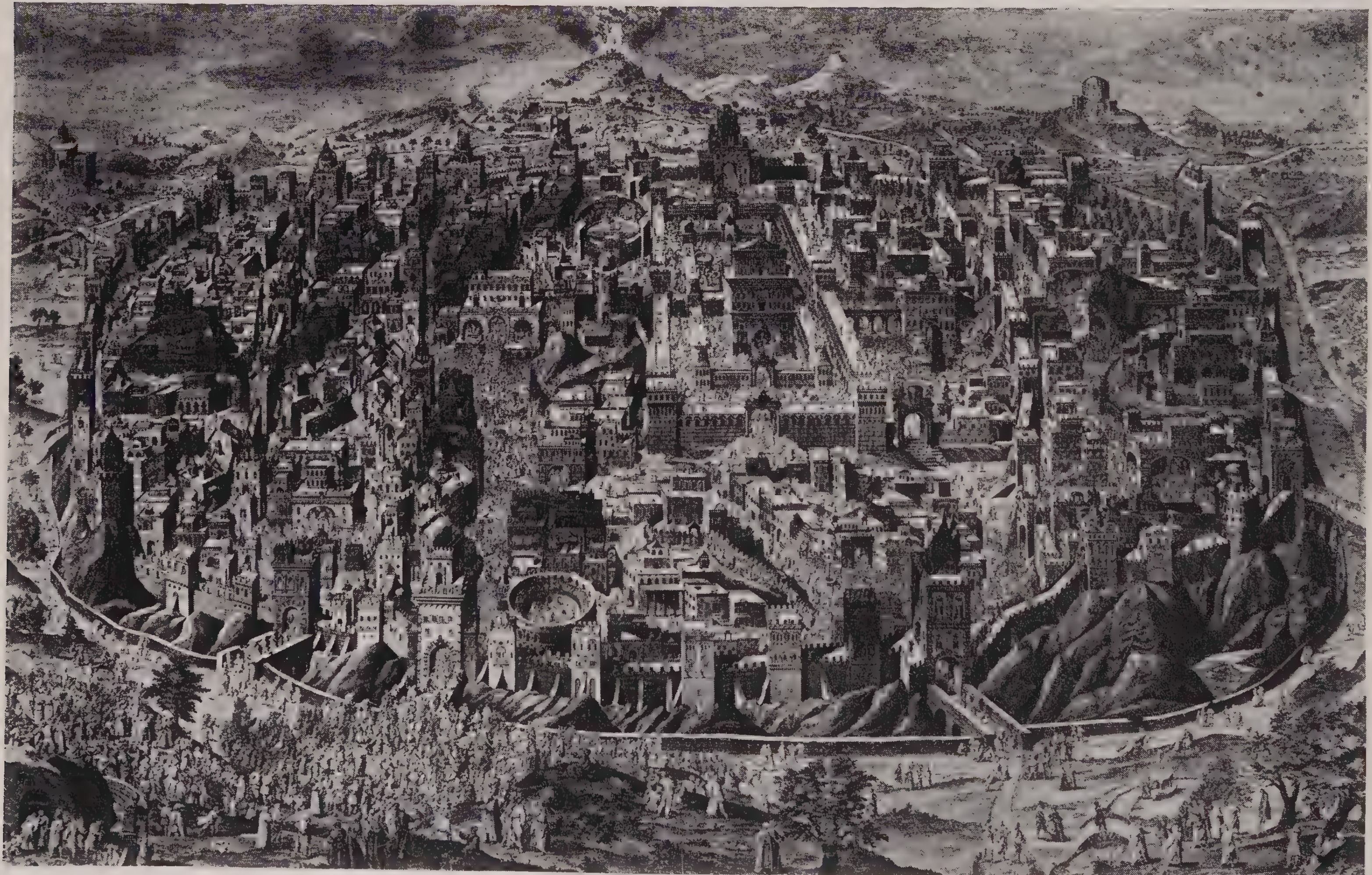
The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was built in the fourth century to cover Golgotha, where Christ was crucified, and the site of his burial and Resurrection nearby. It has been rebuilt several times since, most recently by the Greek Orthodox in 1808, and now looks as it does in the photograph opposite. The sixteenth-century painting above, with a procession of monks and pilgrims, shows a more austere interior.

JOHN ROSS



According to the traditions of Moslem, Christian, and Jew, the heavenly Jerusalem lies directly above the earthly city. One representation of it, at left, from a fifth-century church in Rome, shows Christ enthroned, teaching the apostles. On his right is the domed Church of the Holy Sepulchre as it was during Byzantine times. Although the seventeenth-century panorama of Biblical Jerusalem below is supposedly based on evidence from the Old Testament, in most of it imagination triumphs over accuracy. However, the Temple of Solomon, which is seen at the center, follows the Biblical description as closely as possible.

COURTEST OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM



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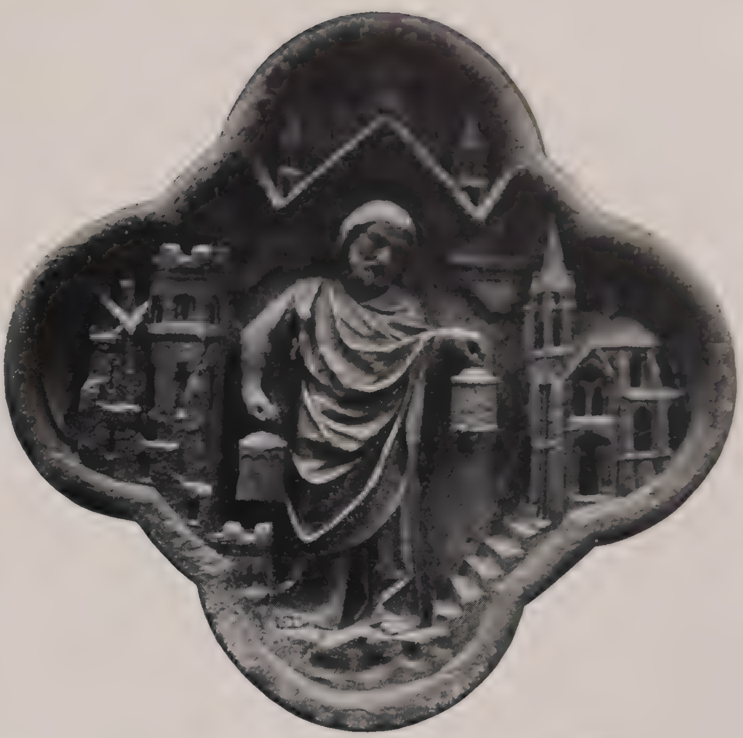
Medieval maps often made Jerusalem the center of the world. In this thirteenth-century example the site of the Resurrection is at the city's center.



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This quatrefoil from the medieval French cathedral of Amiens shows Christ walking through Jerusalem carrying lamps to illuminate the world.

have held out against the Romans much longer than the five months they did; for they would not have suffered from a famine so terrible that citizens murdered for a bit of food.

The siege of Jerusalem was led by Titus, son of the emperor Vespasian and later emperor himself. He pleaded with the Jews to surrender and spare their Temple and their holy city. They scorned his offer. God, they believed, was their ally, and even if his attention wandered, the city was fortified with three strong walls that the Romans would have to pass before they could reach its center. At first, Jews kept slipping outside these walls to find food, but the Romans put a stop to this one day by crucifying hundreds of them within sight of the starving populace. The siege was slow but its result was inevitable. Jerusalem was taken and its Temple and palaces destroyed. The population was massacred, or sold into slavery, or sent throughout the empire to be killed in the arena by wild beasts or in gladiatorial battles. Only the tallest and handsomest youths—and the leaders of the revolt—were spared, to be marched in chains through the streets of Rome during Titus's triumph.

To the Jews of the time, the fall of the Temple seemed merely another reverse in their long and difficult history; and they set themselves to recording each detail of its sacred rituals so that their descendants would be able to re-create them when the Temple was rebuilt. But even though Jewish independence was re-established for a few years, after another rebellion beginning in A.D. 132, the Temple was never to be rebuilt. And with its destruction, Jewish history entered on a new phase. The Temple priests, who claimed descent from Moses' brother Aaron, had lost their function; they and their descendants—many named Cohen, which means "priest"—became merely a caste with minor ritual obligations and privileges, but otherwise undistinguished from the mass of Jews. Their aristocratic allies, the Sadducees, had lost the basis of their power: there was no longer any Jewish political administration for them to control. Whatever national life remained now centered on the Pharisees, who devoted themselves to preserving the only precious thing the Jews had left, the Law, which they endlessly studied, memorized, and interpreted. By keeping them a people apart, the Law, in turn, was to preserve the Jews.

The second Jewish rebellion, in 132, had been inspired by a Roman edict against religious practices, such as circumcision, that mutilated the body and by the emperor Hadrian's plan to build a new Roman city on the site of Jerusalem. As soon as the rebellion was suppressed, Jerusalem was renamed Aelia Capitolina (after Publius Aelius Hadrianus), rebuilt, and settled with Roman colonists. Baths, gymnasiums, and theatres were constructed. On the site of the old Temple rose a new one, dedicated to Jupiter, and the figure of a swine was carved above one of the city gates. Any Jew caught entering Jerusalem was crucified.

Since then the Jews have piously prayed each day for the rebuilding of their Temple and the return of their people to Zion. During the Middle Ages they customarily wore black to remind themselves that they were "mourners of Zion." Even today, at weddings, in the midst of their joy, Jewish bridegrooms crush a glass beneath their heel to recall the destruction of the Temple. Since medieval times, in Europe Jews have been pursued by their tormentors shouting "HEP! HEP!" the traditional cry of the Jew-baiter; it is an acronym for *Hierosolyma est perdita,* Jerusalem is lost.

The history of the city since the expulsion of the Jews has been, in effect, the tale of their struggle, and that of their Moslem and Christian successors, to oust one another from its possession. The contestants—Crusaders and Bedouins, bearded Greek monks and Buchenwald Jews—keep changing, but the struggles go on with an intensity undiminished by time. The most successful competitors of all have been the Moslems, for every one of their holy places in Jerusalem, and indeed in all of Palestine, was originally a Christian or Jewish shrine, requisitioned when they conquered the country in the seventh century. Besides building the Dome of the Rock at the Temple site, to enshrine the footprint left by Mohammed on his nocturnal ascent to the seventh heaven, they also constructed a mosque over the tomb of King David, and revered the tomb of the Virgin Mary and a stone trough that had once, supposedly, cradled the infant Jesus. Such competition from the Moslems has not discouraged the Christian sects, however, from contesting fiercely among themselves for exclusive rights to conduct worship at the holy sites.

These quarrels have left their mark everywhere in the city, but nowhere are they more evident than at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Christendom's holiest shrine, which shelters Christ's tomb and the rock on which the Cross stood. Indeed, the church is now in danger of collapsing because of them. When it burned down in 1808, the Greek Orthodox spent so much in bribes for the privilege of rebuilding it that they did not have enough money left over to do a good job. Now they control about three-fourths of the structure, shoddy though it is. Their rivals, the Roman Catholics and the Armenians, can claim only small sections, while the Copts are forced to be content with a tiny chapel on the roof. When they conquered Jerusalem in 1917, the British tried to make peace among the various sects by taking an inventory of everything in every shrine in the city, down to the lamps and the icons. To clarify the situation they specified exactly who owned what, maintaining, as is their custom, the status quo. But despite these efforts, the battles have continued.

Religious strife has not been the only jarring note in holy Jerusalem. The city has sometimes been as overenthusiastic about the body as about the soul. The indigenous Canaanite faith apparently linked worship with ritual prostitution, and the Hebrews, despite their frantic efforts, found it difficult to break the link. There have been other scandals, too. The prophet Ezekiel complained bitterly about Jews who stood on the Temple terrace to worship the rising sun; every time they bowed down to adore it, they presented their bottoms to Jehovah's sanctuary. In more modern times a seventeenth-century English traveler grumbled that "the lewd and vicious" came to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ". . . to get convenient opportunity for prostitution, profaning the holy places in such manner . . . that they were not worse defiled even when the heathens here celebrated their aphrodisia." Modern visitors have been less dismayed by the exuberant sexuality of the place, and by its superstitious quarrels, than they have by its poisonous commercialism. Pilgrims no longer have to pay to visit the Holy Sepulchre, but they are still plagued by nagging and greedy guides, touts from the Queen of Sheba Souvenir Shop, and monks eager to trade watches.

But despite their tawdry surroundings, and often to their surprise, visitors are usually awed by the city. "We should hardly have supposed," wrote one nineteenth-century English pilgrim (who thought the Church of the Holy Sepulchre "a temple of bad taste and superstition"), "that under dwellings made with hands, in an atmosphere of superstition and fraud . . . the enlightened Protestant could well be affected as by the very presence of the awful events of Calvary; yet so it is."

So it is indeed, even in an age that is more skeptical than the nineteenth century was about the claims of religion. The rock of Calvary lies beneath a gorgeous altar, set in a tiny ornate alcove. In the marble floor is a circular opening, bordered by a narrow band of silver that has been polished bright by the kisses of pilgrims. Within is the naked rock where Jesus was crucified, and the tourist or pilgrim can reach down with his hand to touch it, one more stone in a city made of stone and surrounded by stony hills. Only the most resolute infidel can fail to be moved; and to the devout, afterward, even Rome, with all its sanctity, will always appear faintly pretentious.

Today, the city's preoccupation with its God is still evident everywhere. On Good Friday men in business suits and little boys in Jordanian boy-scout uniforms walk through the Via Dolorosa, bearing a cross and singing an Arab hymn. Prosperous Armenian women, chic in bright dresses, sit on the floor of a tiled and scented church; before them a bearded monk in a long black robe stands swaying, leaning on his crook, preaching to them like some desert saint come down from his pillar. In their church on the Mount of Olives, Russian nuns, tiny and ancient, bob up and down prostrating themselves, it seems, a hundred times before this icon or that every time they enter or leave a chapel. In front of the Dome of the Rock, five times each day, the fountains are surrounded by crowds of pious Moslems, commanded by the Koran to cleanse themselves before they bow down in prayer. And in Jewish Jerusalem zealots in long side curls and black coats curse and throw stones at the cars that drive through their streets desecrating the Sabbath. On that day no buses run, no stores open, and in certain quarters, during the hours of prayer, the only sound heard is the singing of psalms.

Norman Kotker, who has spent some time in Jerusalem, was the Associate Editor of The HORIZON History of Christianity.

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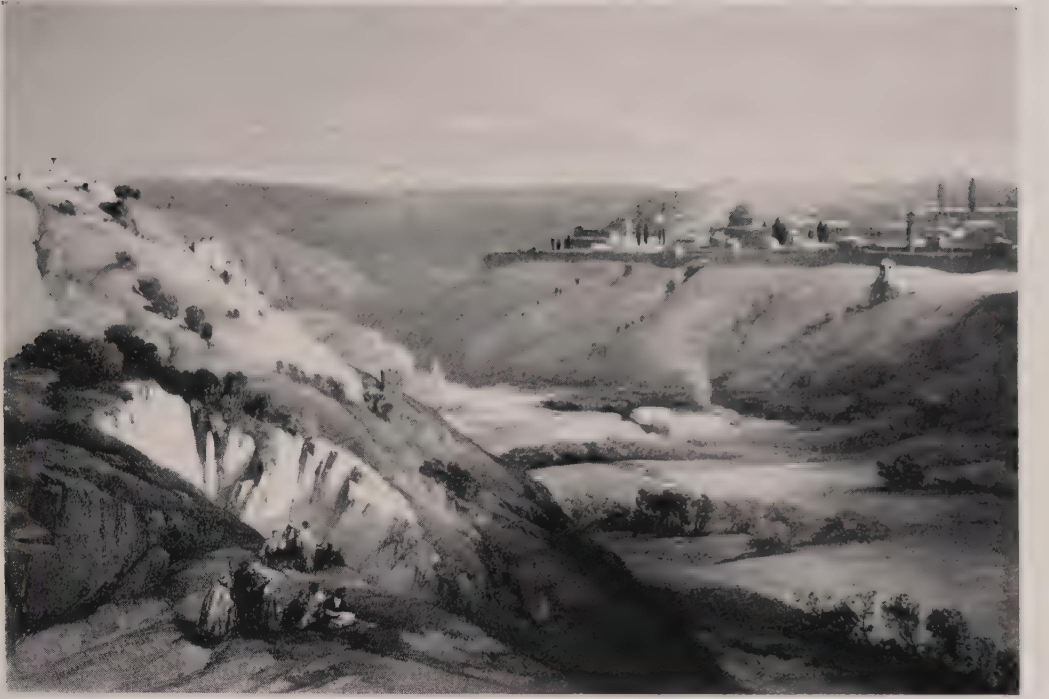
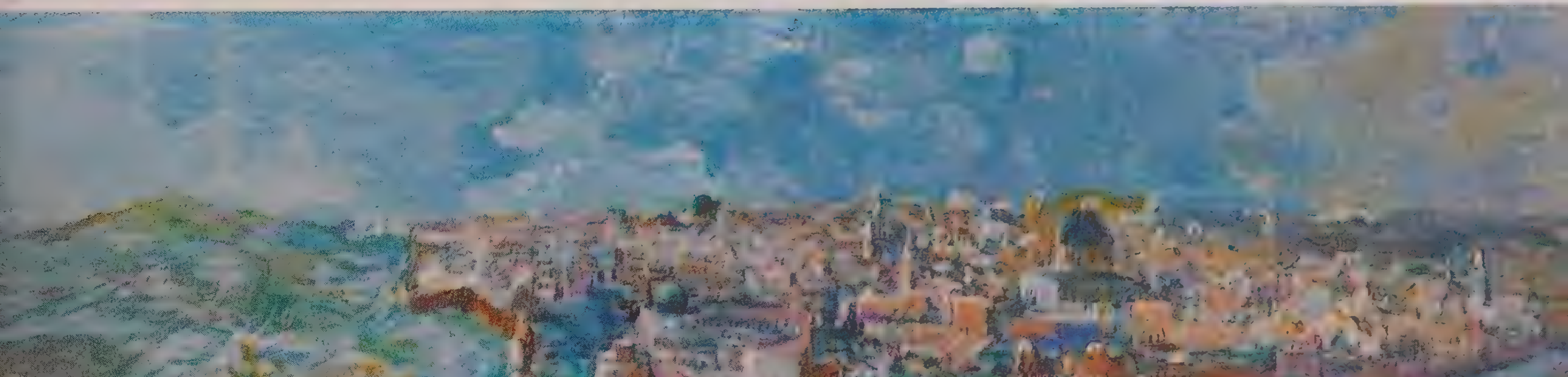


A nineteenth-century engraving (at left), after a drawing by the Scottish artist David Roberts, shows Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. It is taken from one of those collections of views of the Holy Land that were so common in Victorian parlors. The painting below, done by Oskar Kokoschka in 1929, shows the city from a different vantage point. In both views the Dome of the Rock is the most prominent building to be seen.



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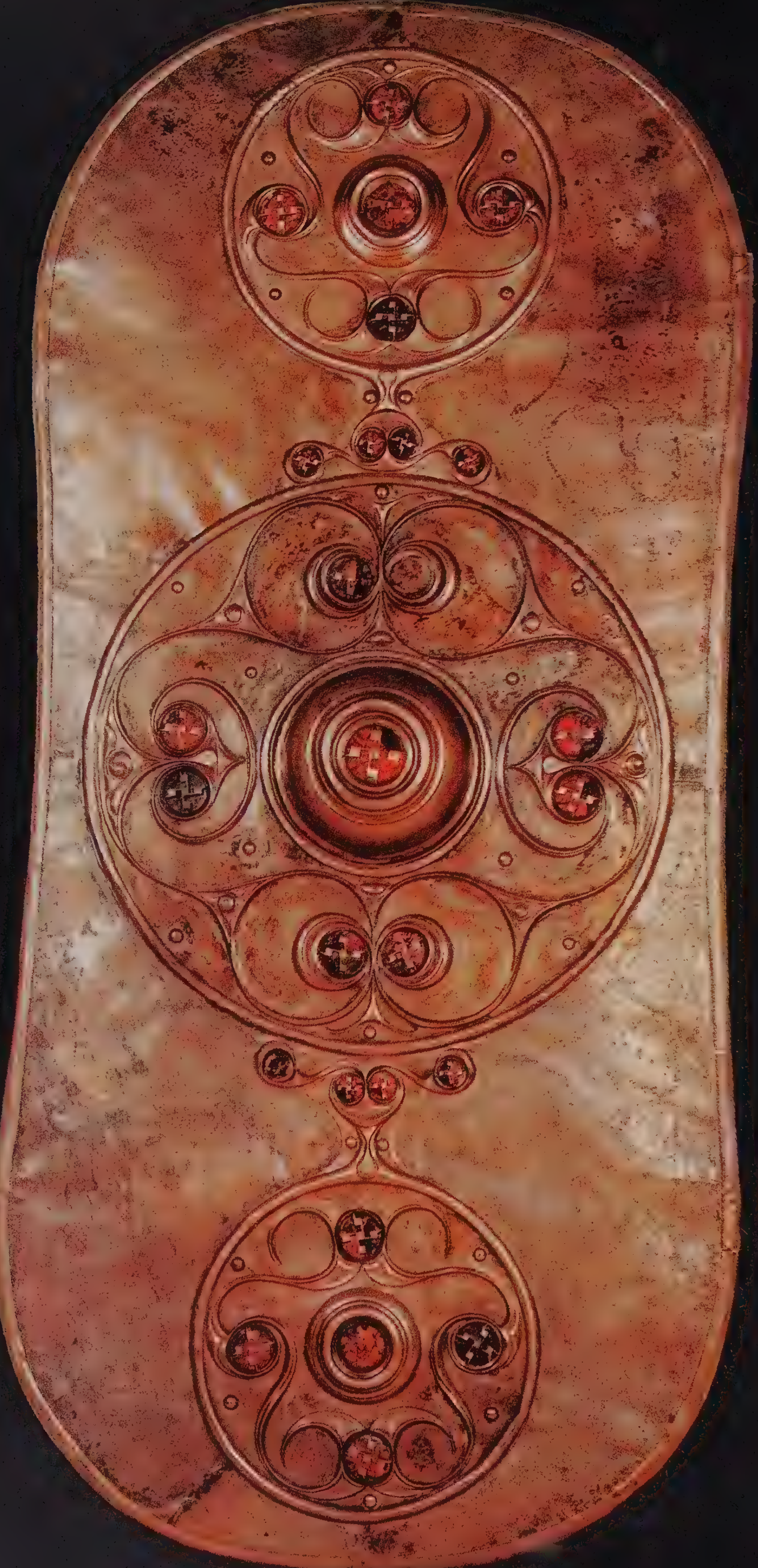


The Dying Gaul—*a Celtic warrior portrayed by the Greeks*

THE CELTS

These roving warriors struggled against, and traded with, the Greeks and the Romans for centuries. With no written language or any sense of Celtic nationality, they nevertheless were bearers of a distinctive, rich, and influential culture

By GEOFFREY BIBBY

This shield of gilded bronze inlaid with red enamel was dredged up from the river Thames near Battersea, London. It is a good example of sophisticated late Celtic craftsmanship.

In the story of every country and every region of the world there exists a "twilight zone," a period of half-light that precedes the full dawn of history. For history, with its names of peoples and of kings, its known sites of battles, its dates and descriptions, starts when written records are first made, or when contemporary events are first chronicled. For the period before contemporary records we have only such lays and legends, folk traditions and genealogies, myths and customs, as were current at the time of the first historians, and of them only as much as those historians thought worth recording. We know that these myths and legends contain some truth and some poetic invention—but we seldom know which is which. Sometimes we can seek assistance through studies of language, or of place names, or through chance references by earlier historians of adjacent areas; but such oblique light rarely succeeds in resolving doubts, and often casts as many shadows as it dispels.

Nowhere is this twilight zone more tantalizing than in the hinterland of Europe. Here, north of the Alps and the Balkans, history dawns with the expansion of the Roman Empire in the first century B.C. And if we look back beyond this dawn, we see in the half-light of pre-Roman Europe the vague outline of the Celts. During several centuries before the birth of Christ, while Greece and then Rome were extending their sway over the Mediterranean world, Celtic tribesmen swept across the breadth of northern Europe from the Black Sea to the Atlantic, asserting a hegemony over the native inhabitants of that large territory wherever they could. Classified as barbarians by the classical world, these warlike people nevertheless were carriers of a distinctive culture that has gradually been rediscovered during past generations—a culture whose enduring impress may, in some areas at least, be discerned in our own day.

That the Celts have stayed in the half-light is entirely their own fault, since they are singularly silent about themselves. For at least five hundred years they existed on the borders of—and in close contact with—a variety of nations possessing developed literary and historical traditions and easily assimilated written languages. Yet the Celts never developed a written language of their own, never even borrowed one, and never wrote anything down while they existed as a people. Our only historical evidence of the Celts is in what other nations wrote about them. And this is easily related.

About 500 B.C. the Greek historian Hecataeus mentions that the Greek colony of Marseilles lies in the country of the Ligurians close to the country of the Celts. Some fifty years later, Herodotus, who gives us such detailed accounts of other countries and peoples of the ancient world, reports briefly that the source of the Danube is said to lie in Celtic country, near "Pyrene," which is believed to be the Pyrenees! He adds that the Celts are the most westerly of the peoples of Europe except for the Cynetes, who apparently occupied the southern part of Portugal, and that you will meet Celts if you sail beyond the Strait of Gibraltar.

Not very much later the Celts erupt into history. In 425 B.C. four tribes from beyond the Alps invade northern Italy, and thirty-five years later sack Rome. Admittedly the Romans call these invaders Gauls (*Galli*), not Celts. But although it is a full third of a millennium later before Julius Caesar tells us that the tribes which the Romans call *Galli* call themselves *Celtae*, it is reasonable to assume the identification at the earlier date, too. For it seems that by then the Celts were already a power north of the Alps, and moreover that they were in a state of ferment. In the fourth century B.C. Ephorus, another Greek historian, lists them, indeed, as one of the four great barbarian peoples of the world, along with the Scythians, Indians, and the Ethiopians; and about the same time we meet bands of Celtic warriors serving as mercenaries in Greece. In the meantime the Gallic raids in Italy continued, and Celts from Gaul were fully settled in the valley of the Po and apparently around the head of the Adriatic, from whence Celtic envoys are reported as going to meet Alexander the Great when he was campaigning in Bulgaria in 335 B.C.

Almost sixty years later the Celts erupted again. Three Celtic tribes, each with its own name but calling themselves by the common name of Galatians (like *Galli*, an equivalent name for *Celtae*), descended into Macedonia with their families and wagons in the middle of the winter of 280 B.C., looting and seeking to settle. In the following year they sacked Delphi, but were defeated, and crossed to Asia Minor where, after a period of widespread raiding, they settled down in the region of present-day Ankara, a region that received the name of Galatia.

This raid of 279 B.C. appears to have been a venture of desperation by a tribal confederacy forced to find a new place to settle. It was the last act of Celtic aggression. For the next two hundred years the Celts were on the defensive, gradually losing ground. In 225 B.C., at Telamon, the Romans decisively defeated the Celts—or the Gauls, as they continued to call them—of northern Italy and their confederates from north of the Alps, and in 192 B.C., with the capture of Bologna, Rome extended her rule over all the Gauls of the Po valley. Nearly seventy years later, in 124 B.C., the Romans conquered Provence, the area closest to Italy inhabited by "the Gauls beyond the Alps." And nearly seventy years later again, in 58 B.C., Julius Caesar began the seven-year campaign which reduced the whole of Gaul to a Roman province.

Meanwhile, however, the Celts in Gaul had been under attack from another side, the north. In 115 B.C. three migratory peoples—the Cimbri, the Teutones, and the Ambrones—descended upon the Boii, a Celtic tribe in Bohemia; were repulsed with difficulty; and then moved slowly westward through more Celtic territory, plundering and crushing any organized opposition. There were probably other raids upon

PREHISTORIC DEPARTMENT, NATIONAL MUSEUM, PRAGUE; BELOW: [illegible] CHAMPENOISE, REIMS

The stone head above, with a characteristic Celtic mustache, was found in Bohemia. The stone relief below, from Reims, shows a three-faced god—a frequent Celtic motif.

the Celts from the north (it may well have been such a raid, nearly two hundred years before, that forced the Galatians into Greece and Asia Minor), but we can see the impact of the Cimbri and the Teutones, for they pressed deep enough into Celtic territory to meet the Romans and to be recorded in Roman history. The Romans classified them as "Germanic" peoples, stating that they came from Denmark. And they impressed the Romans mightily. They defeated three Roman armies on the northern side of the Alps, first in Austrian Carinthia in 113 B.C. and twice again on their way west, in southeast France, in 109 and 105 B.C. Then, say the Roman historians, the Cimbri moved on to Spain, but returned three years later, apparently this time with plans to invade Italy. Now they were defeated by the Roman dictator Marius in two great battles in 102 and 101 B.C. Evidently their defeat was so decisive that those who escaped death or slavery were no longer of political or military significance.

Nevertheless pressure upon the Celts from both the north and the east seems to have continued. In Caesar's famous description of Gaul at the time of his campaigns in the fifties of the first century B.C., he divides Gaul into three parts: the southwest, inhabited by the Aquitani; the center, inhabited by the Celts; and the northeast, inhabited by the Belgae. And the Belgae, he says, were Germanic, and had come from across the Rhine.

So much do we know of the Celts from classical sources. It would appear that throughout the last five hundred years before Christ they were the most important body of people in Europe, occupying the area north of the Alps from Czechoslovakia in the east, to the Pyrenees in the west. From this area their tribes pushed out sporadically to raid and, where the opposition was not too great, to settle in Spain, Italy, Greece, and beyond.

Two points need emphasis. No classical author ever described the inhabitants of England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland as Celts; and the people of those countries never refer to *themselves* as Celts, at least prior to the eighteenth century. Yet Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are now regarded by their own inhabitants, and by the rest of the world, as Celtic, indeed as the last stronghold of the Celts. Can we justify the assumption that these people are cultural descendants of the accomplished barbarians who sacked Delphi and struggled against the legions of Rome so many centuries ago? And this leads us to ask *who* or rather *what* they were.

Clearly the Celts were not a nation in the modern sense. As indicated earlier, there were many tribes in the European hinterland, each with its own tribal name, that were recognized by the Greeks and Romans as Celts. There were also many tribes that were recognized as non-Celts, some classified by the Romans as belonging to a people they called *Germani*. Those classed as Celts did not constitute a political entity. They had no common ruler or federal organization, and they did not act in concert. Some would be at peace with Rome, while others were at war—at times at war with each other.

They apparently had a common language, but it seems that this was also spoken by other peoples. The chieftains of the Cimbri and the Teutones, sworn enemies of both Celts and Romans, bear Celtic names; so do the Belgae of northeast Gaul who, according to Caesar, prided themselves on their Germanic, non-Celtic origin. It is even uncertain that all who were known as Celts spoke "Celtic." In fact it appears that the term "Celt" had no necessary linguistic, ethnic, or "national" connotation.

By what criteria did the Greeks and Romans distinguish the Celts from other barbaric tribesmen, and how can we recognize them as a separate group? Two possibilities remain. The Celts may have shared a common religion, and they may have had in common what the archaeologist calls a "culture"; that is, they may have worn the same clothes, used the same type of equipment, built the same sort of houses, had the same burial customs, produced the same kind of art and ornament.

Oddly enough, we know a lot about the religion of the Celts—a lot, that is, compared to what we know of other aspects of their culture. The classical writers show considerable interest in the Celtic gods, and in their priests, the Druids, while such representational art as the Celts had is almost entirely devoted to objects of religious significance. Moreover, when the main areas of Celtic habitation were absorbed into the Roman Empire, the Celts did finally learn to write—in Latin—and since they preserved their religion, a large number of altars and dedicatory tablets are found bearing images and names of Celtic gods and goddesses.

But if we look for a religion common to all the Celts, and distinguishing them from non-Celts, we will look in vain. The most characteristic feature of Celtic religion is its local nature. Every region and every tribe appears to have had its own particular gods and goddesses. Yet, behind the diversity of names, certain characteristics and attributes recur. Goddesses appear often to be connected with water, to be the divinities of rivers and springs. A god with deer antlers occurs frequently; in Gaul he was named Cernunnos, the horned one. We find gods associated with the bull, and the pig, and the wheel, and the caldron. Again and again a three-faced god (see page 23) is found portrayed—in Ireland, in France, in Yugoslavia, and even in Denmark—well outside the area normally considered Celtic.

In fact the most fascinating portrayal of the deities of the Celts comes from Denmark, though it is generally recognized as having originated in the traditionally Celtic area of the Danube valley and to have reached Denmark, perhaps as booty, at about the time of the campaigns of the Cimbri, around 100 B.C. This is the great silver caldron of Gundestrup (see opposite), ornamented inside and out with plates of embossed silver. These plates show animals, both real and mythical, ranks of horsemen and foot soldiers with Celtic armament, and a whole series of figures of gods and goddesses. Many of the latter are well known from other Celtic sources, and include the horned god, the god of the wheel, and the god with the caldron, in this case shown dropping a soldier headfirst into his caldron!

The temples from which the Cimbri may have plundered such treasures were not made with hands. No certain temple building of earlier than Roman date is known anywhere in the Celtic area, and the classical authors unanimously describe the main religious practices of the Celts as taking place in woods and sacred groves. Professor T. G. E. Powell, of Liverpool University, points out in this connection the significance of the word *nemeton,* which in Celtic appears to mean a sacred wood and which is found incorporated in important place names from Spain to Galatia. In Galatia, for example, Drunemeton was the sanctuary of the Celts of Asia Minor, and must mean "the sacred oak grove," using the same word for oak, *dru–*, as also occurs in the name of the Celtic priests, Druids. This would agree with Pliny's account of the association of the Druids with the oak, the Druids cutting mistletoe from the oak with a golden sickle, accompanied by sacrifices of bulls.

Much nonsense has been talked about Druids. From the time that Caesar described the Druids of Gaul as members of colleges of priests who had long periods of training at "seminaries" as far away as Anglesey in Wales, and who could arbitrate between contending kings, there has been a tendency to regard them as repositories of an ancient wisdom and power, transcending the petty divisions of Celtic society and the narrow preoccupation with violence of a warrior age. Actually, however, they seem to have been shamans and necromancers. Their supra-tribal influence was apparently of the same type as that of the oracles of Greece, based on a claim to be able to foresee the future, and their long period of training consisted of memorizing the genealogies and epics which are the literature of a people without writing. (They had, of course, no connection with Stonehenge, the stone-built temple of a sun cult nearly twice as old as the first mention of Druids.)

The Druids and the sacred groves do perhaps bring some sort of unity into the plurality of Celtic religion. They are by no means a pan-Celtic phenomenon, for the influence of the Druids extended only over confederacies of tribes in a restricted area. But the attested connection between the Druids of the Celts of Gaul and the Druids of Wales, and the survival of the Druids into pre-Christian Ireland, give us for the first time some reason to suspect that the "Celtic"-speaking peoples of Great Britain and Ireland may really have been Celts.

If we turn now to examine the wider aspects of the culture of the Celts, we must seek our evidence in archaeology, in the material relics dug up from the earth, and we must call in the testimony of the spade to bear witness to who was

Celt and who was not. Ask an archaeologist who the Celts were and he will answer that they were the bearers of the La Tène culture.

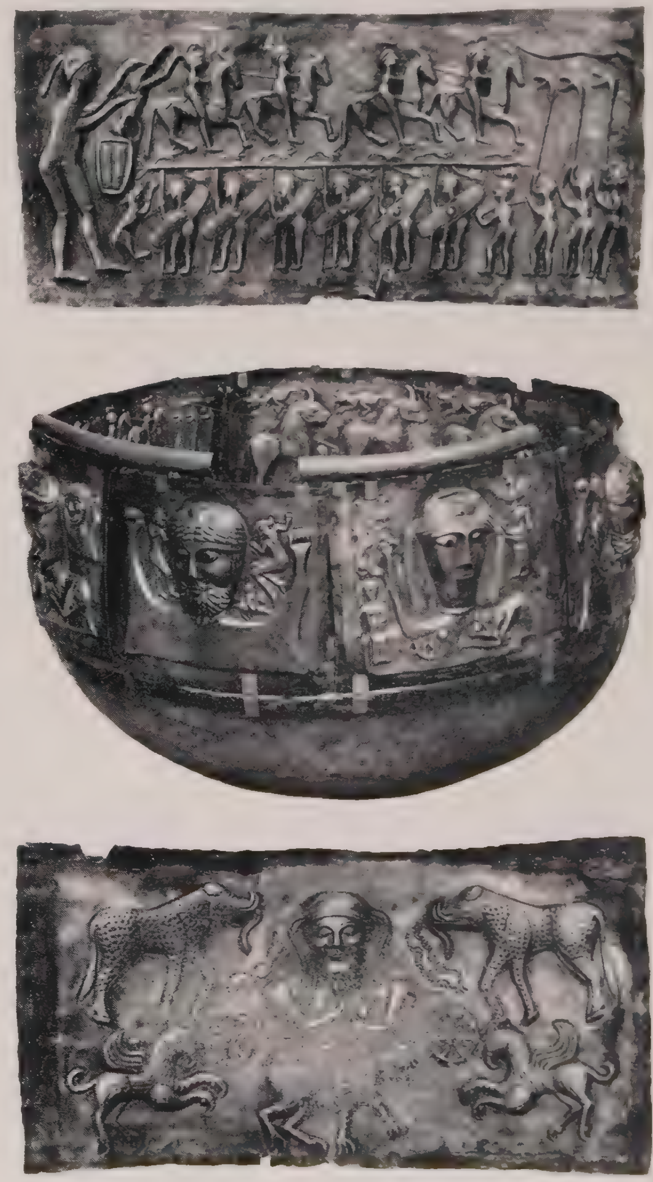
La Tène is a tiny village in Switzerland, lying where the river Thiele drains Lake Biel into the lake of Neufchâtel. Willow thickets still cover the low-lying land between the two lakes, just as they must have done more than a hundred years ago, when a certain Colonel Schwab, a distinguished citizen of Biel and a prominent antiquarian, discovered in 1857 a hoard of weapons lying in the mud of the lake bottom, close to the estuary of the Thiele.

Among the hundreds of iron weapons and other objects—blacksmiths' and carpenters' tools, harness, bronze caldrons, and parts of wagons—there were as many as fifty iron swords, some still in their scabbards. And the scabbards in many cases were decorated with designs of intertwined tendrils and stylized but oddly curvilinear animals. The style of the objects found, and in particular the "tendril" ornamentation, classified La Tène with other, lesser sites from which the same sorts of things had recently been turning up. A magnificent bronze shield (see page 20), dredged up from the Thames near Battersea and now displayed in the British Museum, showed similar ornamentation; and a number of swords identical with those from La Tène had been found ten years before not far away at Tiefenau near Bern, together with coins of Republican Rome. In 1861, the year after Colonel Schwab finished dredging for weapons at La Tène, excavations begun in Burgundy by order of Napoleon III resulted in the discovery, in the ditch of the Roman camp of Mont Réa, of swords of the La Tène type together with Roman coins, the latest of which was dated 54 B.C. The discovery at Mont Réa was decisive. The men who had died in an attack on a Roman fort in Burgundy not long after 54 B.C. could only be Celtic tribesmen resisting Julius Caesar's conquest of Gaul in that very year. And these Celts used swords of the La Tène type.

The weapons from La Tène could logically be classed as Helvetian, the armament of the Celtic tribe of the Helvetii, who were known to have occupied Switzerland during the first half of the last century before Christ. In general it began to appear that, wherever they were found, objects of a type similar to the La Tène weapons could be ascribed most fittingly to the immediately pre-Roman period. And objects of the La Tène type, or decorated with the La Tène ornamentation, were appearing over an area that extended from northern France and southern England to the Po valley in northern Italy, and far into Germany, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkans. They were even appearing, as we have seen, in Denmark.

In 1874 an international congress of anthropology officially recognized La Tène as the "type-site" for the pre-Roman culture of central and western Europe, which has since gone under that name. By then it was already clear that there was a very close correspondence, both geographi-

Two of the most famous Celtic relics come from Denmark. The wooden wagon above owes its preservation to having been placed in a peat bog in Jutland, during the first century B.C. *The silver caldron from Gundestrup (below, center) is decorated with scenes from Celtic mythology. In one panel (top) a deity drops a soldier into a smaller caldron; in another a goddess sits among fabulous beasts.*



PHOTOGRAPHS DANISH NATIONAL MUSEUM, COPENHAGEN

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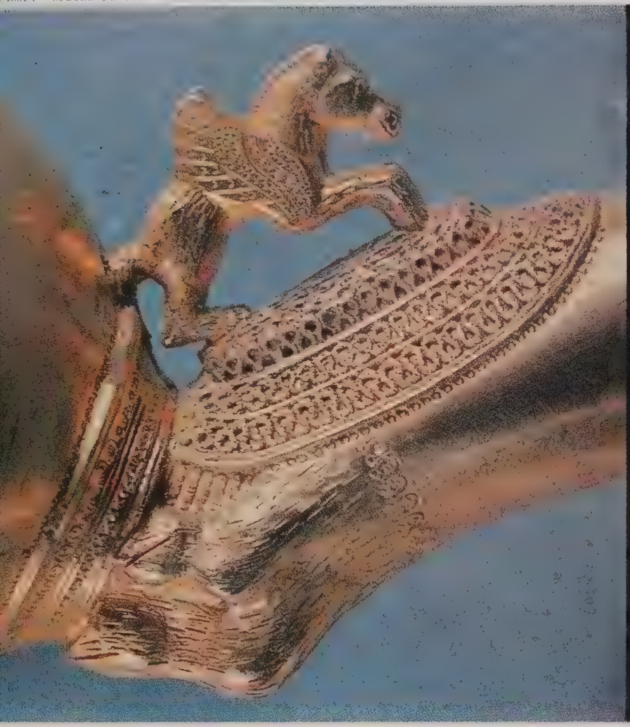

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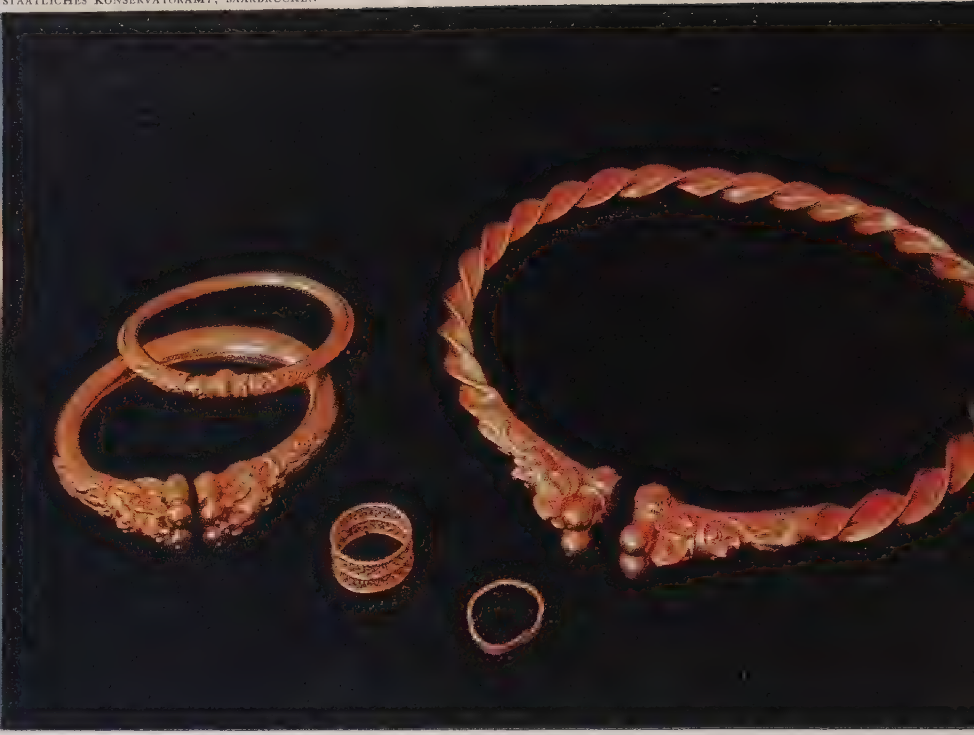
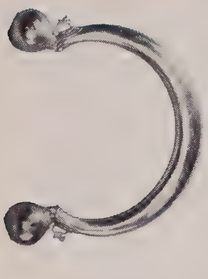
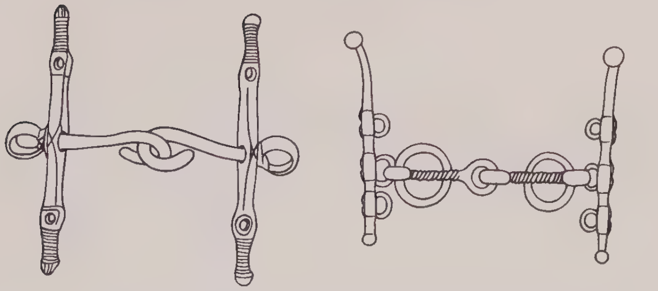




One of the great archaeological events of this century was the discovery in 1953 of the grave of a Celtic princess at Vix in Burgundy. Upon her skull rested a gold diadem (see left) of which a detail showing a winged horse and filigree work is reproduced above. It was undoubtedly an importation from Greece. In 1954, in the Saar, another royal Celtic tomb was uncovered. In it were the rings and bracelets and the torque shown above, all made of pure gold and dated about 400 B.C.*—a century later than the Vix treasures. The bronze and coral brooches opposite, found at Munzingen, Switzerland, are of about the same date and are the work of an equally talented Celtic hand. The helmet opposite was found in the Seine near Amfreville. Dating from the mid fourth century* B.C.*, it is embossed with tendrils and other patterns dear to Celtic artisans.*

cally and chronologically, between the La Tène culture and the Celts. Wherever the Celts were known to have been, objects of the La Tène type were found; and wherever the La Tène culture dominated, Celts were known to have been at some time dominant—except in England and Ireland. And there some of the most notable works of La Tène art had been found. Moreover it was becoming clear that the famous Dark Age art of Ireland—the illuminated manuscripts and carved stone crosses—was in fact a development of La Tène art, appearing in the only area in Europe where the La Tène culture had not been broken off short by Roman conquest. Surely if the known presence of Celts coincided with the presence of La Tène art and culture everywhere else, then the presence of La Tène art and culture in England and Ireland must mean that Celts had been there, too, even though the Roman writers did not specifically say so.

During the hundred-odd years that have elapsed since the discovery at La Tène, innumerable excavations have told us much about the way of life, and particularly about the origins, of the bearers of the La Tène culture, whom no one now seriously doubts to be the Celts. The chain of archaeological evidence leading up to the La Tène culture begins with certain remarkable alien elements within what is known as the "Urnfield Culture." This culture has been identified with a people characterized in the eyes of the archaeologist by their custom of cremating their dead and burying the ashes in urns in large cemeteries. By 1000 B.C. these people (or at least their burial customs) had spread over the greater part of central and western Europe. Then, beginning in the eighth century B.C., bronze horse-bits were deposited in



Horse-bits from southern Russia (left) and Bavaria (right)

RNISCHES HISTORICAL MUSEUM, BERN

some of the burials located in Hungary and Bavaria. The bits found were of a type well known farther to the east, among the Scythians of south Russia and among the Assyrians of the Middle East. It has been suggested by Professor Powell that these may be burials of veteran Cimmerian, or even Scythian, mercenaries of the Assyrian armies. It might well be that such highly trained immigrants from the east formed a body of elite mounted warriors, who, by intermarriage with the ruling families of the "Urnfielders," in the course of not more than a generation or so became a knightly aristocracy around which the warrior tribes of the Celts gradually crystallized out of the mass of the Urnfield peoples.

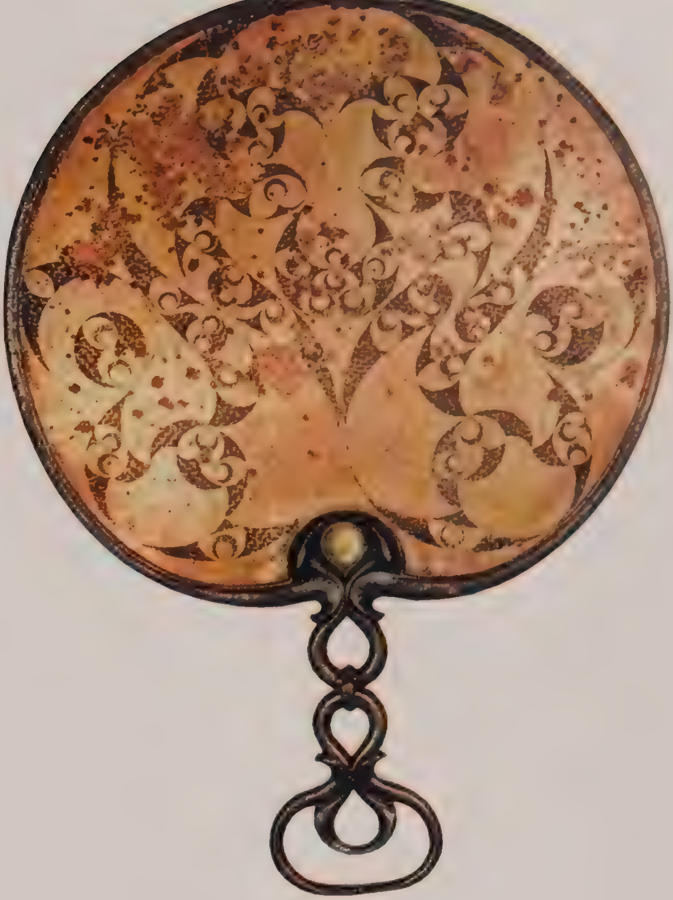
At least it would seem so from the next chronological link in the chain of evidence, found in the wagon graves of southern Germany, northern Austria, and Bohemia. Here, a further new burial procedure is revealed. In wood-built chambers below a mound were found the remains of what were obviously chieftains, their bodies intact and lying upon a four-wheeled wagon used as a bier. The bodies were buried with a long broadsword, and spears of iron (for it is at this time that iron is introduced into Europe from the Middle East), and with harness, not merely for the two horses that drew the wagon, but for a third horse as well, presumably a riding horse. The bits for the horses were of the "Oriental" type mentioned above.

This practice of burying chieftains in rich graves containing a four-wheeled wagon continued for about two hundred years. Significantly, the sites of such graves move ever westward. In the seventh century B.C. they were located in the area of the eastern Alps. In the sixth, we find them around the western Alps, in Switzerland, the Black Forest, and the Upper Rhine valley. The latest, the most westerly, and the richest of these wagon graves, dating from the end of the sixth century B.C., is that of a Celtic princess at Vix on the upper Seine. Here the body of a woman in her early thirties lay upon a light wooden carriage ornamented with bronze. The carriage was similar to wagons found in Denmark (page 25), and of too flimsy a construction to have been useful for everyday purposes. It has been suggested that it was a ritual carriage used only in religious processions, and that the "princess" was perhaps a priestess. Whatever her rank may have been, she bore rich adornment: armlets, anklets, brooches, and necklaces of bronze inlaid with amber and coral, and a diadem of gold (detail opposite at far left). And in her grave were her greatest treasures, vessels of bronze and pottery imported from the civilized world that lay to the south. There were three bronze drinking cups and a bronze jug of Etruscan origin. There were two painted vases from Athens, one with a Greek combat scene enabling it to be dated close to 525 B.C. And above all there was an immense Greek krater of bronze, ornamented around the neck with chariot scenes, which is probably the most magnificent surviving example of Greek bronzework.

The chain of archaeological evidence which we are following has still not reached La Tène, and, with the Vix grave dated to about 500 B.C., has only just reached the time of the first historical mention of the Celts. But it is significant that the evidence from central France of important trade with the Greeks and Etruscans coincides in date with the

Opposite is the face of a Celtic god as depicted in a bronze found at Bouray, France, and dated to around the third century B.C. *The head, which is about eight inches high, still contains one of the original eyes of blue and white glass. Such haunting works as this led one art historian to describe Celtic art as "dark and uncanny—far from the lovable humanity and transparence of Greek art."*

A bronze mirror from Desborough, England, the back of which is shown at right, dates from the first century B.C. *The graceful pattern cut into the metal resembles* art nouveau *more than* art ancien; *it might almost as well have come from the studio of Louis Comfort Tiffany as from Iron Age Britain. Despite their preoccupation with the supernatural, the Celts lavished skill on their worldly luxuries.*

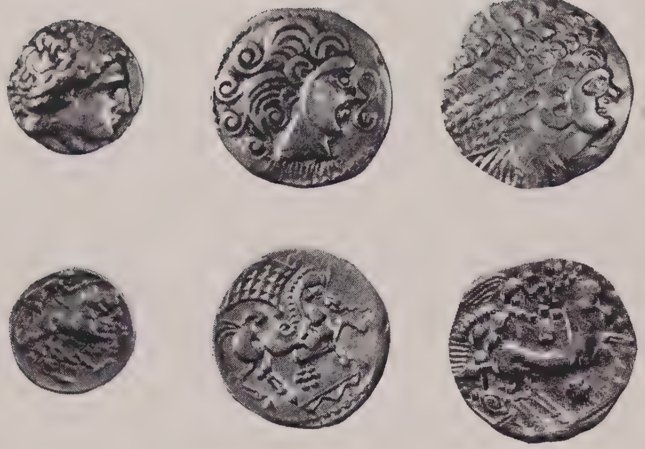


passing remark of Hecataeus that the Celtic lands lay to the north of the Greek colony at Marseilles. It must have been through Marseilles that the artistic products of Greece reached Vix.

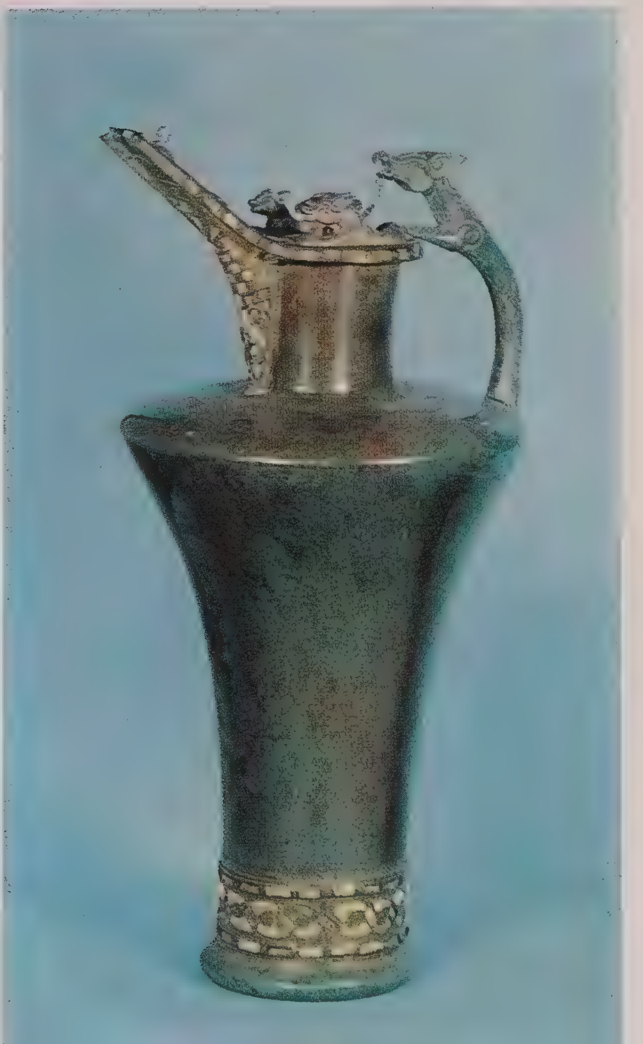
The chain of evidence goes on. The burial tradition continues, but chieftains are now buried with two-wheeled chariots rather than with wagons. From the century and a half following the Vix grave a handful of rich chariot burials has been found, all within the area between the upper Seine and the middle Rhine; and it is in these that we first come across the swords and the typical ornamentation of the La Tène culture. Though we are still three hundred years earlier than the actual weapon hoard of La Tène, the resemblance between the objects is discernible, and is supported by innumerable other discoveries that have since enabled the experts to distinguish at least five different stylistic periods. And of course we are now in the period of the classical writers; archaeological evidence is no longer the only source of knowledge of the Celts.

The record of archaeology is of necessity impersonal, a catalogue of artifacts, house foundations, and the contents of the graves of nameless persons. But seldom do we feel the absence of names so deeply as in this record of the rise of the Celts as a power. Behind the list of horse-bits of eastern type, of wagon burials and chariot burials, we can glimpse the shadowy outlines of heroes and kings and dynasties whose exploits must have been sung for centuries in lost epics, lost because they were never written down. How often did a warrior prince, riding out of the east, save a kingdom from peril and win the hand of the king's daughter? What dynastic quarrels and revolts of vassals or younger sons accompanied the move of the chieftains from southeast Germany to eastern France? Even the little that the classical writers care to tell us about the Celts during the last four hundred years before Christ gives a picture which is clear compared to what we have been able to learn about Celtic origins during the four hundred years before that.

Almost as disappointing as these dim speculations is the paucity of information about the ordinary life of the Celts. The Romans first met them in the forefront of battle, and never forgot the fact. From Caesar and Polybius we have excellent accounts of the physical appearance of the Celts and their mode of waging war—the champions in their chariots driving along the opposing ranks and challenging to single combat, the lines of tall, blond, mustached warriors that followed, either naked or wearing the trousers which were new to Europe and must have been introduced by the horsemen of the Russian steppes. The Greeks, too, knew the Celts as desperate enemies, and the statues from Pergamon, particu-



The originality of the Celts shows up readily in their coins. The three shown above (top row depicts the obverse side, bottom row the reverse) are all from Gaul. The one at left was inspired by a Greek coin with a portrait of Philip II on one side and a two-horse chariot on the other; on a later coin (at center) the face and the horse have been changed from representations into designs, which on the third coin become almost abstractions. The horses on the latter two coins resemble the huge white horse that the Celts carved into a chalky hillside near Uffington, England, about two thousand years ago (see opposite page). Below is a bronze wine flagon from France, made in the fourth century B.C.



BRITISH MUSEUM; COINS: AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY

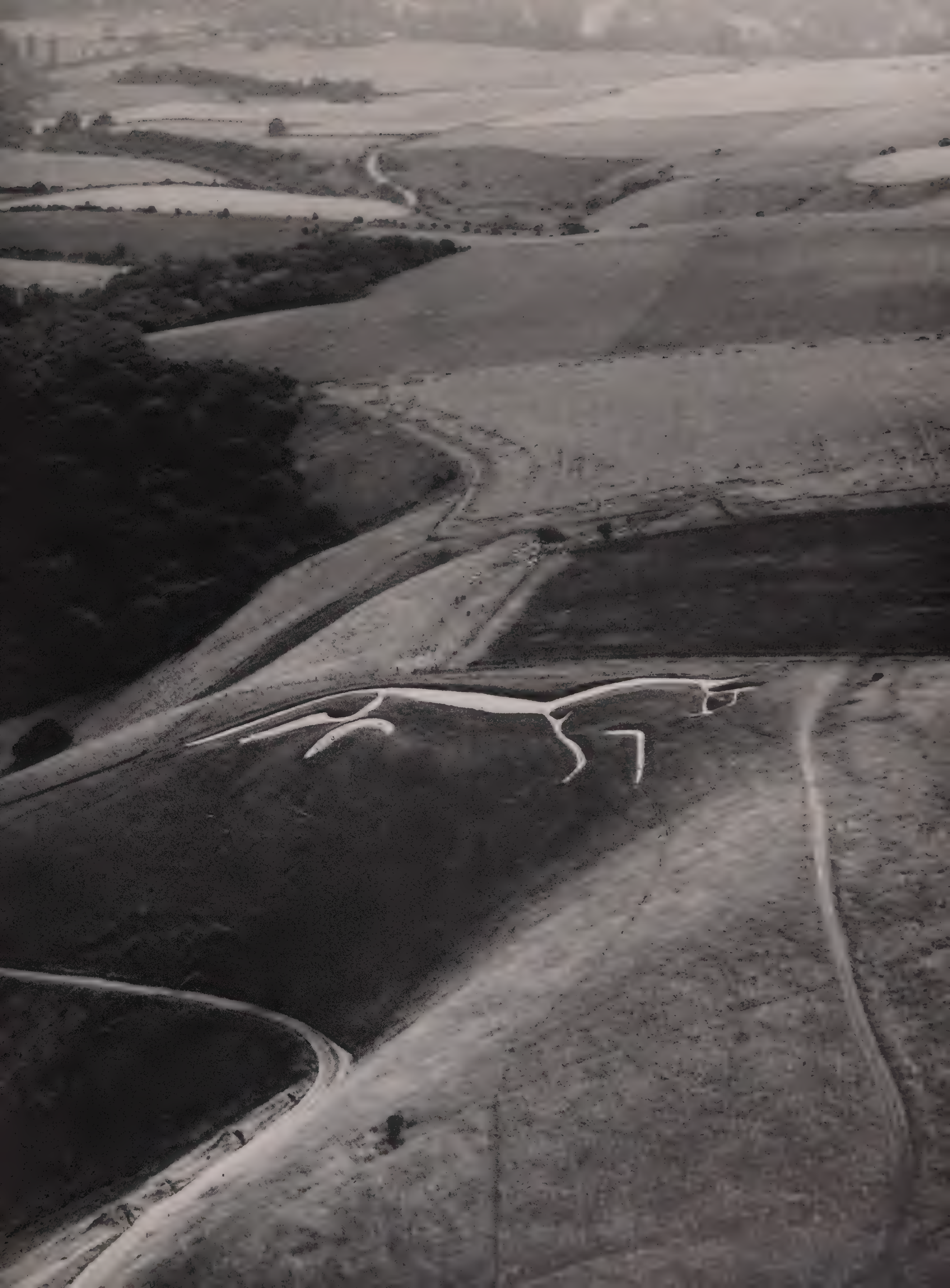
larly the famous *Dying Gaul,* a Roman replica of which has survived (page 21), give us a good picture of the appearance and armament of the Celtic warrior; but they tell us nothing of his way of life in time of peace. The archaeologist can produce hoards of weapons such as those from La Tène, innumerable graves containing swords and throwing-spears, and the multiple earthworks of Iron Age forts together with sufficient evidence to show that the forts were used only in time of war as vantage points and places of refuge. But, of the peacetime life of the Celts, archaeology can produce little except the almost square "Celtic" fields of the English downs, showing, at least, that the Celts did till the ground (which they cross-plowed lightly, using a plow without a moldboard), and the remains of three or four farms and villages with both round and rectangular houses and with animal bones enough to show that cattle, sheep, and pigs were kept.

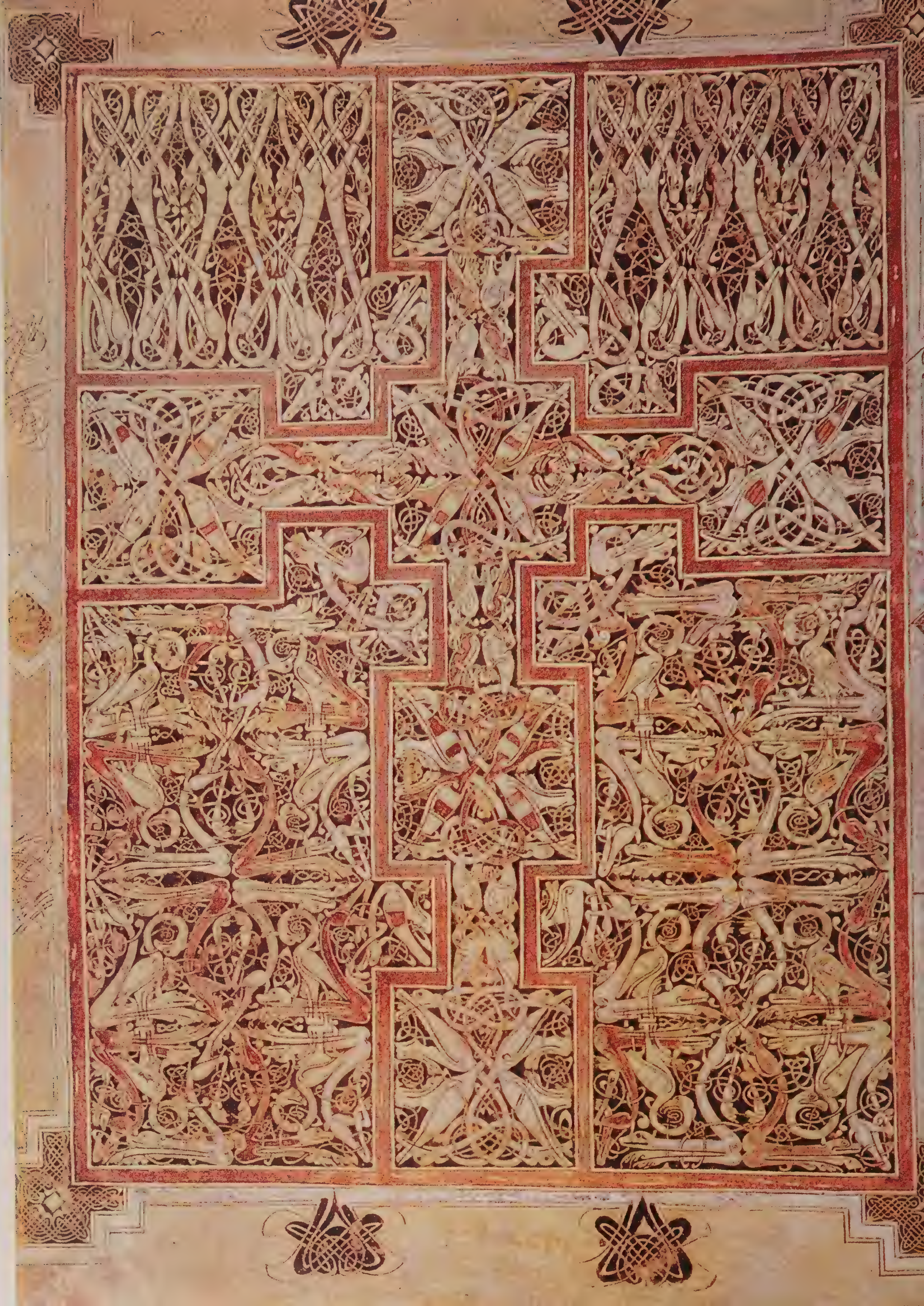
Perhaps the preponderance of evidence of the Celt as a warrior is not accidental. Fighting seems to have been endemic to the Celts. Every man went armed, and the Roman writers tell of the warriors' feasting and drinking in the halls of the kings, where the bards sang of the prowess of the champions and the fights of ancient heroes. Indeed, this picture of Celtic life as an alternation of feasting and fighting, of intertribal alliance and intertribal warfare, agrees so closely with the traditions of pre-Christian Wales and Ireland, and in particular with the epics of Cú Chulainn, the Hound of Ulster, that they form the principal—and almost conclusive—evidence for the "Celticness" of the pre-Roman British and the Irish.

Also, when philologists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries came to study the few scraps of Celtic that survived in the classical texts—mainly names of kings and gods, place names, and a few technical terms—they discovered that these belonged to a language closely related to that still spoken in the western and northern parts of the British Isles, to Erse, Gaelic, and Welsh. It seemed reasonable to call this group of languages Celtic, and thereby the people still speaking them became known as Celts.

Point for point, every mention in the classical sources of the way of life, the tribal organization, the legal and religious practices, the dress and physical appearance, the language and beliefs, of the continental Celts can be matched in the stories of ancient Ireland. Though they never used the name of Celts, the peoples on the borderlands of the Roman province of Britannia preserved into Christendom, and indeed until the present day, not merely the language but the culture of the people who, in the twilight of history, had dominated Europe.

Geoffrey Bibby, who heads the Department of Oriental Antiquities at the Prehistoric Museum of Aarhus, Denmark, wrote "Before the Argo," which appeared in Horizon *in July, 1960. He is the author of* Four Thousand Years Ago.





The ancient Celts were fighting men,
but they were poets, too,
and storytellers. In Ireland
their unique oral heritage
was put into writing and preserved
as a literature of rare beauty

THE CELTIC HERITAGE IN IRELAND

. . . wilt thou come with me
To the Wondrous Land where Harmony is?
Hair is like the crown of the primrose there,
And the body smooth, and white as snow. . . .
There, there is neither mine nor thine,
A delight to the eye is the number of our hosts . . .
A Wonderful Land is the Land I tell of,
There youth departs not . . .
—from *The Wooing of Etain*

We are the inheritors of the ancient and incomparable literature of Ireland because of two fortunate historical facts. First, the Romans, who had no respect for vernacular tongues or barbarian ways and imposed Latin wherever they went, never conquered Ireland; and so the ancient and complex culture of the Irish Celts, who had themselves arrived on Irish soil about the middle of the first millennium B.C., survived the Roman period more or less intact. Second, the Christian missionaries who came in the fourth and fifth centuries recognized that although the people of Ireland had no written records, they had a highly organized system of oral learning and a civilization rich in poetry, law, and legend. The missionaries set out to learn the Irish language and traditions, and, more important still, to record all they learned, even when the subject matter was pagan; and all this at a time when everywhere else in Europe literature was dead. Those early monks and bishops, of whom the greatest was Saint Patrick, are to be thanked for preserving the beauty and unique imaginative quality of Celtic literature, some of which is older than any vernacular literature in Europe.

Saint Patrick, whose parents were Christian Britons of the minor nobility, was, as a youth, stolen away by marauders from his father's farm on the English coast, taken to pagan Ireland and held prisoner. "Every day I had to tend sheep," he writes in his *Confession*. But one night, when he was alone on the hillside, praying, he heard a voice that said, "Your ship is ready." It was "two hundred miles away," he tells us, and he escaped, found a ship just sailing for the Continent, and embarked. After several years, he made his way back to Britain and to his parents' farm, but, inspired to convert Ireland, he returned to the Continent to study for orders. Some twenty-five years later he returned to Ireland as an ordained bishop and built his first church.

During the six years of his youth spent as a sheepherder, Patrick had learned to love Ireland, its history and its customs, and tradition tells us that in A.D. 438 he asked the High King to set up a council, in order to discover a way to revise the Irish laws in the light of the new Christian ethic. Three kings took part in the conclave, as well as Patrick and two other bishops and three of the *filid* (singular: *fili*), the chief poets, or scholar-magicians, of Ireland. The meeting ultimately resulted in the rhythmic texts known as the *Seanchus Mór*, "The Great Tradition."

This impressive document reveals that even though ancient Irish society was based upon monarchy, with tribal kings, provincial kings, and one High King over all, the laws were created by the *filid* and the people in assembly. Each of the five provinces of pre-Christian Ireland had its own king and its clans and councils. Society was divided into degrees of nobility, learning, and wealth. There were the nobles and the churls, and in between them a privileged class of freemen who enjoyed the rights of franchise, witness, legacy, and contract. The *filid*, or learned poets, whose status depended not on birth but talent, belonged to the class of freemen. They were held in deep esteem and were in some ways more privileged even than the kings, for their rights were recognized outside their own territories. Furthermore, a *fili*, or chief poet, had "Purity of Hand: Bright without wounding./Purity of Mouth: without poisonous satire,/Purity of Learning: without reproach." He was also wise in philosophy, astronomy, and magic, and could foretell the future. He rode a fine stallion, wore a cloak of shining crimson feathers, and in his hand he carried the *Creebh Cuiul*, "The Golden Branch," that was his award for the completion of fifteen years of study in the bardic schools.

The *fili*, riding his stallion, journeyed about the land to the courts of the kings and chieftains. And when he had

By ANN MORAY

An ornamental page from an eighth-century Irish manuscript taken his seat beside the king and had feasted with the assembled company, he told the tales that had been told through the generations, and sang the lays that deepened the mood and heightened the drama of them; it was a form of storytelling that first appeared in ancient India, and which, in the opinion of many scholars, is the oldest known to Indo-Europeans. (Not only the form but the themes of the Celtic stories bear a resemblance to those of ancient India.) In the Brahminical schools, which survive into modern times, learning is transmitted orally. Like the *filid*, the Brahmins can recite from memory a massive collection of legends and laws and adhere strictly to the archaic wording.

A *fili* candidate entered a bardic school in his early youth, and for the first five years studied elementary grammar, law, and the easier metrical forms of composition. He was called *fochluc*, which meant that he was a sprig of the *fochlocan*, or brooklime, and his art was "slender because he was a youth." By the beginning of the sixth year he had committed to memory one hundred chief stories and a hundred and seventy-five secondary stories. By the seventh year he could compose in some of the more complicated metric forms. He was now a qualified poet and could practice as such, but if he wanted to become a chief poet, he went on to learn the meaning of obsolete and obscure words, and to commit to memory the Legends of the kings of Ireland. At this time, he also began the study of magic and incantation.

After fifteen years he qualified as a *fili*, and he then knew "The Four Departments of Knowledge," including philosophy and Ptolemaic astronomy, and also "The Hundred Compositions composed only by a *fili*," one hundred and twenty orations, the "Four Arts of Poetry," and a hundred and seventy chief stories. Now a magician, with powers of prophecy and foresight, he could raise storms and winds (a magic wind raged only to the height of a ship's mast), and cover his people with a mist to protect them from harm.

In later times there were two types of *filid*: the brehons, who were the guardians of the ancient laws, and the Druids, who held the supernatural and priestly offices. Caesar, in the fourth book of the Gallic Wars, tells us that the Druids of Gaul sent their most brilliant youths to study in Ireland.

After the Latin-speaking missionaries came, the bardic schools continued to flourish side by side with the monastic schools. The church in Ireland was unique in its emphasis on nature, its close ties with the nationalism of the people, and its encouragement of a poetry almost pagan. Professional poets, successors to the *filid*, were common in Ireland until the time of the Reformation. In a monastic school a young Irish monk studied for twelve years. When he had finished his school studies, he had passed the "Seven Orders of Wisdom," knew arithmetic, astronomy, and the "Twelve Books of Native Education," and was master of the "Thirty Lessons in Divinity." He could chant, from memory, three times fifty psalms, and knew the history of Jesus.

It seems remarkable that the Irish monks and their Latin-speaking brethren from overseas did not confine themselves solely to teaching the sacred scriptures, but wrote down in huge manuscripts of vellum and parchment the ancient laws, history, sagas, and myths told to them by the *filid*. Writing with goose quills, in an ink made from carbon that is as jet-black today as the day it was used a thousand years ago, they also illuminated their work with bright colors: poppy-red and wine-red, emerald-green, a blue deeper than lapis lazuli, and indigo and full yellow. And they decorated the pages with whorls and geometric circles, spirals, trumpet patterns (reminiscent of La Tène patterns), and letters formed of wrestling animals, such as writhing snakes and birds, cocks and hens, and cats and fishes, all done with precision and an artistry spontaneous, joyful, and unique.

Modern scholars have grouped the hundreds of ancient Irish sagas and stories into three cycles: the Mythological Cycle, the Heroic Cycle, and the Fenian Cycle. There are also the Romantic Tales, and the King Tales.

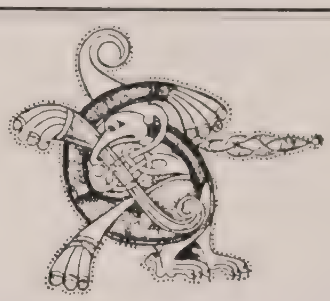
The oldest tales belong to the Mythological Cycle and tell of the Tuatha De Danann. These are the fairy people, or the fairy gods, the people of the Otherworld. In the other cycles, tales, and poems they are known as the *sīde* (shee in English). The word *"sīd"* is the name for one of the fairy mounds in which they make their homes. Whoever enters therein escapes from human time and from human dimensions. There "the warm sweet streams flow down in crystal showers . . ." and men and women are ever young and divinely lovely, and dwell in palaces with roofs made of yellow feathers and lit by the glow of precious stones.

Tumuli—prehistoric burial grounds—as well as certain natural hills and hillocks are often pointed out as fairy mounds. Caves and "The Land under the Waves," over which the sea-god holds sway, are also part of the terrae incognitae that belong to these beautiful, enchanting, and invisible neighbors.

The High King of the fairy people was the Dagda, known as "the Good God." Under his club the bones of warriors "were as hailstones under the hooves of horses," but the other end of the club could heal every hurt it inflicted. The Dagda, like the chief god of the ancient Celts of the Continent, owned an inexhaustible cauldron, from which all could have food according to their needs and to their merits; and when he played upon his oaken harp, "high-souled and perfect in melody," he caused the winds to blow and the rains to fall and the crops to grow.

The Dagda had a son called Ogma, "the honey-mouthed," who was god of literature and eloquence. That Ogma was widely known is proved by a Greek manuscript of the second century A.D., wherein the author, Lucian of Samosata, describes the Celtic god Ogma: "attired like Hercules, with a lion skin and a club . . . he draws a willing crowd of people, fastened to him by slender golden chains, the ends of which pass through his tongue. . . ." Lucian tells us that a Celt of his acquaintance explained this as meaning that the Celtic people believed power lay not only in strength of body but in eloquence and a ready wit.

The whole Mythological Cycle is redolent of Otherworld magic and the supernatural, and its tales are in the true pagan tradition. The most lovely of all these tales is "The Wooing of Etain." This story was first set down in "The Book of the Dun Cow," so called because Saint Ciaran, who founded the monastery of Clonmacnoise in A.D. 540, wrote it on the hide of his favorite cow.

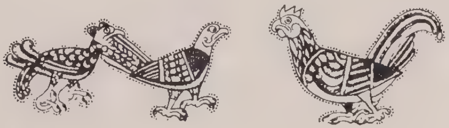


Etain was the daughter of a fairy king in northeast Ireland, and this is her story: Midir, king of Brí Léith, falls in love with Etain, and sends his foster son, Oengus, to her father's court to woo her in his behalf. As part of the bride-price, Oengus clears twelve plains in a single night, and draws up out of the land "twelve great rivers to water the plains. . . ." But then Etain's father said, " 'I require the maiden's weight in gold and silver.' "

" 'It shall be done,' " Oengus said. He "placed Etain in the center of her father's House and measured the weight of her in gold and silver . . . and leaving the wealth there on the floor," he returned with Etain to his *sīd*, where Midir was waiting; Etain looked into Midir's eyes and that night she became his bride. But Midir, it seems, had a first wife, Fuamnach, "a dreadful cunning woman."

She was waiting for them at Midir's palace at Brí Léith, and after she had made her husband welcome, she came to Etain, who was alone in her chamber, and, striking her with "a rod of scarlet quicken-tree," turned her into a beautiful purple fly that was "comeliest in all the land. Sweeter than pipes and harps and horns was the sound of her voice and the hum of her wings. Her eyes would shine like precious stones in the dark. . . . The spray from the drops shed from her wings would cure all sickness and disease in anyone around to whom she would go. . . ." She lived with Midir, who "knew that it was Etain in that shape . . . and the sight of her nourished him . . . and he fell asleep to her humming."

But Fuamnach, in her rage, "stirred up a great wind of assault," so that Etain was swept away from Brí Léith, and buffeted and blown hither and thither and not allowed to alight for seven years, until, spent and weary, she fell on the breast of Oengus as he stood on his mound. “ ‘Welcome Etain, wanderer, careworn . . .’ ” said he; and he “gathered her to his bosom, in the fleece of his cloak.” He cherished her, and kept her in a crystal sun bower “filled with fragrant and wondrous herbs.”



Oengus took the sun bower with him wherever he went, and Etain was happy, until Fuamnach, by magic, discovered the girl’s refuge and sent the same dread blast upon her again. Seven years to the day, weak and miserable, she lit upon the roof tree of a house in Ulster and fell into a golden beaker on the table in front of the wife of Etar, a champion of that kingdom; the woman swallowed her, and Etain was conceived in her womb. And it was a thousand and twelve years from the first begetting of Etain till she was born again to the wife of Etar in Ulster. She grew to maidenhood and was wooed by a king called Eochaid, who found her beside a spring. “She held in her hand a comb of silver decorated with gold. Beside her, as for washing, was a basin of silver whereon were chased four golden birds, and there were little gems of carbuncle around the rim of the basin. A cloak of pure purple hung in folds about her . . . and beneath it a tunic of green silk with embroidery of red-gold, and there were marvellous bow-pins of silver and gold at her breast. . . . Two tresses of golden hair . . . like red-gold that has been polished, on her head. . . . The maiden was loosening her hair to wash it. . . . White as the snow of one night were each of her two arms, and red as the mountain fox-glove, her two cheeks, and her lips were red as Parthian leather. . . . As blue as the hyacinth her two eyes, and her eyebrows blue-black like the shell of a beetle. . . . A gentle dignity in her voice . . . a steady, stately walk, a queenly pace. . . . She was the fairest and most beautiful the eyes of men had ever seen. . . . Eochaid, the king, thought she must be out of a fairy mound. . . .” He wooed her and married her, and “she matched him in lineage, and in youth and fame. . . .”

But Midir would not give her up. He came to her and said: “ ‘It is more fitting for you to come with me, for you are Etain and I was your husband. I paid a huge bride-price for you, in plains and great rivers of Ireland, and had left in place of you, your weight in gold and silver.’ ”

Etain would not go with him, so Midir came to her husband, Eochaid, on the terrace at Tara, and challenged him to play chess.

“ ‘Of a truth, I am good at chess,’ ” the king said, but he told his visitor that the chessboard was in the queen’s room, and she was asleep.

“ ‘I have a chessboard that is not inferior,’ ” Midir answered, “and that was true!” It was “a silver board with golden men, and each corner thereof lit by a precious stone, and a bag for the men, in plaited links of bronze.” Four times they played, and each time the stake was higher, and each time Eochaid won. The fifth game they played was for a stake to be named by the winner. And that time Midir won.

“ ‘What will you have from me?’ ” the king asked.

“ ‘My arms around Etain, and a kiss from her,’ ” Midir answered, and Eochaid was silent. Then, “ ‘Come a month from today, and that shall be given to you,’ ” he said, and “forthwith, he mustered the flower of the warriors of Ireland to Tara, and the best of the war-bands of Ireland, each encircling the other about Tara, without and within, and in the midst, and the King and Queen in the middle of the House, and the courts locked. . . .”

When the month had passed, “Midir came to them in the midst of the Royal House. . . . He was fair at all times, but on that night he was fairer . . . a purple tunic about him, and golden-yellow hair on him to the edge of his shoulders. . . . A five-pointed spear in one hand, a white-bossed shield in the other, with golden gems thereon. . . . And in his mantle was the golden brooch of Brí Léith that reached to his shoulder on either side . . . and his hair was held back with a fillet of gold. . . .”

“ ‘What has been pledged to me, let it be given to me.’ ”

“ ‘I have given the matter little thought,’ ” said the king.

“ ‘What is promised is due,’ ” Midir said, and he “took his weapons in his left hand, and the woman he took under his right arm . . .” and as he kissed her, he bore her away, up through the skylight of the House. “The hosts rose up in shame about their King,” and as they looked upward, they saw two white swans in full flight over Tara.

In the third part of the story Eochaid digs up all the fairy mounds in Ireland and at last finds Etain.

The fairy people who wander all through the cycles and tales are not gods in the Greek sense. They are not worshiped, nor are sacrifices offered to them. Though the Homeric gods often fight for and with humans, there is a definite barrier between their two domains, but between the fairies and humans of Ireland there is no such barrier. The natural and the supernatural interpenetrate; there are no boundaries between the mortal world and the Otherworld. In all literature, ancient or modern, there are no beings quite like these, who know desire, who fight and honor friendship, and who, though they are not above using their powers to get their way with mortals, are chivalrous. The *right* to power is a grave preoccupation with these Otherworld people.

The tales in the Heroic Cycle are thought to date from the first century B.C. The social conditions, traditions, and warrior spirit they reveal agree with what was known about the Celts by writers of classical antiquity. And Celtic archaeological finds confirm the richness of dress and equipment described with such poetic imagery in the tales, even though finds of Irish goldwork in the style of the La Tène culture are scanty. This is not surprising. Through the centuries, gold was doubtless plundered from the tombs, melted down, and reworked to suit contemporary taste. Ultimately, much of it would have found its way into monastic hands, to be plundered again by the Viking invaders, or to be refashioned into sacred ornaments. But among the archaeological evidence is a golden collar ornamented in the La Tène style, and long swords that, like the swords of La Tène, have straight blades with sharp cutting edges and blunt points. A bronze spearhead found in County Clare has a decorated bronze inlay in each barb of the blade, and another has inlaid gold threads around its socket. The designs, half floral, half geometrical, and the traced, compass-drawn curves, are distinctive and remarkable characteristics of this culture.

One of the tales of the Heroic Cycle describes the tracing of a compass-drawn curve. Among the heroes there was a law that each should have, on his shield, his own device. The hero Cú Chulainn ordered Mac Enge, an armorer, to make a special design for him, and when Mac Enge confessed that he had utterly exhausted his creative powers and could not think of one, Cú Chulainn, in his rage and chagrin, threatened to kill him unless he could think of an original device.

As Mac Enge sat disconsolate in his hut, a stranger knocked at his door, entered, and asked him the cause of his sadness.

“Good cause,” the artist replied, “I am to be slain unless I make a design for the shield of Cú Chulainn.”

“Clear the floor of thy workshop,” the stranger said, “and let it be sprinkled with ash to the depth of a man’s foot.”

This was done, and the stranger took in his hand a pair of compasses and one prong he placed in the ash, and with the other he drew the device for the shield, and having done so he departed. (In La Tène designs there is free use of curves and circles which appear to be drawn in this mechanical way.)

By the seventh century the Celtic tradition had taken its place in that remarkable Latin document, The Chronicle of Eusebius, which was the recognized history of the world. It was easy for the enthusiastic monks to add to the Chronicle a column of Irish history, but not so simple to put the Irish kings in their just relationship to their fellow monarchs in other kingdoms of the past. Together, however, the Irish monks and their Latin-speaking fellows completed the monumental task. It is small wonder that the name for a monkish historian at the time was *Fer Combne,* "a synchroniser."

From the seventh and eighth centuries come three of the finest surviving examples of Irish Celtic art: the Book of Durrow, which derives its name from the monastery Saint Columba founded in A.D. 553, and which has beautiful full-page geometrical designs and calligraphy that ranks with the finest in the world; the Book of Mulling, now believed to have been written by the wise and famous Saint Moling, who died in A.D. 696, and whom Giraldus Cambrensis, a writer not always truthful or kind, compares, as a prophet, to Merlin, and, as a saint, to Patrick and Columba; and the Gospel of Columkille, known throughout the world as the Book of Kells and generally considered to be one of the greatest achievements of Christian art.

The stories of the third great cycle, the Fenian Cycle, are attributed to the third century A.D. and show a blending of pagan and Christian thought. Unlike Cú Chulainn, the first great mortal hero of Ireland, who was a clansman and subject to a king, Finn Mac Cumaill, the second great hero, "strongest, wisest, and truest, gentle to women, and generous to men," was chieftain of a *fian,* or band of warriors. A man was not born a member of the *fian.* To belong was a choice and challenge, and to become initiated into the *fian* the fledgling hero had to stand up to his knees in a pit with only a shield, and a hazelrod as long as his forearm, to defend himself, while nine seasoned warriors at the same moment hurled their spears at him. If the point of one spear, even lightly, grazed any part of him, he was rejected. Also, given three lengths' start, and chased through the densest forest by champion huntsmen of the *fian,* he must, apart from eluding them, have not a single hair out of place, nor have the smallest twig broken in passing. Then, he must jump over a branch as high as his brow, stoop under one low as his knee, and pull a thorn out of his heel, all while running at full speed and without hindering his flight.

Having succeeded in these tests of physical prowess, he must know the twelve traditional forms of poetry and compose an acceptable poem.

Summer-time! Season supreme,
Splendid is color then.
Black-birds sing a full lay,
If there is but a slender shaft of day . . .

The loud, hardy cuckoo calls . . .
The branchy wood is a prickly hedge.
Bees, of small strength carry a goodly load
Cows carry mud up the mountain,
And the ant makes a rich meal . . .

The lark sings clear tidings,
Excellent Maytime of quiet colors . . .

These are lines from Finn's initiation poem. When he was accepted by the *fian,* he became "a kinless man," breaking all ties with his own people. The warriors of the *fian,* living in the forests and each of them being a hero, have constant contact with the fairy people and the Otherworld.

The tale "The Colloquy of the Old Men" tells of the last survivors of the *fian,* one hundred and fifty years after the death of Finn, and of their meeting with Saint Patrick. The hero Cailte, though "his lusty vigor and power of spear-throwing were now dwindled down," was so tall that the largest of Patrick's company—and none of them were small—reached only to his waist, "and the clerics marveled." The Saint invites him to join them, and as they wander, Cailte tells them the legends of the hills and woods and lakes of Ireland, and at Patrick's request, of Finn, his chieftain.

"Was he not a good lord, with whom you were?" the Saint asks the aged hero one day; and Cailte answers, "Were but the brown leaf which the wood sheds from it, gold: were but the billows silver, Finn would give it all away."

"Who, and what was it maintained you in your life?" Patrick asks.

"Truth that was in our hearts, strength in our arms, and fulfillment in our tongues."

"Cailte, my soul," Patrick says, "tell us another tale. It is to me a lightening of the spirit and the mind. What was the best hunting the *fian* ever had?"

"The hunting of Arran," says Cailte.

"And where is that?"

"Between Scotland and Pictland," the hero says, "and there we used to go with three companies, on Lammas Day." And he made a lay, there on the hillside.

Arran of the many stags,
The sea strikes against its shoulder . . .

Skittish deer are on her peaks,
Delicious berries on her manes,
Cool waters in her rivers . . .
Greyhounds are there, and beagles,
Blackberries and sloes of the dark blackthorn . . .

Gleaning of purple upon her rocks,
Faultless grass upon her slopes,
Over her fair and shapely crags,
Noise of dappled fawns a-skipping . . .

Seagulls answer each other round her white cliffs,
Delightful at all times is Arran.

To the south and to the west they wander, and Patrick rejoices in Cailte's tales, but he is filled with doubt.

"Were it not an impairing of the devout life, and an occasion of neglecting prayer, and of deserting converse with God, we, as we talk to you, O Warrior, would feel the time pass quickly," he says, and on the morrow, at dawn, he comes out onto the Green with his priests and psalmists and his bishops, and he calls to his two Guardian Angels, Aibellan and Solusbretache. And when he asks them "whether in God's sight it is convenient" for him to be listening to Cailte's stories, "concordantly, and with equal emphasis," the two Angels answer to him: "Holy cleric, no more than a third part of these stories do the ancient warriors tell, by reason of their forgetfulness and their loss of memory. But by thee may it be written on tablets of poets, and in learned men's words, for to nobles and companies of later times, these stories will be a pastime."

And so the culture of ancient Ireland, pagan and insular, untouched by Roman domination, vital, heroic, and imaginative, fused with the flame of Christianity and produced Ireland's Golden Age. From the Irish monasteries "on the confines of the world," learned monks sailed away to the Continent, answering the calls of kings and colleges, and founding houses of holiness and scholarship in a Europe struggling out of the Dark Ages.

This poem, written by a ninth-century monk, preserves the old vigor and imagery of pagan poetry, and at the same time seems to anticipate, as is true of many Irish religious writings, the spirit of Saint Francis of Assisi:

Summer has come, healthy and free. . . .
And the path of the seals is smooth. . . .
Green bursts out on every herb,
The top of the oakwood is bushy,
Summer has come, winter has gone,
Twisted hollies wound the hound. . . .
The sun smiles on every land,
A parting for me from the brood of cares;
Hounds bark, stags tryst,
Ravens flourish, summer has come!

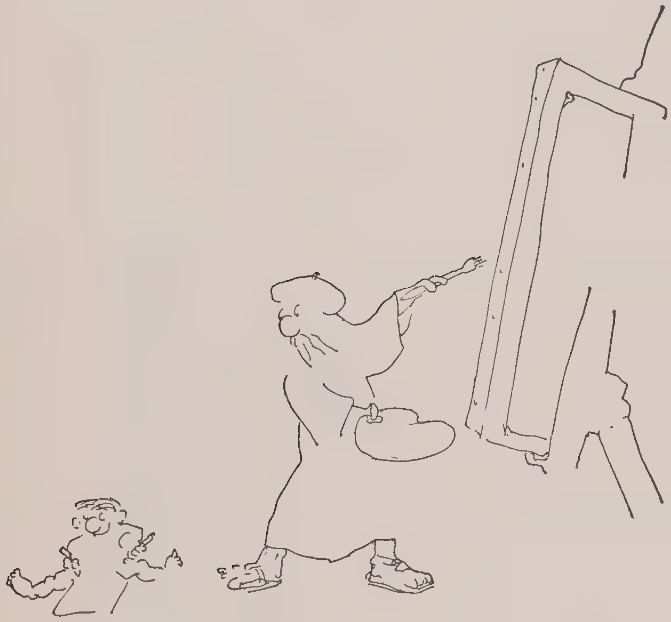
Ann Moray has lectured on Celtic literature at various American universities, and is working on a book about fairy mythology. Her first novel, The Rising of the Lark, *was published last year by William Morrow & Company. In private life she is the wife of a Venezuelan diplomat whose present post is London.*

For further reading: Ancient Irish Tales, *edited by T. P. Cross and C. H. Slover (Henry Holt, New York, 1936);* Celtic Miscellany, *translated by K. H. Jackson (Routledge & Kegan Paul, Ltd., London, 1951);* Studies in Irish Literature and History *and* The Problem of St. Patrick *by James Carney (Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, Dublin, 1955 and 1961 respectively).*

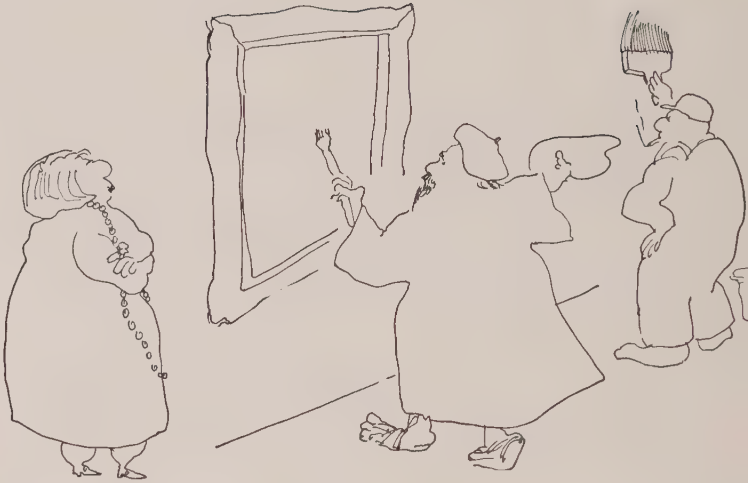
ORNAMENTS ARE FROM THE BOOK OF KELLS, REDRAWN BY J. P. JUNOD FROM *Ireland, Harbinger of the Middle Ages* BY LUDWIG BIELER, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, LONDON, 1963

The Painter Today

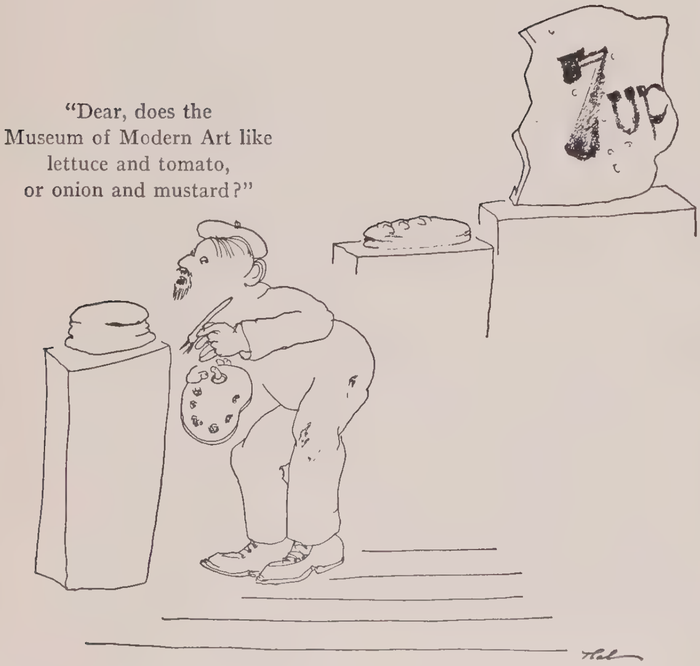
Drawings by Mike Thaler



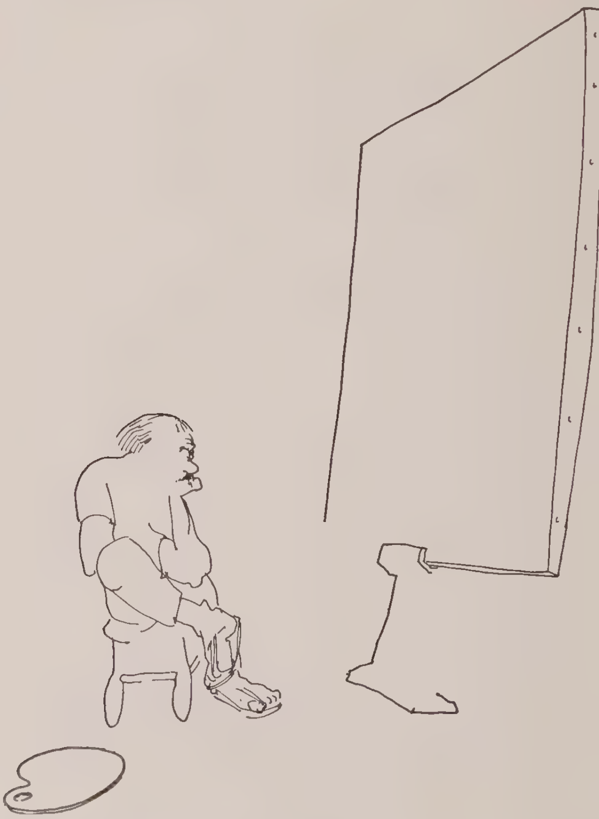
He must stay abreast of all avant-garde movements



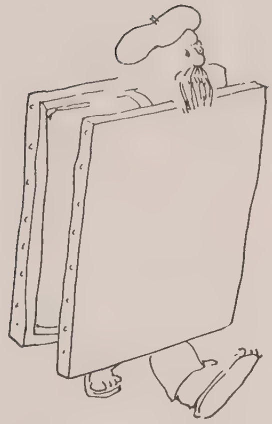
He must cultivate both his public and his colleagues


"Dear, does the
Museum of Modern Art like
lettuce and tomato,
or onion and mustard?"
7UP

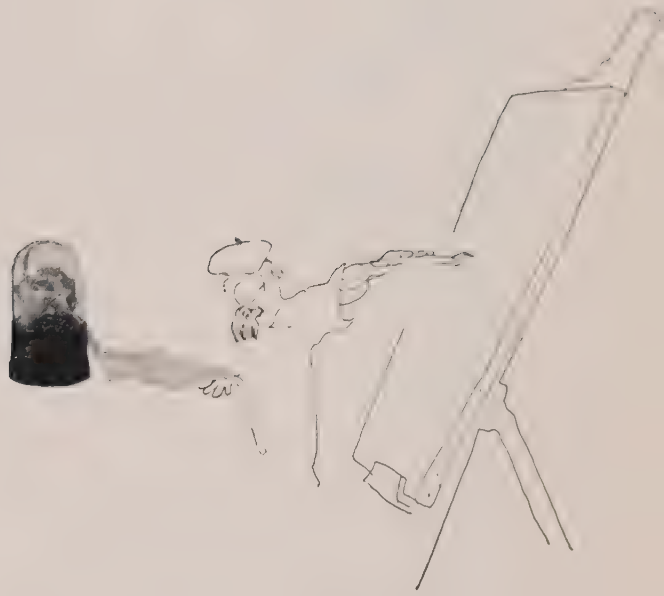
He must cater to the tastes of the Establishment



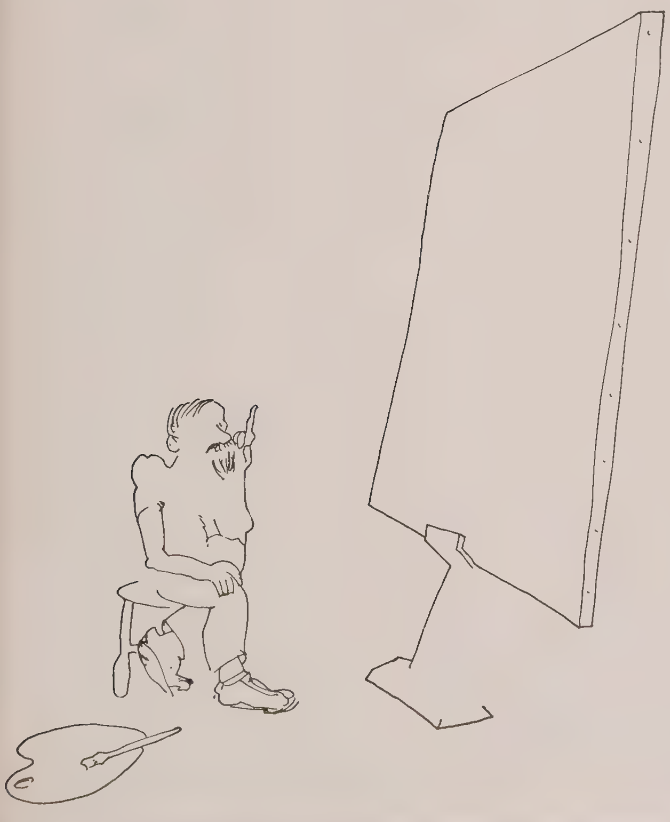
And with all that, he must keep hoping . . .



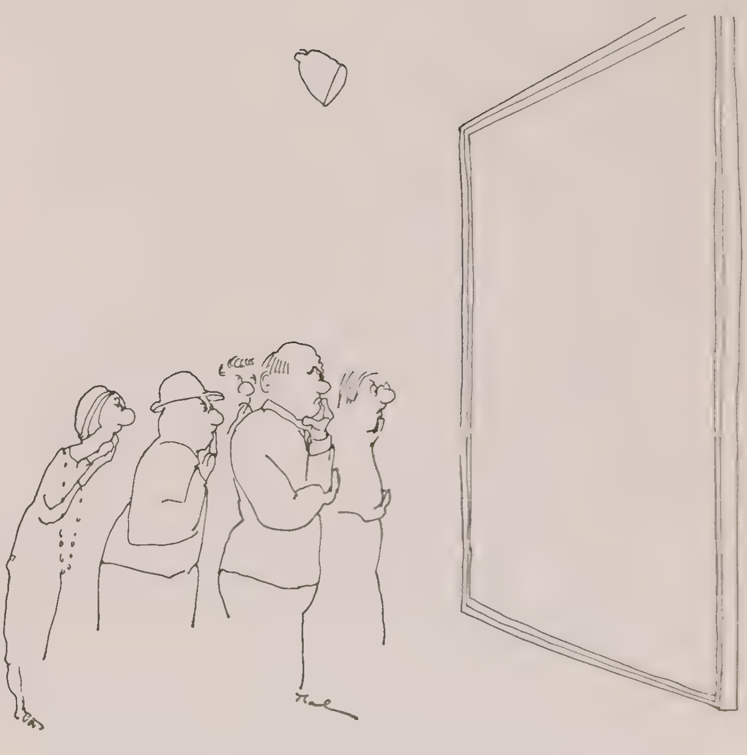
He must learn the techniques of public relations



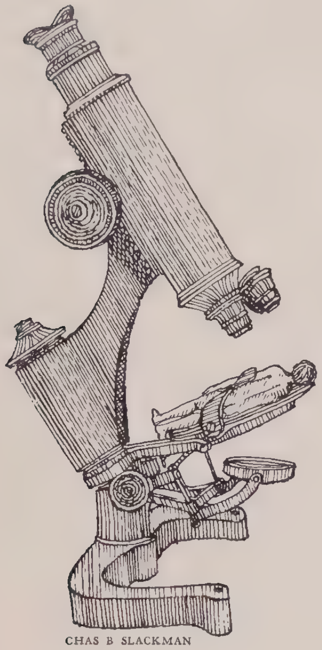
He must keep up with the world outside his studio



to come up with a style . . .



that nobody has thought of before



CHAS B SLACKMAN

Notes from an empty room

I am writing this because I presume He wants me to. Otherwise He would not have left paper and pencil handy for me to use. And I put the word "He" in capitals because it seems the only thing to do. If I am dead and in hell, then this is only proper. However, if I am merely a captive somewhere, then surely a little flattery won't hurt matters.

As I sit here in this small room and think about it, I am impressed most of all by the suddenness of the whole thing. At one moment I was out walking in the woods near my suburban home. The next thing I knew, here I was in a small, featureless room, naked as a jay bird, with only my powers of rationalization to stand between me and insanity. When the "change" was made (whatever the change was), I was not conscious of so much as a momentary flicker between walking in the woods and being here in this room. Whoever is responsible for all of this is to be complimented—either He has developed an instantaneous anaesthetic or He has solved the problem of instantaneous transportation of matter. I would prefer to think it the former, for the latter leads to too much anxiety.

Yes, there I was walking through the woods, minding my own business, studiously pretending to enjoy the outing so that I wouldn't mind the exercise too much, when the transition took place. As I recall, I was immersed in the problem of how to teach my class in beginning psychology some of the more abstruse points of Learning Theory when the transition came. How far away and distant life at the University seems at the moment! I must be forgiven if now I am much more concerned about where I am and how to get out of here than about how freshmen can be cajoled into understanding Tolman.

Problem number one: Where am I? For an answer, I can only describe this room. It is about twenty feet square, some twelve feet high, with no windows, but with what might be a door in the middle of one wall. Everything is of a uniform gray color, and the walls and ceiling emit a fairly pleasant achromatic light. The walls themselves are of some hard material which might be metal since it feels slightly cool to the touch. The floor is of a softer, rubbery material that yields a little when I walk on it. Also, it has a rather tingly feel to it, suggesting that it may be in constant vibration. It is somewhat warmer than the walls, which is all to the good since it appears I must sleep on the floor.

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The only furniture in the room consists of what might be a table and what passes for a chair. They are not quite that, but they can be made to serve this purpose. On the table I found the paper and the pencil. No, let me correct myself. What I am calling paper is a good deal rougher and thicker than I am used to, and what I am calling a pencil is nothing more than a thin round stick of graphite which I have sharpened by rubbing one end of it on the table.

And that is the sum extent of my surroundings. I wish I knew what He has done with my clothes. The suit was an old one, but I am worried about the walking boots. I was very fond of those boots—not because of any sentimental attachment nor because they had done me much good service, but rather because they were quite expensive and I would hate to lose them.

The problem still remains to be answered, however, as to just where in the hell I am—if not in hell itself.

Problem number two is a knottier one: Why am I here? Were I subject to paranoid tendencies, I would doubtless come to the conclusion that my enemies had kidnapped me. Or perhaps that the Russians had taken such an interest in my research that they had spirited me away to some Siberian hideout and would soon appear to demand either co-operation or death. Sadly enough, I am too reality oriented. My research was highly interesting to me, and perhaps to a few other psychologists who like to dabble in esoteric problems of animal learning, but it was scarcely startling enough to

By JAMES V. McCONNELL

warrant such attention as kidnapping. So I am left as baffled as before. Where am I, and why? And who is He?

I have decided to forego all attempts at keeping this diary according to "days" or "hours." Such units of time have no meaning in my present circumstances, for the light remains constant all the time I am awake. The human organism is not possessed of as neat an internal clock as some of the lower species. Far too many studies have shown that a human being who is isolated from all external stimulation soon loses his sense of time. So I will merely indicate breaks in the narrative and hope that He will understand that if He wasn't bright enough to leave me with my wrist watch, He couldn't expect me to keep an accurate record.

Nothing much has happened since I began this narrative, except that I have slept, been fed and watered, and have emptied my bladder and bowels. The food was waiting on the table when I awoke last time. I must say that He has little of the gourmet in Him. Protein balls are not my idea of a feast royal. However, they will serve to keep body and soul together (presuming, of course, that they are together at the moment). But I must object to my course of liquid refreshment. The meal made me very thirsty, and I was in the process of cursing Him and everybody else when I noticed a small nipple which had appeared in the wall while I was asleep. At first I thought that perhaps Freud was right after all, and that my libido had taken over control of my imagery. Experimentation convinced me, however, that the thing was real, and that it is my present source of water. If one sucks on the thing, it delivers a slightly cool and somewhat sweetish flow of liquid. But really, it's a most undignified procedure. It's bad enough to have to sit around all day in my birthday suit. But for a full professor to have to stand on his tiptoes and suck on an artificial nipple in order to obtain water is asking a little too much. I'd complain to the Management if I only knew who the Management was!

Following eating and drinking, the call to nature became a little too strong to ignore. Now, I was adequately toilet trained with indoor plumbing, and the absence of same is most annoying. However, there was nothing much to do but choose a corner of the room and make the best of a none too pleasant situation. (As a side thought, I wonder if the choosing of a corner was in any way instinctive?) However, the upshot of the whole thing was my learning what is probably the purpose of the vibration of the floor. For the excreted material disappeared through the floor not too many minutes later. The process was a gradual one. Now I will be faced with all kinds of uncomfortable thoughts concerning what might possibly happen to me if I slept too long.

Perhaps this is to be expected, but I find myself becoming a little paranoid after all. In attempting to solve my problem number two, why I am here, I have begun to wonder if perhaps some of my colleagues at the University are not using me as a subject in some kind of experiment. It would be just like McCleary to dream up some fantastic kind of "human-in-isolation" experiment and use me as a pilot observer. You would think that he'd have asked my permission first. However, perhaps it's important that the subject not know what's happening to him. If so, I have one happy thought to console me. If McCleary is responsible for this, he'll have to take over the teaching of my classes for the time being. And how he hates teaching Learning Theory to freshmen!

You know, this place seems dreadfully quiet to me.

Suddenly I have solved two of my problems. I know both where I am and who He is. And I bless the day that I got interested in the perception of motion.

I should say to begin with that the air in this room seems to have more than the usual concentration of dust particles. This didn't seem particularly noteworthy until I noticed that most of them seemed to pile up along the floor against one wall in particular. For a while I was sure that this was due to the ventilation system—perhaps there was an outgoing air duct where this particular wall was joined to the floor. However, when I went over and put my hand to the floor there, I could feel no breeze whatsoever. Yet even as I held my hand along the dividing line between the wall and the floor, dust motes covered my hand with a thin coating. I tried this same experiment everywhere else in the room to no avail. This was the only spot where the phenomenon occurred, and it occurred along the entire length of the wall.

But if ventilation was not responsible for the phenomenon, what was? All at once there popped into my mind some calculations I had made back when the rocket boys had first proposed a manned satellite station. Engineers are notoriously naïve when it comes to the performance of a human being in most situations, and I remembered that the problem of the perception of the satellite's rotation seemingly had been ignored by the slip-stick crowd. They had planned to rotate the doughnut-shaped satellite in order to substitute centrifugal force for the force of gravity. Thus the outer shell of the doughnut would appear to be "down" to anyone inside the thing. Apparently they had not realized that man is at least as sensitive to angular rotation as he is to variations in the pull of gravity. As I figured the problem, if a man aboard the doughnut moved his head as much as three or four feet outward from the center of the doughnut, he would have become fairly dizzy! Rather annoying it would have been, too, to have been hit by a wave of nausea every time one sat down in a chair. Also, as I pondered the problem, it became apparent that dust particles and the like would probably show a tendency to move in a direction opposite to the direction of the rotation, and hence pile up against any wall or such that impeded their flight.

Using the behavior of the dust particles as a clue, I then climbed atop the table and leaped off. Sure enough, my head felt as though a mule had kicked it by the time I landed on the floor. My hypothesis was confirmed.

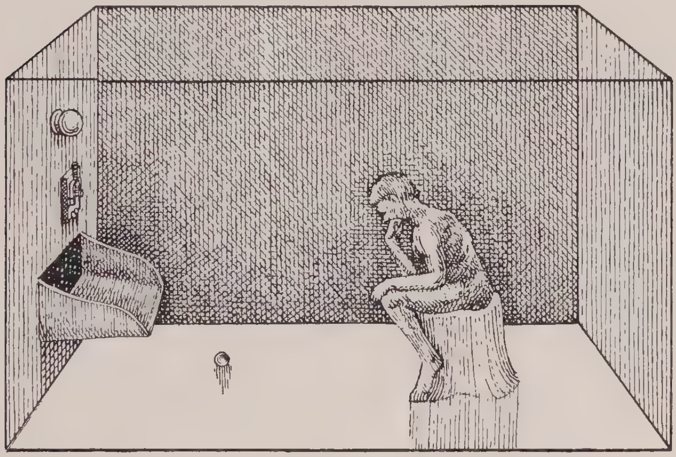
So I am aboard a spaceship!

The thought is incredible, but in a strange way comforting. At least now I can postpone worrying about heaven and hell

—and somehow I find the idea of being in a spaceship much more to the liking of a confirmed agnostic. I suppose I owe McCleary an apology—I should have known he would never have put himself in a position where he would have to teach freshmen all about learning!

And, of course, I now know who "He" is. Or rather, I know who He *isn't*, which is something else again. Surely, though, I can no longer think of Him as being human. Whether I should be consoled at this or not, I have no way of telling.

I still have no notion of *why* I am here, however, nor why this alien chose to pick me of all people to pay a visit to His spaceship. What possible use could I be? Surely if He were interested in making contact with the human race, He would have spirited away a politician. After all, that's what politicians are for! Since there has been no effort made to communicate with me, however, I must reluctantly give up any cherished hopes that His purpose is that of making contact with *genus homo*.



Or perhaps He's a galactic scientist of some kind, a biologist of sorts, out gathering specimens. Now that's a particularly nasty thought. What if He turned out to be a physiologist, interested in cutting me open eventually to see what makes me tick? Will my innards be smeared over a glass slide for scores of youthful Hims to peer at under a microscope? Brrrr! I don't mind giving my life to Science, but I'd rather do it a little at a time.

If you don't mind, I think I'll go do a little repressing for a while.

Good God! I should have known it! Destiny will play her little tricks, and all jokes have their cosmic angles. He is a *psychologist*! Had I given it due consideration, I would have realized that whenever you come across a new species, you worry about behavior first, physiology second. So I have received the ultimate insult—or the ultimate compliment. I don't know which. I have become a specimen for an alien psychologist!

This thought first occurred to me when I awoke after my latest sleep (which was filled, I must admit, with most frightening dreams). It was immediately obvious that something about the room had changed. Almost at once I noticed that one of the walls now had a lever of some kind protruding from it, and to one side of the lever, a small hole in the wall with a container beneath the hole. I wandered over to the lever, inspected it a few moments, then accidentally depressed the thing. At once there came a loud clicking noise, and a protein ball popped out of the hole and fell into the container.

For just a moment a frown crossed my brow. This seemed somehow so strangely familiar. Then, all at once, I burst into wild laughter. The room had been changed into a gigantic Skinner Box! For years I had been studying animal learning by putting white rats in a Skinner Box and following the changes in the rats' behavior. The rats had to learn to press the lever in order to get a pellet of food, which was delivered to them through just such an apparatus as is now affixed to the wall of my cell. And now, after all these years, and after all the learning studies I had done, to find myself trapped like a rat in a Skinner Box! Perhaps this was hell after all, I told myself, and the Lord High Executioner's admonition to "let the punishment fit the crime" was being followed.

Frankly, this sudden turn of events has left me more than a little shaken.

I seem to be performing according to theory. It didn't take me long to discover that pressing the lever would give me food some of the time, while at other times all I got was the click and no protein ball. It appears that approximately every twelve hours the thing delivers me a random number of protein balls—the number has varied from five to fifteen so far. I never know ahead of time how many pellets—I mean protein balls—the apparatus will deliver, and it spews them out intermittently. Sometimes I have to press the lever a dozen times or so before it will give me anything, while at other times it gives me one ball for each press. Since I don't have a watch on me, I am never quite sure when the twelve hours have passed, so I stomp over to the lever and press it every few minutes when I think it's getting close to time to be fed. Just like my rats always did. And since the pellets are small and I never get enough of them, occasionally I find myself banging away on the lever with all the compulsion of a stupid animal. But I missed the feeding time once and almost starved to death (so it seemed) before the lever delivered food the next time. About the only consolation to my wounded pride is that at this rate of starvation, I'll lose my bay window in short order.

At least He doesn't seem to be fattening me up for the kill. Or maybe he just likes lean meat.

I have been promoted. Apparently He in His infinite alien wisdom has decided that I'm intelligent enough to handle the Skinner-type apparatus, so I've been promoted to solving a maze. Can you picture the irony of the situation? All of the classic Learning Theory methodology is practically being thrown in my face in mockery. If only I could communicate with Him! I don't mind being subjected to tests nearly as much as I mind being underestimated. Why, I can solve puzzles hundreds of times more complex than what He's throwing at me. But how can I tell Him?

As it turns out, the maze is much like our standard T-mazes, and is not too difficult to learn. It's a rather long one, true, with some twenty-three choice points along the way. I spent the better part of half an hour wandering through the thing the first time I found myself in it. Surprisingly enough, I didn't realize the first time out what I was in, so I made no conscious attempt to memorize the correct turns. It wasn't until I reached the final turn and found food waiting for me that I recognized what I was expected to do. The next time through the maze my performance was a good deal better, and I was able to turn in a perfect performance in not too long a time. However, it does not do my ego any good to realize that my own white rats could have learned the maze a little sooner than I did.

My "home cage," so to speak, still has the Skinner apparatus in it, but the lever delivers food only occasionally now. I still give it a whirl now and again, but since I'm getting a fairly good supply of food at the end of the maze each time, I don't pay much attention to the lever.

Now that I am very sure of what is happening to me, quite naturally my thoughts have turned to how I can get out of this situation. Mazes I can solve without too much difficulty, but how to escape apparently is beyond my intellectual capacity. But then, come to think of it, there was precious little chance for my own experimental animals to get out of my clutches. And assuming that I am unable to escape, what then? After He has finished putting me through as many paces as He wishes, where do we go from there? Will He treat me as I treated most of my nonhuman subjects—that is, will I get tossed into a jar containing chloroform? "Following the experiment, the animals were sacrificed," as we so euphemistically report in the scientific literature. This doesn't appeal to me much, as you can imagine. Or maybe if I seem particularly bright to Him, He may use me for breeding purposes, to establish a colony of His own. Now, that might have possibilities. . . .

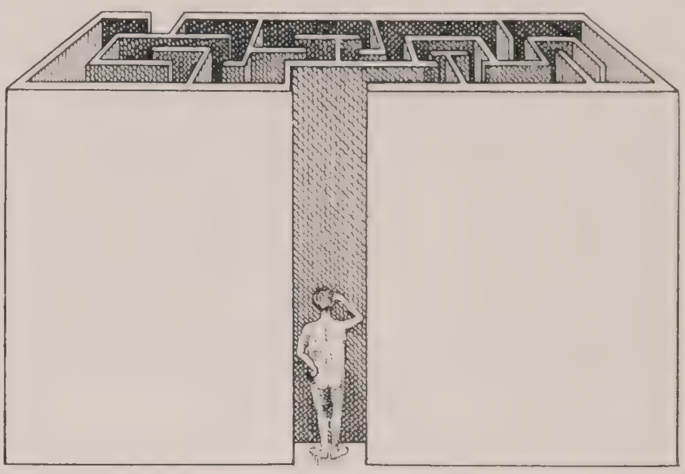
Oh, damn Freud anyhow!

And damn Him too! I had just gotten the maze well learned when He upped and changed things on me. I stumbled about like a bat in the sunlight for quite some time before I finally got to the goal box. I'm afraid my performance was pretty poor.

Well, it wasn't so bad after all. What He did was just to reverse the whole maze so that it was a mirror image of what it used to be. Took me only two trials to discover the solution. Let Him figure that one out if He's so smart!

My performance on the maze reversal must have pleased Him, because now He's added a new complication. And again I suppose I could have predicted the next step if I had been thinking along the right direction. I woke up a few hours ago to find myself in a totally different room. There was nothing whatsoever in the room, but opposite me were two doors in the wall—one door a pure white, the other jet-black. Between me and the doors was a deep pit, filled with water. I didn't like the looks of the situation, for it occurred to me right away that He had devised a kind of jumping stand for me. I had to choose which of the doors was open and led to food. The other door would be locked. If I jumped at the wrong door, and found it locked, I'd fall into the water. I needed a bath, that was for sure, but I didn't relish getting it in this fashion.

While I stood there watching, I got the shock of my life. I mean it quite literally. The bastard had thought of everything. When I used to run rats on jumping stands, to overcome their reluctance to jump, I used to shock them. He's following exactly the same pattern. The floor in this room is wired but good. I howled and jumped about and showed all the usual anxiety behavior. It took me less than two seconds to come to my senses and make a flying leap at the white door, however.



You know something? That water is ice-cold!

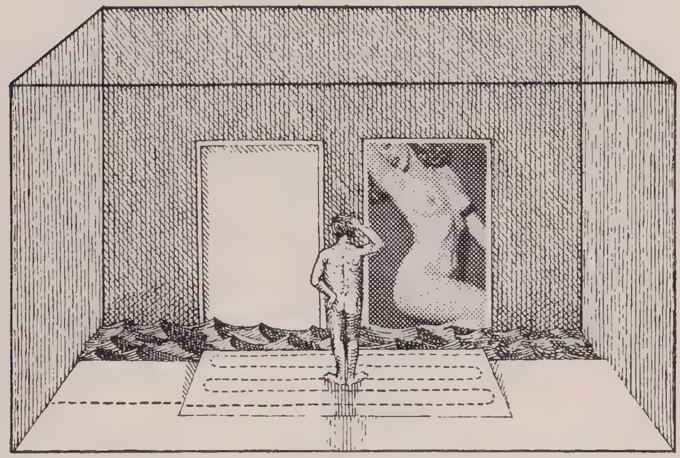
I have now, by my own calculations, solved no fewer than eighty-seven different problems on the jumping stand, and I'm getting sick and tired of it. One time I got angry and just pointed at the correct door—and got shocked for not going ahead and jumping. I shouted bloody murder, cursing Him at the top of my voice, telling Him if He didn't like my performance, He could damn well lump it. All He did, of course, was to increase the shock.

Frankly, I don't know how much longer I can put up with this. It's not that the work is difficult. But rather that it seems so senseless, so useless. If He were giving me half a chance to show my capabilities, I wouldn't mind it. I suppose I've contemplated a thousand different means of escaping, none of them worth mentioning. But if I don't get out of here soon, I shall go stark raving mad!

* * *

For almost an hour after it happened, I sat in this room and just wept. I realize that it is not the style in our culture for a grown man to weep, but there are times when cultural taboos must be forgotten. Again, had I thought much about the sort of experiments He must have had in mind, I most probably could have predicted the next step. Even so, I probably would have repressed the knowledge.

One of the standard problems which any learning psychologist is interested in is this one—will an animal learn something if you fail to reward him for his performance? There are many theorists, such as Hull and Spence, who believe that reward (or "reinforcement," as they call it) is absolutely necessary for learning to occur. This is mere stuff and nonsense, as anyone with a grain of sense knows, but nonetheless the "reinforcement" theory has been dominant in the field for years now. We fought a hard battle with Spence and Hull, and actually had them with their backs to the wall at one point, when suddenly they came up with the concept of "secondary reinforcement." That is, anything associated with a reward takes on the ability to act as a reward itself. For example, the mere sight of food would become a reward in and of itself—almost as much of a reward, in fact, as is the eating of the food. The *sight* of food, indeed! But nonetheless, it saved their theories for the moment.



For the past five years now, I have been trying to design an experiment that would show beyond a shadow of a doubt that the *sight* of a reward was not sufficient for learning to take place. And now look at what has happened to me!

I'm sure that He must lean toward Hull and Spence in His theorizing, for earlier today, when I found myself in the jumping-stand room, instead of being rewarded with my usual protein balls when I made the correct jump, I discovered . . .

I'm sorry, but it is difficult to write about even now. For when I made the correct jump and the door opened and I started toward the food, I found it had been replaced with a photograph. A calendar photograph. You know the one. Her name, I think, is Monroe.

I sat on the floor for almost an hour weeping afterward. For five whole years I have been attacking the validity of the secondary reinforcement theory, and now I find myself giving Him evidence that the theory is correct! For I cannot help "learning" which of the doors is the correct one to jump through. I refuse to pick the wrong door all the time and get an icy bath time after time. It just isn't fair! For He will doubtless put it all down to the fact that the mere *sight* of the photograph is functioning as a reward, and that I am learning the problems merely to be able to see Miss What's-her-name in her bare skin!

Oh, I can just see Him now, sitting somewhere else in this spaceship, gathering in all the data I am giving Him, plotting all kinds of learning curves, chortling to Himself because I am confirming all of His pet theories. I just wish . . .

* * *

Almost an hour has gone by since I wrote the above section. It seems longer than that, but surely it's been only an hour. And I have spent the time deep in thought. For I have discovered a way out of this place, I think. The question is, dare I do it?

I was in the midst of writing that paragraph about His sitting and chortling and confirming His theories, when it suddenly struck me that theories are born of the equipment one uses. This has probably been true throughout the history of all science, but is perhaps truest of all in psychology. If Skinner had never invented his blasted box, if the maze and the jumping stand had not been developed, we probably would have entirely different theories of learning today than we do. For, if nothing else, the type of equipment that one uses drastically reduces the type of behavior that one's subjects can show, and one's theories have to account only for the type of behavior that appears in the laboratories.

It follows from this also that any two cultures that devise the same sort of experimental procedures will come up with almost identical theories.

Keeping all of this in mind, it's not hard for me to believe that He is an ironclad reinforcement theorist, for He uses all of the various paraphernalia they use, and uses it in exactly the same way.

My means of escape is therefore obvious. He expects from me confirmation of all His pet theories. Well, He won't get it any more! I know all of His theories backward and forward, and this means I know how to give Him results that will tear His theories right smack in half!

I can almost predict the results. What does any learning theorist do with an animal that won't behave properly, that refuses to give the results that are predicted? One gets rid of the beast, quite naturally. For one wishes to use only healthy, normal animals in one's work, and any animal that gives "unusual" results is removed from the study but quickly. After all, if it doesn't perform as expected, it must be sick, abnormal, or aberrant in one way or another. . . .

There is no guarantee, of course, as to what method He will employ to dispose of my now annoying presence. Will

He "sacrifice" me? Or will He just return me to the "permanent colony"? I cannot say. I know only that I will be free from what is now an intolerable situation. The chance must be taken.

Just wait until He looks at His results from now on!

FROM: *Experimenter-in-Chief, Interstellar Labship* PSYCH-*145*
To: *Director, Bureau of Science*

Thlan, my friend, this will be an informal missive. I will send the official report along later, but I wanted to give you my subjective impressions first.

The work with the newly discovered species is, for the moment, at a standstill. Things went exceedingly well at first. We picked what seemed to be a normal, healthy animal and smattered it into our standard test apparatus. I may have told you that this new species seemed quite identical to our usual laboratory animals, so we included a couple of the "toys" that our home animals seem to be fond of—thin pieces of material made from wood pulp and a tiny stick of graphite. Imagine our surprise, and our pleasure, when this new specimen made exactly the same use of the materials as have all of our home colony specimens. Could it be that there are certain innate behavior patterns to be found throughout the universe in the lower species?

Well, I merely pose the question. The answer is of little importance to a Learning Theorist. Your friend Verpk keeps insisting that the use of these toys may have some deeper meaning to it, and that perhaps we should investigate further. At his insistence, then, I include with this informal missive the materials used by our first subject. In my opinion Verpk is guilty of gross anthropomorphism, and I wish to have nothing further to do with the question. However, this behavior did give us hope that our newly discovered colony would yield subjects whose performances would be exactly in accordance with standard theory.

And, in truth, this is exactly what seemed to be the case. The animal solved the Bfian Box problem in short order, yielding as beautiful data as I have ever seen. We then shifted it to maze, maze-reversal, and jumping-stand problems, and the results could not have confirmed our theories better had we rigged the data. However, when we switched the animal to secondary reinforcement problems, it seemed to undergo a strange sort of change. No longer was its performance up to par. In fact, at times it seemed to go quite berserk. For part of the experiment, it would perform superbly. But then, just as it seemed to be solving whatever problem we set it to, its behavior would subtly change into patterns that obviously could not come from a normal specimen. It got worse and worse, until its behavior departed radically from that which our theories predicted. Naturally, we knew then that something had happened to the animal, for our theories are based upon thousands of experiments with similar subjects, and hence our theories must be right. But our theories hold only for normal subjects, and for normal species, so it soon became apparent to us that we had stumbled upon some abnormal type of animal.

Upon due consideration, we returned the subject to its home colony. However, we also voted almost unanimously to request from you permission to take steps to destroy the complete colony. It is obviously of little scientific use to us, and stands as a potential danger that we must take adequate steps against. Since all colonies are under your protection, we therefore request permission to destroy it in toto.

I must report, by the way, that Verpk's vote was the only one which was cast against this procedure. He has some silly notion that one should study behavior as one finds it. Frankly, I cannot understand why you have seen fit to saddle me with him on this expedition, but perhaps you have your reasons.

Verpk's vote notwithstanding, however, the rest of us are of the considered opinion that this whole new colony must be destroyed, and quickly. For it is obviously diseased or some such—as reference to our theories has proved. And should it by some chance come in contact with our other colonies, and infect our other animals with whatever disease or aberration it has, we would never be able to predict their behavior again. I need not carry the argument further, I think.

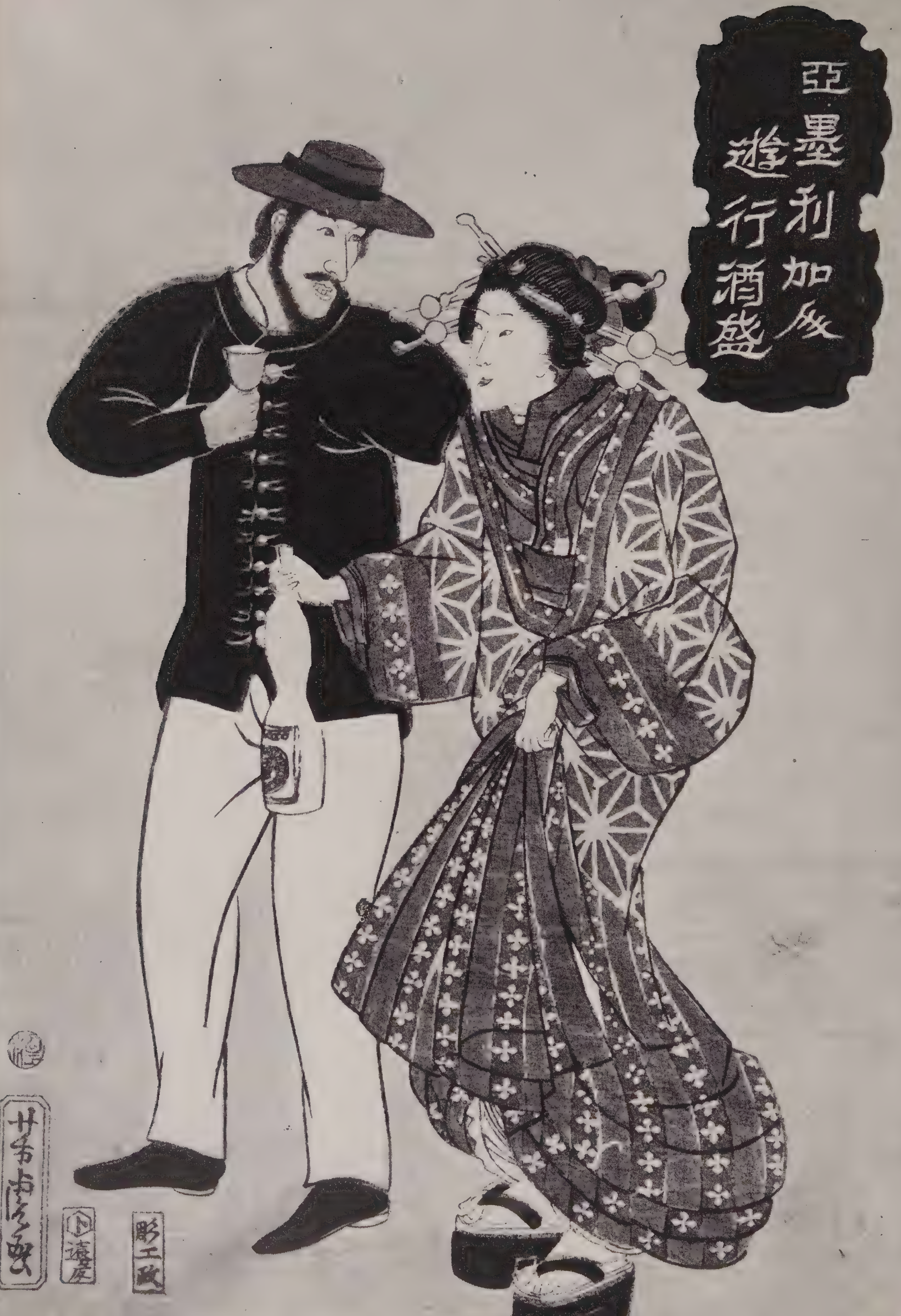
May we have your permission to destroy the colony as soon as possible then, so that we may search out yet other colonies and test our theories against other healthy animals? For it is only in this fashion that science progresses!

Respectfully yours,
Iowyy

Both the normally earth-bound scientist and the unearthly Iowyy in the above article are mythical creations of James V. McConnell. Although Dr. McConnell is a serious scientist, a professor of psychology at the University of Michigan and Research Psychologist at the University's Mental Health Research Institute, he also possesses a refreshing attitude of irreverence toward his field. In fact he feels that if science is allowed to join the sacred domain of "Religion, Motherhood, and the Flag . . . you can write it off as a lost cause."

His experimental subjects have primarily been planarians —common fresh-water flatworms, which happen to be in an uncommonly confused stage of evolution. This research led to his becoming, in 1959, the editor of the Worm Runner's Digest, *an irregularly published journal of legitimate scientific papers mixed with scientific spoofs. The* Digest, *which has a small but loyal and international following, bears on its cover a coat of arms decorated with a two-headed flatworm. Freely translated, the motto beneath this noble heraldic device reads: "When I have finished explaining, you will understand even less."*

This eerie parody by Dr. McConnell on Learning Theory originally appeared in the Worm Runner's Digest, *and will be included in a collection of humorous pieces from that worthy journal, entitled* The Worm Re-Turns, *to be published by Prentice-Hall, Inc. later this spring.*


亞墨利加人
遊行酒盛
芳員画
遠彦
彫工政

By BERNARD RUDOFSKY

"Do you like kimono?"

The question is popped to the guileless visitor on his arrival, right on the airfield or pier, before he has time to adjust to the frenzied cheerfulness of his hosts: "Do you like kimono?" If he answers with misplaced sincerity that he has not had a chance to form an opinion, he will quickly learn his first lesson. The hurt faces—contrary to general belief, the Japanese cannot hide their disappointment—make it unmistakably clear that Japan and the Japanese want to be liked unconditionally.

As a rule, the foreigner is delighted to see that the kimono is still around. Emerging from a downtown hotel into his first Japanese morning, he may easily fall prey to the thought that he has been duped by travel folders and travel ads. A Tokyo street, he finds, is no more Oriental than a street in Brooklyn. Perhaps less so. The ugliness of the cityscape comes as a shock to the most cynical sightseer, and so do the disheveled crowds pushing violently and impassively. It takes no time to realize that well-dressed people do not walk in the street. Hence the sight of a kimono is balm for the eye.

Americans seem to be particularly susceptible to the charm of the Old Japan. Cruelly cheated by history of knights' castles and temple colonnades, they are envious of the relics, genuine or otherwise, that older nations possess in profusion. (The dolled-up men and women who double as ethnical exhibits and museum guards in neohistorical places such as Williamsburg amount to little more than licensed impostors; rather than representing a link with the past, they add an uncalled-for note of Halloween.)

Costumes and costuming never fail to cast a spell upon imaginative people. To some, the touch of exotic robes is as intoxicating as drugs; to others, strange clothes provide a means of escape from that nearly escape-proof prison, one's self; while to still others, they are a means of finding themselves. To recapture her lost self-esteem, a woman will often buy a new hat. A jewel may bring her bliss. But the supreme pleasure afforded by apparel is what I call *sartoriasis*, the enjoyment of discomfort. The kimono fills that need to perfection.

Mutual attraction between Japanese women and American men is not just a post-World War II phenomenon. This sailor, and the fashionably kimonoed femme fatale, *pedestaled and in firm control of the bottle, were portrayed by an anonymous Japanese artist in the 1860's.*

The Japanese author of a book on native manners notes with ill-concealed pride that "the wide sash, or obi, worn by Japanese women has been classed with the Western corset and Chinese foot binding as one of the three great wonders of the world." It is one of those teasing statements that bob like corks on the purling brook of ever-flowing near misinformation on things Japanese. Are there no other great wonders? one wonders. No pyramids? No hanging gardens? The foreigner has a hard time adjusting to the exclusiveness of the Japanese cosmos. He must learn to cushion himself against cultural shock and to accept gratefully every scrap of intelligence. The quotation above is a fair example of the sort that comes his way. Disconcerting and candid at once, it puts the finger where it hurts most, or about a handsbreadth above a woman's waist. Elsewhere the same writer points out with equal aloofness that "clothing is said to be the most direct indication of a people's general frame of mind." Putting two and two together, it would seem that the kimono is a legitimate subject for probing the Japanese frame of mind.

The present-day version of the kimono retains hardly any of its former qualities of a loosely flowing garment. On the contrary, ever since the obi, the outer waistband, deteriorated into the rigid affair it is now, it could be counted among the least comfortable types of female dress. As far back as 1887, the Empress of Japan condemned the wide obi as "unsuited to the human body," and it would indeed seem a senselessly vicious constriction were it not for the extenuating fact that men derive infinite pleasure from watching hobbled women. They never tire of inventing new harnesses for them, of finding new obstacles to impede their gait, all the more so as women do not protest against their sartorial captivity. They are happy in the assurance that the bonds imposed on them help to fan a man's desire.

There is more to the kimono than meets the eye. One might say that the outermost wrapper only serves to detract attention from the true nature of the garment, which is a combination of strait jacket and hobble skirt. Mary R. Beard, in *The Force of Women in Japanese History*, has observed that the kimono fills a need where too many people live in too tiny dwellings. When they wore the kimono, she

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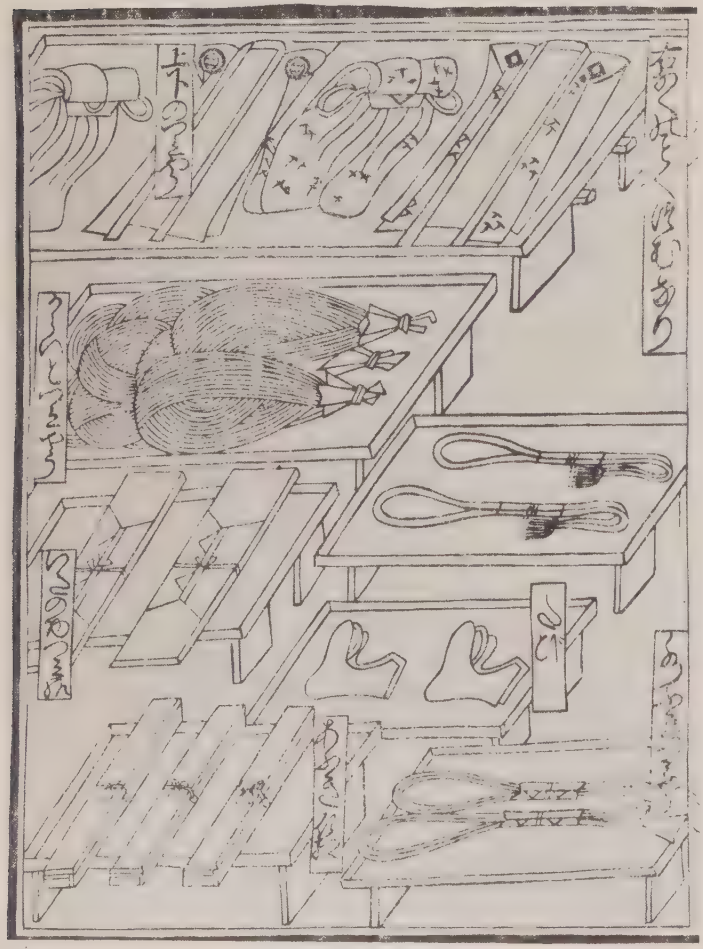
says, "tightly about the figure and sat or moved within the smallest compass, domestic life could flow along better thus regulated." A step-by-step account of how to put on a kimono, quoted in abbreviated form from a handbook of the Japanese Travel Bureau, discloses a sort of X-ray picture of its hidden delights: "First, put on a white cotton vest and silk or cotton underskirt, then the white socks; next, the undergarment is tied at the waist with a waist-tie and an undersash. Then put on the kimono, placing the right side under the left. Tie tightly with a waist-tie just below the waist, and draw the extra length of material so that the hem line will just cover the heels. Fold this down over the tie. Then tie another waist-tie above and wind another undersash around the waist. Next tie the obi." Formerly as narrow as a necktie, the obi has grown into a stiff wide band. The typical discoloration of a Japanese woman's abdomen results from the pressure of the obi.

"Wind the obi," the handbook continues, "around the waist twice. Tie the ends of the obi behind, holding the longer end above the knot and the shorter below. Tug tightly. Fold the longer end down over the obi-bustle wrapped in a bustle-sash and tie the ends of the latter in front, tucking the ends above the obi. Then fold the long end of the obi under, into a tube, tuck the shorter end of the obi into this tube, and fasten all these tightly together with the obi-tie. Bring the ends of this obi-tie around in front of the obi and tie tightly there."



These components of dress, from a 1660 book of etiquette, include cords to tie a woman into her kimono, and socks worn with various soles.

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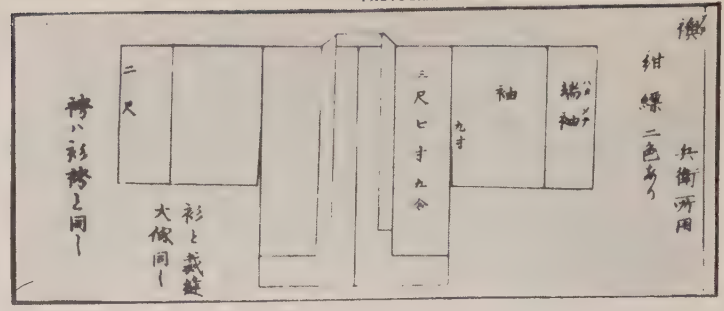


When not in use, the kimono is kept folded flat. It is made with a minimum of cutting. Traditional fabrics are sold in twelve-yard lengths, the amount needed to make one kimono (literally, "clothing").

Tied in knots, her torso immobilized, her breasts flattened out like flowers between the pages of a herbarium, the Japanese woman is now ready to put into action the deadliest of her secret weapons: her gait. Garment manufacturers' and Broadway producers' opinions to the contrary, a woman's attractiveness is determined less by the degree to which she reveals her body than by the way she walks. Or rather, the way she is restrained from walking. A Japanese lady, noted one early American traveler, "minces her steps as tho' her legs were tied together at the knees." As indeed they are.

In Kyoto, where old customs are observed more frequently and more freely than elsewhere in Japan, one can still see a woman's walk performed with pomp. Once a year the queen of the gay quarter is led through the streets in solemn procession. Her sandals are twelve inches high, and to keep her balance, she depends for support on two women assistants. She moves painfully slowly, dragging the heavy wooden pedestals by her toes only—a grand spectacle of sex appeal compared to which our bathing-beauty contests are kindergarten stuff.

This bizarre custom reflects a taste that is not limited to Japan. Italian engravings of the seventeenth century show Venetian courtesans walking on chopines twenty inches high. Like their Japanese colleagues, they are buttressed by two female assistants. Venice at that time was the most Oriental of Western cities (or perhaps it would be more accurate to call it the westernmost of Oriental cities), and the acrobatics of women towering on stilts were no doubt inspired by the tales of travelers who had seen similar feats performed in the East. The vulgarized form of Venetian walking contraptions, whittled down to a few inches, are today's high-heeled shoes. Like corsets, stockings, face-painting, and hair-dyeing, high heels were pioneered by prominent whores whose leadership has been usurped in our day by the far tougher sisterhood of beauty editors and fashion columnists.

Everyday Japanese footwear is less overt in character than the ceremonial stilts. Geta, the wooden soles worn outdoors, resemble furniture more than footwear. They are rectangular "benches," two to four inches high. Sometimes people turn them into actual benches by sitting on one sole and propping up their feet on its mate, or they may use them as a pillow. Geta for adults come in one size only for each sex and are identical for the right and left foot. They have no uppers, no lacings, merely a sort of bridle for the toes. A few hundred years ago they were all-wood contraptions with a knob for the toes to grip, a rakish type of clog still worn by the maids of some archaic inns.

Walking on these veritable footstools is an acquired art, yet walking is not a function that elegant footwear is expected to encourage. Every woman knows that to wear walking shoes—as derogatory a term as "sensible shoes"—puts a damper on a man's ardor. The effect of absurdly impractical shoes, on the other hand, is as intoxicating as a love potion. The girl child who puts on a pair of high-heeled shoes is magically propelled into womanhood.

Japanese footwear is at once more sophisticated and more versatile than ours. The pedestals women wear serve a double purpose—they elevate the wearer symbolically and they unbalance her physically. The higher the platform, the thinner the understructure. *Ashida*, the tallest of rainwear geta, rest on stilts no more substantial than the bridge of a violin. The sight of a woman unaccountably floating several inches aboveground reveals more about Japanese taste than any course in "art appreciation." The wooden stilts also act as percussion instruments and make walking a noisy affair. In some parts of the country women wear special geta for dancing, which, on stone pavements, produce a sound indistinguishable from that of castanets.

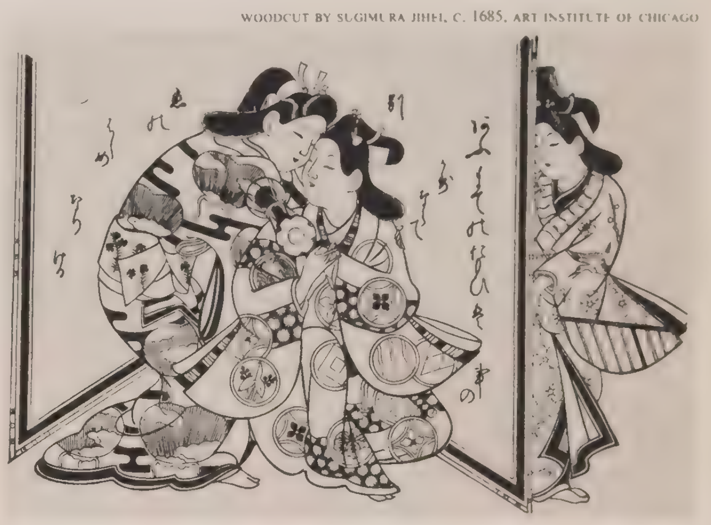
The opinions of Westerners on native Japanese costume are divided. The early travelers, steeped in the orthodoxy of their own dress, could hardly be expected to rave. The resemblance between male and female attire ("The women dress much like the men") was unnatural to people who could not anticipate today's play clothes, so-called. So was the egalitarian character ("Their dress . . . is uniform from the monarch down to the most inferior subject"). The hieratic elegance of Oriental garments had not yet caught the attention of people to whom leg-of-mutton sleeves and baggy trousers were the height of sophistication. In their eyes, Oriental dress, like ancient Greek dress, was slovenly. Commodore Perry recorded his disapproval of Japanese women's clothes in his official report—"ungraceful drapery" he called them, "with much of the undress look of nightgowns."

Most Oriental clothes are the antithesis of Western ones. They are cut, if at all, along geometric lines—squares, rectangles, or circles—which prompts us to call them shapeless. (Today as in Perry's time, a shape means to most males an hourglass.) Whereas Oriental clothes are innocent of the body's curves, Western clothes are constructed with an eye to anatomy. Intricately shaped, stiffened, and molded, they represent a sort of hollow casting of their owner. Between airings they hang like human effigies from the gallows of our clothes closet. The modern kimono belongs to neither of these categories. Spread out flat, it is unmistakably Oriental; when it is put on, however, it becomes another kind of garment altogether. It hugs the body as tightly as any tight-fitting dress.

If one scans old prints, one realizes how far Japanese dress has strayed from its more attractive ancient forms. Above all, it has lost the suppleness that enamored generations of wood-block artists. The flowing robes of the past have given way to a wrapper as clinging as the tobacco leaves of a cigar, with the obi for a cigar band. The bandages cancel out the female form, but then, a woman's breast holds no aesthetic interest for a Japanese man. Neither brassière nor strip tease, two imports from the West, succeed in titillating his optic nerve. What does excite him in the way of anatomy is the nape of a woman's neck, particularly when framed by a rear neckline.

A similar transfer of erotic interest from front to rear occurs farther down. What was once a knot tied into a woman's waistband has proliferated into a dorsal hump, compensating no doubt for the lack of a bosom. The knot is not a knot any more, neither is it a bow, but a cushion wrapped in obi-cloth, a cradleboard minus papoose. A shawl or a short coat, thrown over hump and shoulders, produces the characteristic, now-fashionable hunchback silhouette. The hump looks most un-Oriental; it seems to belong to the protuberances so typical of Western dress—the farthingales, the bustles mimicking steatopygia, and the many contraptions for simulating pregnancy.

WOODCUT BY SUGIMURA JIHEI, C. 1685, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



Lovers in an embrace are spied upon by a young girl peeking from behind a screen. The man, not easily distinguishable, is in the center.

Gone, too, is the coeducational look. For centuries Japanese gentlemen and ladies dressed so much alike that to tell one from the other in the old prints is often difficult. Japan has a long-standing tradition of transvestitism. The court nobles of the so-called military epoch "deemed themselves best attired when they resembled women most closely, shaved their eyebrows, painted their cheeks, and blackened their teeth . . ." Not until the nineteenth century did Japanese men begin to feel self-conscious about their attire. "A sight indeed it must have been!" reminisced Fukuzawa, one of the first Japanese to appear abroad in his native outfit. To the trousered and booted Westerners, the swishing skirts and the patter of sandals suggested women. "You look up and are disappointed," sighed the Russian Ivan Goncharov. The only bisexual garment of today is the *yukata*, an unlined cotton wrap worn to the bath. Formerly never seen outside the house, it has become the all-purpose dress for visitors to watering places. Regardless of the sex of its wearer, it overlaps to the right.

The decline of traditional costume has been speeded up by many incongruous additions. Sometimes it is just a touch of foreignness that messes up the pedigree, such as the glossy wedge-soled slippers that have come into favor with kimono-clad women. Japanese feet are broad and short, and these qualities were traditionally emphasized by square, *horizontal* soles which, like the pedestal of a statue, left plenty of space around the foot. Today's woman fancies soles several sizes smaller than her feet, so that by contrast her feet appear bigger than they are.

The paper umbrellas of old have long been replaced by our bat-like cloth umbrella, but the most anachronistic note of a contemporary kimono outfit is the handbag of leather or shiny plastic introduced, we are told, by foreign moving pictures. In the past small objects were carried in the sleeves of the kimono or tucked under the obi. Today the only extra function of kimono sleeves is their use as handkerchief—not for the wiping of noses but for mopping up the flood of tears a woman is bound to shed at the theatre. The Japanese man has transferred the contents of *his* sleeves to a briefcase, and although it may contain nothing more confidential than a box lunch of boiled rice, it is regarded as a status symbol.

Where the fashionable woman truly goes to pieces is right on top: her hairdo is the acme of disorientalization. The permanent wave has eroded the Japanese woman's racial conscience to a degree where any and all scruples about her mongrel costume cease to exist. Whereas in the old days to have curly hair was a fate worse than death, today even a peasant woman cannot do without it. Disowning her luxuriant straight hair, she has reached a point of no return in the pursuit of Westernization.

If older generations had misgivings about Western clothes, it was not because they thought them ugly but because they were foreign. And foreign they have remained. Even at the height of summer a Japanese man wears long underwear in order to keep his street clothes from touching his body. At every opportunity he will take them off, and foreign women tourists look with mixed emotions at Japanese men who, having boarded a train, begin to unbutton their trousers and strip to their underwear—in their eyes the only unobjectionable garment of Western civilization. Yet, although trouser creases and laced shoes are incompatible with their custom of sitting on the floor, it has never occurred to them to devise an improved version of Western dress to go with their un-Western habits. They take Western clothes as much for granted as brewing ceremonial tea with chlorinated water.

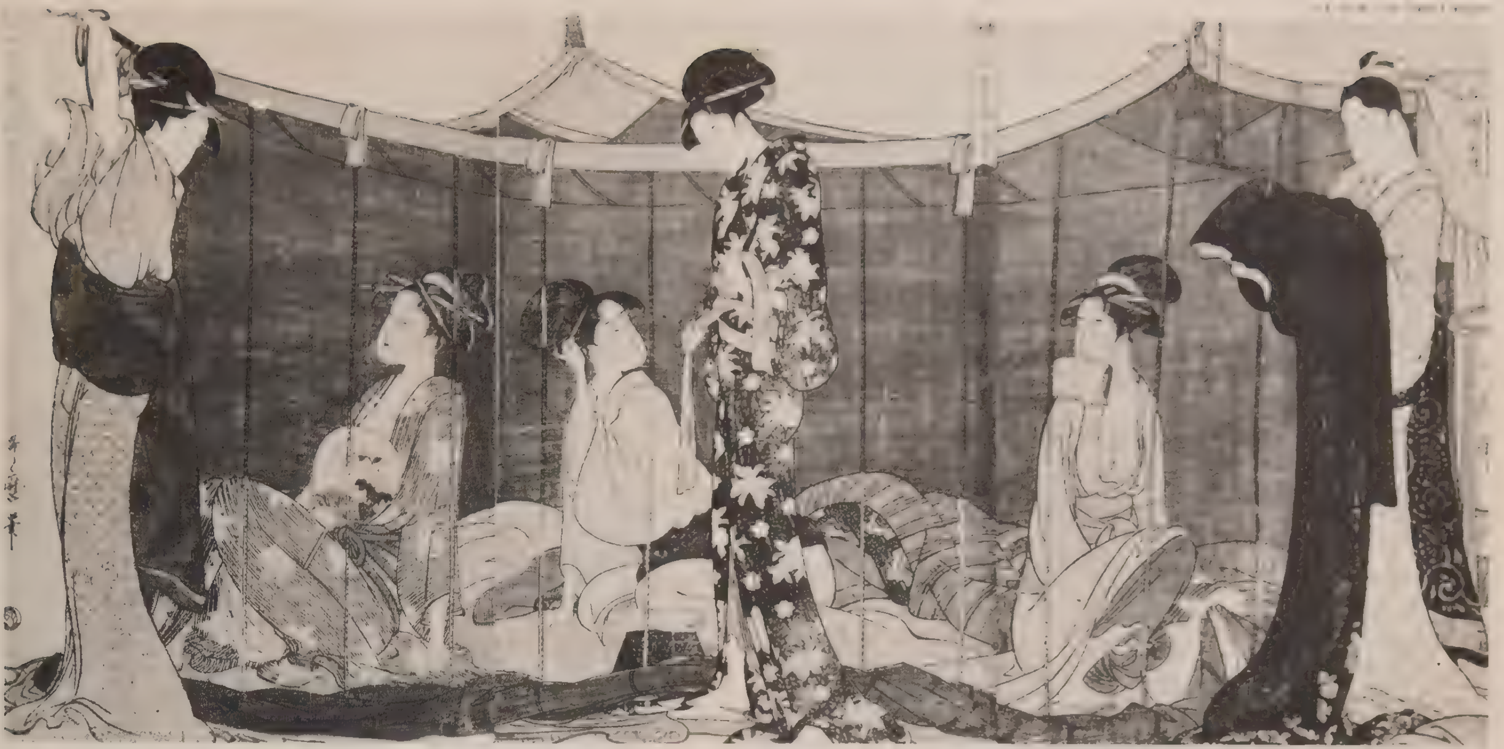
A certain amount of confusion is unavoidable. Especially to the peasant, the distinction between male and female Western attire is either not always clear or else he feels free to ignore our sillier conventions. If it suits him, he may wear a veil with his straw hat or bobby pins in his hair. The old man traveling in a Swiss-embroidered shirt is not a transvestite; the girl clad in a nightshirt, driving a motorcycle, is not a strumpet—both chose the garments for their airiness. Paradoxically, shoes, the curse of Western dress, seem unobjectionable to them. Ladies' slippers are looked at as a godsend by Japanese men, who are short and have tiny feet. They don't go in for spike heels, but like a little wedge or an open toe.

When felt hats, leather boots, and tubular dresses were decreed by law, and an imperial edict informed the nation that European clothes were concomitants of a more civilized life, the Japanese found a compromise in retaining the native costume for intramural use and as holiday dress. Their genius for avoiding clear-cut solutions enables them to assimilate things foreign without budging in their old ways. Not for them the anguish of having to make a choice, not for them the scruples of the convert. How inconsequential, one muses, was their sartorial revolution compared to the one that took place a half-century later at the other end of the Asian continent, when some of Mustafa Kemal's Turks preferred to hang rather than part with their fez. As often happened in their history, the Japanese were able to have their cake and eat it too. Compromise, however, carries its own penalty. If the Japanese took to Western clothes without enthusiasm or sympathy, Western clothes took to the Japanese even less kindly.

A Western woman in a kimono may be a frightful sight, but so are quite a few Japanese in Western clothes. It is all a matter of style. Japanese deportment, rather than losing its flavor in Western-style clothes, acquires a pungency all its own. A Japanese woman in Western dress who walks in her accustomed way, with toes turned in, strikes one as being afflicted with a physical defect. Her walk is a kimono-conditioned posture; without the kimono it looks odd. Her elaborate motions of opening and closing a sliding door—she has to kneel down because the door yields only when it is grasped a few inches above the floor—seem in perfect harmony with her native costume. These genuflections, however, look absurd when she does them in a short skirt and stocking feet. Men, by the way, don't come off any better. Prostrate in formal greeting, they radiate great dignity when clad in traditional robes. The same men performing the same salutations in shirt sleeves look like so many daddies playing horsie.

There is little doubt that the Japanese rate their native clothes second to none. Anyone boarding a Japan Air Lines plane in a U.S. port can sense the precarious balance of East and West at a distance of several thousand miles from the land of the rising sun. A first-class ticket buys service and solace from a kimono-clad stewardess, while the tourist-class tourist has to put up with attendants in Western-style clothes. Without recourse to a single word, the message conveys the superiority of things Japanese.

On the other hand, a Japanese will concede without prodding that Western clothes are "practical," which means to him that, like everything Western, they need no upkeep. Ask for a clothesbrush, and he will produce a singular collection of tools but nothing resembling a clothesbrush. It turns out that traditional dress does not need brushing. A kimono is washed. The procedure is tedious beyond description: the garment has to be ripped apart and, after washing, sewn together again. Withal, their methods of washing are lamentable. Some of the most distinguished visitors to Japan, men celebrated for their wisdom and poise, have been known to burst into tears at the sight of their shirts back from the local laundry, and anyone who has had a chance to observe a Japanese mistreating



The loose-fitting dressing gown that we call a kimono has its Japanese counterpart in the yukata, *defined as "a garment put on to wipe the vapor from the body after the bath." An intimate dress, it is not worn outdoors, except at spas. As shown in Utamaro's woodcut, it also serves as a nightgown. This scene represents the classical arrangement for the night: thickly wadded quilts and coverlets under a rectangular mosquito net that is as ethereal as it is sumptuous. It hangs on silk cords from hooks set in the framework of the house. The misty walls of this tent, dyed either sea-foam green or shaded from blue to white, resemble, as Pierre Loti once noted, an enormous aquarium with drowned people at its bottom.*

a hat or a perfectly good suit of clothes cannot help being struck by his hostility. Japanese contempt for Western dress is perhaps most transparent in their treatment of shoes.

In Japan leather shoes are constitutionally unclean, a hangover from the time when handling leather was the business of outcasts. Even a factory-new pair is tainted, much as an unchristened baby is tainted by original sin. Country roads and city streets being forever dusty or muddy or both, shoes become encrusted with the soil of the land. Like the electroplated baby shoes on father's desk, they are transformed, as it were, into some other physical matter while retaining the shape of their former state.

Whatever their appearance, shoes are not subjected to cleaning—not even at an inn—an omission that hastens their doom since an occasional street shoeshine (always administered by a woman) hardly amounts to an attempt at resuscitation. Being inadmissible to a Japanese house, they are either left outdoors or quarantined in the shoe closet at the entrance hall. In winter the shoe box turns into a veritable icebox: trying to get into a pair of deep-frozen boots feels like being put to some Oriental torture.

A Japanese man fastidiously avoids touching his shoes with his hands. When he leaves a house, they await him at the doorstep on a well-sprinkled stone floor, sometimes in a puddle of water. A shoehorn almost as long as a sword saves him from stooping. (For emergencies he always carries a pocket shoehorn.) Partly because Japanese shoes are of poor quality, partly in consequence of their ill treatment, they fade away prematurely. Allergic to the water cure, uppers rot, soles curl up and die. Still, since shoes that pinch are a symbol of progress, the Japanese wear them with confidence.

No sumptuary laws or imperial edicts have been passed in recent years, and people have learned to take their dual wardrobe pretty much for granted. Sartorial promiscuity and sartorial anachronisms cause them no qualms. On the surface the marriage of the old and new is a supremely happy one. The life of a Japanese who daily shuttles back and forth between the existence of an office clerk and that of a greatly reduced samurai is apparently much less unhealthy than anthropologists and psychologists will have it. His union suit sticks out from his kimono at neck, wrists, and ankles like an imperfect chrysalis, but this does not affect his serenity. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he is aware of it.

Bernard Rudofsky prepared and designed the exhibition "Architecture without Architects" which, after opening at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, is now touring the country. This article appears in his new book, The Kimono Mind *(Doubleday & Company, Inc.)*

DREISER AMONG THE SLICKS

By W. A. SWANBERG

Theodore Dreiser was a large, clumsy, slouching, ugly man. He had buck teeth, a cast in one eye that made it hard to tell which way he was looking, and a habit of holding a handkerchief in his hands and nervously pleating and unpleating it. H. L. Mencken, a close friend, once said that sexually he was "in a category with chimpanzees." Although he was married for many years to Sara Osborne White, a small-town Missouri girl whom he nicknamed "Jug," both his ego and his taste seemed to require a procession of women in and out of his bed.

Dreiser was also a sloppy and undisciplined writer, turning out sprawling manuscripts which he persuaded his mistresses and friends to edit. People who believed in him felt privileged to help, recognizing his genius and beguiled by the naïve charm and sweetness that were part of his complicated nature. He was obsessed with revealing the truth, by which he meant writing about poverty and human despair, in an age when realistic writing was almost unknown, and when "proper" people did not talk, and certainly did not want to read, about the troubles of the poor. When his first novel, Sister Carrie, *was published in 1900, it was criticized as immoral, inelegant, depressing, dreary, commonplace, and unfit for the drawing room. Only 456 copies were sold, and Dreiser's royalties amounted to $68.40.*

Dreiser was shattered by this rejection. At times he was not entirely sane; he almost starved to death, and he contemplated suicide. After three years, his brother Paul Dresser, a successful songwriter, rescued him with money and tactful encouragement, both of which were sourly received by the proud Theodore.

But the rescue worked. Dreiser got various editing jobs and, more important, he began writing again. By 1907 he had resumed work on Jennie Gerhardt, *his second novel. He was also editing a magazine called* Broadway, *and he had become a partner in a new publishing house, B. W. Dodge & Company. Dodge's first book was* Sister Carrie, *a reissue of Dreiser's neglected and maligned novel. Taste in 1907 was less prissy than it had been seven years earlier, and the book not only began to sell, but was generally praised by reviewers, although still considered "harmful in the hands of the young."*

At this time in Dreiser's messy and chaotic life, an episode occurred which was both comic and incongruous. As described by W. A. Swanberg in his new biography of Dreiser, "it was the literary joke of the century." Dreiser was hired by G. W. Wilder, the president of the Butterick Publishing Company, to edit the company's three magazines for women, all of them prim, strait-laced journals devoted almost entirely to selling Butterick patterns.

For five thousand a year, Swanberg writes, "Dreiser the apostate, the libertine, the enemy of prudery, the fighter for realism, the author of Sister Carrie . . . *[became] the high arbiter of dainty stories for dainty women, the iconoclast turned hymn-singer."*

Mr. Swanberg's rich and fascinating biography, Dreiser, *from which this excerpt is taken, will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons this April.*

Editor Dreiser in his office

Dreiser wrote dour, realistic novels and attacked the stifling smugness of American society—but during one paradoxical period in his life he also proved that he could be a most successful Philistine

The Butterick Trio consisted of the *Delineator*, the *Designer*, and *New Idea Woman's Magazine*, all of them big but *Delineator* the biggest with "almost a million" circulation, all of them devotedly commercial. They served as bait for the immensely profitable Butterick patterns. You read the magazine, you saw the dress, you bought the pattern. ("All New Butterick Patterns are 10¢ and 15¢. NONE HIGHER.") In the July, 1907, *Delineator*, 148 pages long, the first seven features—up to page 52—were devoted to fashions and contained 150 careful drawings of dresses, nightgowns, underwear, bathing suits, and other garments for which Butterick would supply the pattern. Thirty-six more pages were devoted to such allied subjects as cookery, homemaking, society, and children, leaving only twenty-one pages for fiction and eight for articles. The dark hand of profit was visible even in the Jenny Wren Club, a monthly *Delineator* feature. Jenny Wren Clubs had been organized among little girls in cities all over the land, and the *Delineator* shamelessly sold them patterns for doll clothing. In the Butterick Building, in downtown New York, labored two thousand underpaid workers, mostly on patterns. Its underground floors contained what was said to be the biggest printing plant in the world, most of it used to turn out patterns.

Lost among the fashion displays in these magazines were a few obscure short stories and articles that would entertain and instruct—but never offend—the kind of women whose puritanical recoil from truth Theodore Dreiser despised. In them were permitted no slang, coarseness, lust, seduction, cigarette smoking, or drinking—not even an illustration showing wine on the table at Thanksgiving. In them life was moral, beautiful, inspiring.

Theodore Dreiser, unable to find literary success in the world of 1907, had gone into the pattern business.

If he had been a lowly literary streetwalker at *Smith's* and a better-fed prostitute at *Broadway* (two magazines he had worked for), he was now one of the nation's greatest whoremasters of letters. He opened his house with an announcement headed "A BIGGER DELINEATOR":

". . . a magazine's greatness is determined by one thing alone, its message. The *Delineator*'s message is human betterment. Its appeal is to the one great humanizing force of humanity—womanhood. To sustain it, to broaden it, to refine it, to inspire it, is our aim. Our theme is one that a woman may carry into her home, her church, and her social affairs—the theme of the ready smile, the theme of the ungrudged helping hand.

"This, then, is the *Delineator*'s broadened purpose—to help every woman in this land to live better by teaching her practical home-craft . . . by strengthening her in her moral fight for righteousness in the world. . . ."

Dreiser must have roared at the irony of it. But he had endured three years of mental terror in the cause of honesty and wanted no more of that. Now he enjoyed the realization of one of his most persistent reveries, the Paneled Office Dream.

What an office! Vast, luxurious, with fumed-oak furniture, rich window hangings, and a desk the size of a billiard table, it was the sort of place he would have trembled to enter a dozen years earlier. Being on the twelfth floor, he had lordly views of Brooklyn, the harbor, the Statue of Liberty, and New Jersey. He had thirty-two underlings to do his bidding—a staff he immediately began to improve upon by luring Charles Hanson Towne away from the *Smart Set* as his fiction editor. George Wilder, the president of Butterick, was unaware that his new top man was an officer and stockholder in B. W. Dodge & Company and was spending his spare time on this, even using *Delineator* stationery to write to such people as Henry L. Mencken, a Baltimore newspaperman with whom he discussed a proposal that Mencken edit a popular edition of Schopenhauer for Dodge.

In despair a few months earlier, Dreiser was now as happy as a misanthrope could be, cynically playing the commercial world for all it was worth and reveling in his important editorship, his *sub rosa* partnership in a corporation, and the fact that *Sister Carrie* was almost if not quite a best seller. He was not shortchanging Wilder in the least—simply doing two men's work. He had been on the job only three weeks when his appendix flared up and he went to St. Luke's Hospital to have it out, causing his agent, Flora Mai Holly, evidently aware of his predilections, to cheer him by writing, "the nurses [there] are the nicest in New York." At that time an appendectomy was a grave affair. Dreiser went with his wife, Jug, to recuperate at Avon-by-the-Sea, New Jersey. His bill for one week there ($51.80) included twenty-five cents for cigars, an item that gives one pause. Had Dreiser, always a nonsmoker, decided that a slender perfecto would furnish the final touch of distinction in that splendid office? If so, he gave up the idea because he could not smoke without choking.

Although he was away for about a month, he had so carefully laid out his first issues that his staff proceeded without trouble. While he was away, Augusta Prescott, a Butterick assistant who had formerly worked under him on *Broadway*, wrote him almost daily about the progress of the Trio and also conferred with Jug, who was helping with liaison. Jug evidently regarded the Butterick job as the pinnacle of respectable success. This was one of those times when Dreiser, who could reverse himself astonishingly depending on mood, saw admirable qualities in the woman he often considered a drag on his genius.

Back on the job in August, he gave each of his three magazines a staff of its own to encourage individuality, brought in Katherine Leckie, an experienced newspaperwoman, to head the *New Idea*, brought in Sarah Field Splint to take charge of an enlarged children's department, redesigned the covers, brought in Flora Mai Holly as a part-time adviser, reorganized the cooking and beauty departments, and dragooned Wilder into authorizing a correspondence department to give fast answers to readers' queries about baking apple pandowdy or combating excessive perspiration, thus giving readers an image of Butterick as their prompt, loyal ally in all problems.

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Almost at once there was a crisis. Since President Roosevelt had gone to Colorado to shoot bears, the Teddy bear had blossomed into a national craze. Grown women were toting Teddy bears into shops and theatres. Far worse, little girls formerly satisfied with dolls now caressed Teddy bears that grunted when punched in the stomach—a clear threat that could seduce many little Jenny Wrens away from their dolls and therefore away from Butterick doll-clothes patterns.

Editor Dreiser met the challenge with an editorial praising Roosevelt but blasting the fad as immoral and suicidal. "An adult woman . . . who . . . goes about with a Teddy bear hugged to her heart, is a spectacle so silly that it must be seen to be believed," he wrote. But he pointed out that the real danger was to children, and in fact to the nation itself: "Take away the little girl's dolly and you have interfered with the nascent expression of motherhood. . . . You have implanted the race suicide idea where it will work the most harm—in the very hearts of the babies themselves.

"Bring your babies back to dollies, or you will have weaned the grown-ups of the future from the babies that will never be."

In the big-selling *Delineator* Dreiser was so begrudged space for fiction by a fashion department that thought only of patterns that he introduced short-shorts. He brought in more poetry, and he published sentimental songs. But he knew that he needed a smasher, a crusade that would attract attention and boost circulation, and he thought he had it when Mabel Potter Daggett brought in an article, "The Child Without a Home," a tearful piece about orphans at the New York Foundling Hospital and similar institutions.

Probably many *Delineator* readers were either childless or able to care for an additional child. Why not let the magazine become a clearing house for the placing of orphan children? Dreiser, always susceptible to ideas—often without realizing their ramifications—got George Wilder's blessing and worked furiously on the project. Undoubtedly he was sincere about it, feeling that here he could accomplish genuine good for humanity in the midst of the nonsense he was forced to dispense, and at the same time build a crusade that could be publicized from the housetops.

In the November issue, nine full display pages were snared away from patterns to trumpet the appeal of the *Delineator* Child-Rescue Campaign "for the child that needs a home and the home that needs a child." The *Delineator* undertook to bring them together. As sponsors Dreiser snagged sixteen prominent women including Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, and Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, Mrs. Bryan being quoted as saying, "The *Delineator* is undertaking a most worthy work in which I am glad to be of assistance." There were large, though faked, photographs of Bobby, "The First *Delineator* Boy," and Evelyn, "The First *Delineator* Girl"—both extraordinarily appealing—along with the pathetic history of each. *Delineator* readers were urged to give or find them homes. Publicity material went out to newspapers and women's clubs throughout the country, and the show was on the road.

The Child-Rescue Campaign, which continued for three years, was an emotional crusade to which the emotional Dreiser gave much time and energy. He loved children in the abstract; that is, so long as he did not have to cope with them in his own household. Doubtless in this extravaganza he found some atonement, some alleviation of his feelings of guilt, for having deserted to the fleshpots.

Atonement was discernible also in his improvement of the milk-and-water Butterick articles, although always within the limitations of his pallid medium. He urged women to *do* something. Such *Delineator* pieces as "What Jane Addams had Done for Chicago" suggested that women everywhere could improve their communities; a series on "What's the Matter With the Public Schools?" said that plenty was the matter, and that housewives could demand better standards. A Long Island architect, William Neil Smith, contributed a series on efficient low-priced houses. The medical articles became more practical. There was a visible effort to encourage women to think, to understand national issues, and to come to grips with reality. Dreiser still had a great deal to atone for, since he could by no means eliminate the sweet sentiment, the moral sermonizing, the ghastly "bright sayings of children," the articles on "The Joys of Motherhood."

Indeed, the Jenny Wren Club was so successful, with chapters in more than two hundred cities buying Butterick doll patterns by the thousands, that the thought arose that boys also wore clothing even if they did not favor dolls; hence the formation of the *Delineator*'s Boy Knights of the Round Table, with the admonition ". . . while you can't rescue princesses or fight real battles, perhaps you can rescue a poor little kitten that is being teased by some cruel boys. . . . So, dear boys, I want you to be the kind of boys that King Arthur would have liked." This message and many others were signed by Sir Lancelot. The boys ate it up. They were charmed by pins commissioning them as pages, squires, and finally knights of the Round Table, by colored pennons lettered B.K.R.T., and by communications with Sir Lancelot. This parfit gentil knight had an office at Butterick and was reincarnated in the person of Sarah Field Splint, head of the children's department, salary ten dollars a week.

Charles Hanson Towne was impressed by his boss. "Every department of the organization was under the control of Mr. Dreiser," he wrote. "Not a detail escaped his vigilant eye. He O.K.'d every manuscript that we accepted—read them all, in fact, and continuously gave out ideas to the entire staff, and saw that they bore fruit." He was no longer the disorganized *Broadway* editor who could not lead, for Towne noted "People moved in and out of his presence, and he settled the problems they presented to him in the briefest possible language. He never quibbled, his mind was made up almost immediately."

Nervous and moody, Dreiser kept popping his ribboned pince-nez off and on or fiddling with his handkerchief. He was tough, sarcastic, even cruel, driving his staff and himself, demanding ideas that would sell more magazines, holding weekly editorial conferences that sometimes lasted into the evening. He was consciously advancing his destiny in accordance with his conviction that life was a struggle in which one either was a leader who drove others or was one of the driven. One day he wandered into Sir Lancelot's office to compliment her on her progress and also to do a little driving.

"You seem to have ideas," he said. "I just want to tell you that you can stay on as long as you have ideas. But once you stop you'll have to leave. I don't want any hard feelings."

"Oh, there won't be any hard feelings," Miss Splint said, but after he left she burst into tears.

She more than earned her ten-dollar-a-week salary. Now and then one of the nearby Knights of the Round Table clubs would visit the Butterick Building, which was a showplace. The knights naturally wanted to see Sir Lancelot. Miss Splint, to avoid disillusioning them entirely, always got Towne or one of the other male editors to impersonate him.

By September *Sister Carrie* had sold 4,617 copies, and Dreiser collected $813.82 in royalties plus $420 for twelve weeks' salary from Dodge, plus his juicy Butterick salary. Jug, convinced that Dreiser's greatness was truly coming into flower, subordinated herself to him and his success even to the point of regarding his philanderings as inevitable. Sociable herself, and feeling that he needed the gentling influence of social life, she saw to it that they exchanged visits with the Dreiser clan in New York. She often held open house at their 123rd Street apartment, inviting Butterick editors, contributors, and other literary people. Some found her entirely admirable, a stabilizing influence on her restless husband, and wondered at her wifely forbearance. She was attractive, tastefully dressed, hospitable, intelligent. Others, while liking her, felt her to be lacking in one way or another. She was opposed to liquor, a trifle small-townish, had failed to grow with her husband. Some found her devotion to him cloying and thought that "Honeybugs," her nickname for him, was ridiculous. He was a hypochondriac, always taking pills, and Charles Hanson Towne for one was jarred when at a dinner gathering, Jug sang out, "It's time for your pill, Honeybugs."

Yet no one has mentioned that Dreiser, who liked to be babied, seemed annoyed by these attentions. With his quick temper he could easily have put a stop to them had he wished, and he would hardly have signed at least one note to her "H B" had the name truly pained him. There should have been no mystery as to what doomed their marriage, since he was essentially opposed to all aspects of marriage save its comforts.

In H. L. Mencken, Dreiser found a writer so forceful and cogent that he began using him regularly in the *Delineator*, among other things as ghost writer for Dr. Leonard K. Hirshberg—like Mencken, from Baltimore—on a series about the care and feeding of babies. That Dreiser and Mencken could become engrossed in such a topic was only one of the miracles of commercialism. Dreiser, deadly serious, discussed the first article with George Wilder, the father of four. Then, sending it back for a rewrite, the childless Dreiser lectured the childless Mencken on pediatrics, warning him that he must "get down to the brass tacks" and "tell all about crying." Mencken consulted Dr. Hirshberg and came through gloriously:

"The cry of habit is much like the normal cry of every baby. The wails are long drawn out and have a sort of rising and falling cadence. . . .

"The cry of pain, on the contrary, is a short, quick, gasping cry. The baby commonly draws up its legs and gives other evidences of serious disturbance. . . . The prudent nurse . . . will make a diligent search for tight napkins and loose pins.

"The cry of hunger is a quick, sharp, staccato cry with high, shrill notes. . . . It should cease at once on feeding.

"The cry of temper—and temper is exhibited by very young children—is long, sharp, and high-pitched. It indicates that the youngster is enraged. . . .

"When children grow older they acquire what might be called the 'insulted' cry. . . . it is not unlike the cry of a woman."

It is funny, but it is more sad than funny, to contemplate these future literary giants donning rompers for Butterick money because there was very little else for them to do. There was virtually no market for the realist. One had to make a living somehow.

In the next installment on babies, Mencken (as proxy for Dr. Hirshberg) discussed the problems of nursing mothers, saying in part, "it is rarely safe to keep a child at the breast for more than ten or fifteen minutes." Dreiser and Mencken did the job they had to do, and they never forgot that they had to do it. It influenced their thinking permanently. Potboiling was less painful to Sinclair Lewis, just out of Yale, a client of Flora Mai Holly. To the *Delineator* Lewis contributed a poem, "The Death-a-Cold," beginning:

When I stay out and slide till late
I hear my Nursey scold:
"O R-r-obin! You come in, right straight!
You'll catch a death-a-cold!"

In the summer of 1908 Mencken called at the Butterick offices, and for the first time the squat, cigar-chewing Baltimorean, then twenty-seven, met the tall, wall-eyed, slack-mouthed, shambling Dreiser, nine years older. It was a meeting that would deeply influence American literature. Dreiser was amused and charmed. "Well, well," he chuckled, "if it isn't Anheuser's own brightest boy out to see the town."

Mencken, the jokester, affirmed that he was indeed the son of

Baltimore's richest brewer—didn't his vivid necktie and yellow shoes prove it? Thus began a remarkable friendship between two individualists who had little in common except their mutual disgust at the pusillanimous state of American letters. Dreiser, delighted by the younger man, used friendly influence to get him the spare-time job of book critic for the *Smart Set*. The pair met convivially at Luchow's or the Lafayette when Mencken came to New York, and he sometimes dined with the Dreisers.

Mencken talked like a phonograph. Dreiser was a good listener. Mencken swore vividly, studding innocent conversation with volleys of billingsgate. Dreiser swore rarely and gently. Mencken told uproariously dirty stories. Dreiser *never* told one. Mencken was quick, Dreiser slow. Mencken was well read. Dreiser was far behind his reading and would never catch up. Mencken believed in science. Dreiser was abysmally superstitious. Both were hypochondriacs, but with a difference: Mencken satirized his ills, whereas Dreiser was utterly serious about his. These two opposites had one area of enthusiastic agreement, a contempt for dull, bourgeois, nicey-nice American culture as represented, for example, by the Butterick magazines.

Mencken found Dreiser prowling in a "forest of intrigue" because of his romantic affairs, trying to keep them under cover each from the other, and also from Jug. One night when Mencken was at the Dreiser apartment, Dreiser excused himself after dinner, saying he had some business and would be back in an hour—a fair illustration of his disregard for the amenities. No sooner had he gone than Jug bewailed the difficulties of living with him.

"Do you know where he's gone?" she demanded.

"I have no idea," Mencken said, although he could guess.

"He's gone around to that Jewish girl."

Mencken was sorry for her, but he was rather contemptuous of women in general, and he suspected that she had literary pretensions and was jealous of her husband's work. A Christian Science magazine on the table also reduced his regard for her. He could not wait for Dreiser, whose business took him longer than expected, and although he left with the feeling that sexually Dreiser was in a category with chimpanzees—an opinion he held many years later—he was inclined to be on Dreiser's side rather than Jug's. His disdain for Dreiser's furtive affairs did not alter his admiration for Dreiser the man and the artist, the rebel who fought the philistinism both of them hated. To Mencken, as to many others, *Sister Carrie* was the manifesto of the rebellion and Dreiser was its prophet even as he fussed over crying babies.

That Dreiser, who seemed lacking in the editorial faculty and always needed several editors for his own writings, should have become one of New York's most successful and highest paid editors, is only superficially surprising. He could hardly have been skillful at taking a story or an article and sharpening it into the simple, swift-moving prose that Butterick readers wanted, but this did not bother him since it was done by subalterns. In the wider and more important aspects of editing—the sense of "feel" of the whole magazine, the ability to anticipate the wants of readers, the shrewd eye for publicity, the discussions with writers and artists, and above all, the hatching of ideas that would sell magazines—Dreiser was not merely competent but exceptionally able. "He was a damn good editor," said Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, who worked closely with him as managing editor of the *Delineator*.

As the top editor, the man of prestige and power, the ruler of a large staff, the executive who took important long-distance telephone calls and was approached respectfully by such writers as Rupert Hughes, Richard Le Gallienne, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Francis Marion Crawford, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, as the overseer who boosted circulation and won George Wilder's regard along with a salary increase, he fought furiously for Butterick. The legend that he suffered at Butterick is not wholly correct. The artist in him languished, but the materialist in him had a whale of a time. He could write the following instructions to Charles G. Ross, a Missouri journalism instructor later to become a Presidential press secretary:

"In fiction the *Delineator* buys things of an idealistic turn. We like sentiment, we like humor, we like realism, but it must be tinged with sufficient idealism to make it all of a truly uplifting character. Our field in this respect is limited by the same limitations which govern the well-regulated home. We cannot admit stories which deal with false or immoral relations, or which point a false moral, or which deal with things degrading, such as drunkenness. I am personally opposed in this magazine to stories which have an element of horror in them or which are disgusting in their realism and fidelity to life. The finer side of things—the idealistic—is the answer for us. . . ."

Few could blame him, after his troubles, for relishing a good salary, for accepting the world as it was.

Projects were humming. In 1908 Grosset & Dunlap contracted with Dodge and Dreiser for a new, cheap edition of ten thousand copies of *Sister Carrie*, which got off to a good sale. Perhaps it was this success that made Dreiser find time to write twenty more chapters of *Jennie Gerhardt* and try the unfinished story on the English publisher Grant Richards, who encouraged him to complete it and also urged that he visit England. With a Butterick adviser, Judge James E. West, Dreiser traveled to Washington and on October 10, 1908, had that final testimony of fame, a conference with President Theodore Roosevelt. He persuaded the President to take an interest in the *Delineator*'s campaign for orphans, which ultimately resulted in the organization of the National Child Rescue League with West as its secretary.

Dreiser won praise for his editorial drive for Santa Claus associations in United States communities. He started a prize contest for the best story about pet animals, causing a flood of thousands of manuscripts that were heaped on the desk of a new

CULVER PICTURES, INC

H. L. Mencken in 1906

assistant from Missouri, Homer Croy, who has never forgotten the ordeal of reading them.

Dreiser quarreled so bitterly with Louis Dempsey, head of the fashion department, over the use of space in the magazine that he and Dempsey refused to speak to each other and Arthur Sullivant Hoffman had to serve as go-between for them. In his efforts to improve the editorial content, Dreiser also had rows with the advertising and business departments, whom he called "the God-damned hyenas on the eighth floor." Subject to sudden hunches about reader interest, he could throw the whole staff into a panic by tearing a magazine apart at the last moment before deadline and redesigning it, sometimes developing black moods in which he found fault with everybody. But he lightened the Trio with humor, launched another contest that offered prizes ranging from three hundred to two thousand dollars for fiction and brought fifteen thousand manuscripts pouring in, sent a writer named Ann Forsyth to hire out as a servant for the J. P. Morgan family and then relate her experiences, introduced "daring" articles on such topics as spiritualism and Emma Goldman, and by his tender editorial approach, wheedled women readers into regarding Butterick magazines as their friend and tutor, so that more than nine thousand readers' letters a month came into the beauty department alone. Circulation kept rising, as did his salary, and he had his great office painted green and bronze with hangings and furnishings to match.

At times he strained at the puritan leash. Once he summoned the entire *Delineator* staff to his office. He sat at his desk working as they filed in nervously. At last he looked up, frowning, took off his pince-nez and popped them on again, then read aloud a passage from a story recently purchased in which a woman character smoked a cigarette.

"How did that get by?" he demanded.

There was an uneasy shuffling of feet. "We can change it," one editor suggested.

"If that could be done, I would not have called you in. The whole story depends on the woman smoking. If the cigarette is edited out, there is no story."

Homer Croy, who was present, later recalled that there was a serious discussion which Dreiser ended with finality.

"The point is far bigger than this matter of cigarettes," he said. "All the women's magazines are too 'nice'; they don't meet life squarely. If we want really to touch the lives of our readers, we've got to get down to vitals and stop being prissy. The woman in this story is going to smoke."

Everyone quailed at this decision, which might easily cause the magazine to be condemned by women's organizations and by preachers in their pulpits. The business office howled about the story, and Dreiser had to fight another battle with the "God-damned hyenas"; but he won.

Although Grosset & Dunlap's *Sister Carrie* had sold 5,248 copies by the end of 1908, continued to sell well in 1909, and might have encouraged Dreiser to resume writing, he did not do so.

In October, 1909, the Butterick Company took over the Ridgway Company and its thriving *Everybody's Magazine.* Into the Butterick skyscraper moved Erman J. Ridgway and a large staff including John O'Hara Cosgrave, editor of *Everybody's*, and writers Lincoln Steffens and Walter Lippmann. The Butterick Trio had risen to a combined circulation of 1,400,000, with the *Delineator* being published in four languages, so that *Everybody's* with its 500,000 circulation hardly posed a threat to Dreiser. The difficulty came in Ridgway's assumption of the editorial supervision of all the magazines, leaving George Wilder to concentrate on business and advertising.

Wilder had given Dreiser a fairly free rein. Ridgway did not. "He put on airs," said Ann Watkins, an associate on *Everybody's*, "whereas Dreiser was the soul of simplicity and directness." Ridgway, a meticulous dresser, took a twelfth-floor office near Dreiser's, had a dozen fresh red roses put on his desk each day, and began to supervise Dreiser. A family man and a firm Methodist, he may have been offended by Dreiser's reputation as a profligate, which was a subject of gossip in the editorial fraternity, although he was not averse to a flirtation himself. "He struck me as a man training to be an ogre," Homer Croy recalled. He insisted on starting his own column in the *Delineator,* piling saccharinity high with such observations as "life is so much sweeter when we can attune our spirits to the Great Spirit; when we can join our fellows in inspiring antiphony with the morning stars singing in glory. . . ." As yet Dreiser had not sung to the morning stars. He had trouble with Ridgway, and there was friction over budget allotments with the ambitious *Everybody's* staff. Yet at Butterick Dreiser was still the circulation wizard, and undoubtedly he could have held his job but for Mrs. Annie Ericsson Cudlipp and her daughter.

Mrs. Cudlipp, a handsome widow from Richmond, was an assistant editor at Butterick and a frequent guest at the literary soirees at the Dreiser apartment. She had a beautiful and talented seventeen-year-old daughter, Thelma, a brunette beginner at the Art Students League, whom she hoped would rise to success. Jug was fond of the charming widow, and the Dreisers paid visits to the Cudlipp apartment in New Brighton, Staten Island, sometimes accompanied by a few of Dreiser's protégés, including Homer Croy and a young editor, Fritz Krog. When Dreiser met Thelma in the fall of 1909, she struck him with a freshness and beauty that he could only compare with dewy roses.

That winter the irrepressible Croy and a few of his young friends formed a group called the Fantastic Toe Club, which met for dancing at a genteel hall on 125th Street. Thelma joined the group, as did Dreiser, who lived only a few blocks away and who conceived a hitherto unknown enthusiasm for dancing. Mrs. Dreiser, who was ailing, took no part in these gatherings, but she and Mrs. Cudlipp soon became aware of Dreiser's attachment to Thelma and both women began working to break it up.

In the spring of 1910 William C. Lengel, a twenty-one-year-old lawyer from Kansas City, deserted the law to come to New York and break into the theatrical world, finding instead a job at Butterick as Dreiser's private secretary—the beginning of a lifetime friendship. He was unaware of the brewing crisis. He was fascinated by Dreiser's misshapen face, his two-way gaze, his constant pleating of his handkerchief, his moodiness and rudeness to the staff. Seeing in the office a copy of *Sister Carrie*, unknown to him before, Lengel concluded that it was a story about a nun and that Dreiser was a religious zealot. He took the book home over a weekend, began reading it on a bench in Central Park, and became so enthralled that he had to move under a lamp to finish it in the growing darkness.

"And when I finished the volume," he recalled, "I sat stunned and shaken at this chronicle of the pitiful Carrie Meeber and the more pitiable Hurstwood, and I thought of this man who had written this book. His harshness dropped from him. The cruel arrogance of his manner was gone. These were but a shield, a protection against his own softness. He was a human being whose heart was filled with pity, whose sympathy and understanding were deep and profound."

Dreiser immediately became his literary god, and on Monday he told him so.

"Why, you must have written that novel before you were thirty," he said. "How could a man so young have such a knowledge of life, such pity and understanding?"

Dreiser shrugged. "Genius, I suppose," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone. Lengel, at first taken aback, reflected that this was not so much conceit as it was Dreiser's sincere appraisal of powers which had been given him through an accident of nature for which he was not responsible.

"How can you waste your time editing a woman's magazine when you can write like that?" Lengel asked.

Dreiser smiled. "One must live. Don't you know the history of that book? Well, someday I'll tell you."

Lengel noticed how much he enjoyed his prestige and the trappings of success. He wore Knox hats and Johnston & Murphy shoes and urged Lengel to do the same, saying, "You know, the label gives you a certain standing." Although one side of him still yearned to write, his years at Butterick were among the happiest of his life.

He took a liking to Ann Watkins, the young *Everybody's* assistant, and confided in her his despair over his love for Thelma, which both his wife and Mrs. Cudlipp were trying to thwart. "He was a tremendously physical person," Miss Watkins recalled, "without conventional morals, almost ugly, and yet he had a kindliness and warmth that were magnetic." Taking pity on him, she invited him and Thelma to tea occasionally at her apartment on West 97th Street. The couple also went dancing that summer at Palisades Park in New Jersey and were planning a book of nonsense jingles for which Dreiser would write the verse and Thelma would supply the illustrations. "Of course Theo was anything but handsome," Thelma later said, "but there was a kind of grandeur about him."

"Thelma," Dreiser said to her, ". . . you must wonder about Mrs. Dreiser. She loves me with a great devotion, but she has always known I cannot give it back—I wish I could. . . . I am happy after all these dead years . . ."

And he kissed her, Thelma recalled, very gently—the greatest liberty he ever took with her.

Simultaneously the short, unprepossessing Fritz Krog had introduced new complications by falling in love with Thelma. Feeling his love unrequited and hopeless, and unaware of Dreiser's yearnings in the same direction, he went for advice to Dreiser, for whom he had a high regard. Dreiser, keeping his own secret, gravely advised Krog to forget the girl and visit his dentist brother in Indianapolis, which Krog did, while Dreiser turned to his spare-time composition of jingles for the book he and Thelma planned. One rhyme read:

Hip, hip, hop and skip,
Every poet is a "dip,"
Every writer is a scrub,
Rub, dub, dub-a-dub!

Nervously aware of his own approaching forties, Dreiser was so charmed by this girl less than half his age that he fell easily into doggerel. Mrs. Cudlipp, who had been hired by Dreiser and had admired him both personally and as an editor, grew frantic. Since her husband's death she had endured privation to see her three children educated, and for comfort had taken occasional nips from a whisky bottle which she kept hidden in her closet. The present crisis did not decrease her trips to the closet. She visited Dreiser's office several times to issue warnings, and Dreiser later admitted to Lengel that he could not sleep nights.

"I get up and walk about," he said, "or I dress and go out and sit through the night in Morningside Park. Sometimes I sit under a street light and write poems."

At last the conflict came to a climax. Jug, ill with rheumatic fever, resolutely refused to give Dreiser a divorce. Mrs. Cudlipp by this time had learned something of Dreiser's previous affairs—very possibly Jug listed them for her—and she took melodramatic steps. Thelma was removed to the home of a relative in Saluda, South Carolina, without money and virtually a captive. Mrs. Cudlipp then issued an ultimatum to Dreiser: if he did not give up Thelma, she would lay the whole matter before the executives at Butterick.

He risked the job he treasured and refused. "He must have hypnotized himself," Thelma later reflected. To Mencken, Dreiser wrote a one-line note: "I have discovered that this is a very sad world." He went to the apartment of Ann Watkins, where he railed against his fate and threatened suicide with such apparent sincerity that Miss Watkins said, "I was afraid he would do it then and there."

Sometime in September Mrs. Cudlipp told all to Wilder and Ridgway. If Dreiser was not discharged, she said, she would give the story to the newspapers. It also happened that Mrs. Cudlipp knew of an office romance being carried on by Ridgway and let him know privily that unless Dreiser was fired she would tell about *that* too. Ridgway and Wilder were both afraid that the Dreiser affair would get into the papers and make a dreadful impression on Butterick's sedate female readers. There was a flurry of summit meetings.

Fritz Krog, who seemed determined to inject comic relief into the drama, now returned from Indianapolis, learned of Dreiser's infatuation, felt that he had been double-crossed, and decided to thrash Dreiser—if possible, murder him. Krog was unstable mentally, although at the time he was thought merely eccentric. One Sunday morning he picked up his fellow Missourian, Homer Croy, and went with him to the Dreiser apartment, muttering threats. Croy nervously went up in the elevator first to warn his boss that Krog was in an ugly mood and might even be armed. Dreiser, writing at his desk, looked on it as a mere annoyance.

"I'm working," he said, as Croy recalled it. "Tell him I don't want to see him."

Croy went downstairs, found Krog lurking in the park shrubbery across the street, and was relieved to hear him say, "I've decided to forget about the whole thing. I'm letting him live."

One day late in September, George Wilder, Erman Ridgway, and James Birmingham, the Butterick treasurer, strode into Dreiser's office. Lengel was asked to leave the room. In the ensuing talk, Dreiser was fired as of October 1, with the face-saving announcement that he was taking a year's leave of absence.

Although being fired from Butterick ended Dreiser's prosperity for many years, it forced him to go back to writing. He worked in spurts, detoured by constant romantic attachments, by censorship battles, by a fuzzy espousal of Communism, by fights with every editor and virtually every friend he had. But he did write. And, after a series of lesser books, he produced in 1925 An American Tragedy. *If he had written nothing else, this vast, clumsy, moving novel would have assured his place in American letters.*

As Mencken wrote after Dreiser's death in 1945: "While Dreiser lived all the literary snobs and popinjays of the country, including your present abject servant, devoted themselves to reminding him of his defects. He had, to be sure, a number of them. For one thing, he came into the world with an incurable antipathy to the mot juste*; for another thing, he had an insatiable appetite for the obviously not true. But the fact remains that he was a great artist, and that no other American of his generation left so wide and handsome a mark upon the national letters. American writing, before and after, differed almost as much as biology before and after Darwin . . ."*

A Day with Jude the Obscure

By LORD ELTON

The volume of traffic in Oxford's High Street on a July afternoon in 1923 was naturally nothing like what it would be today, and it could move a lot faster. Which meant that from the steps in front of the college we might hope to spot a car slowing down before it drew up at the college gates. "You'll find that they will be punctual," said my companion confidently.

I did not feel so certain myself, for people are by no means always punctual in dreams, and I had not yet altogether shaken off the impression that we were involved in a stimulating but faintly embarrassing dream. For we were waiting to receive Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hardy, and for me, at the moment at any rate, Thomas Hardy, who was then eighty-three and was generally supposed to have withdrawn permanently into Wessex, was not so much the doyen of English literature and the author of the novels—and particularly in the present context, of *Jude the Obscure*—as well as of the poems which it had recently become fashionable to regard as even more important than the novels: rather, he was a revenant from another age, a prodigious Victorian whom as a schoolboy I had supposed to have died at least a generation before. Indeed, we might have been about to welcome Charles Dickens.

My college, of which I was then junior Fellow, had elected Hardy to an honorary Fellowship in the previous autumn. This in itself had been a highly unusual proceeding, since colleges rarely elect an honorary Fellow who has not been a member of the college or even of the university. It had been my present companion on the college steps, an elderly Fellow of the Royal Society, who had unexpectedly proposed Hardy's name, and after duly stressing his illustrious achievements, he had even contrived to plead a tenuous connection with the college. Its ecclesiastical patronage, he recalled, included no less than eleven benefices in Hampshire, and although admittedly Hampshire was not Dorset, it presumably lay within, if only just within, the boundaries of Hardy's Wessex. However, the Governing Body was more influenced, I think, by memories—some of them no doubt somewhat nebulous—of Jude's thwarted dream of admission to "Christminster," and the notion that we should be conferring a kind of belated consolation prize on his creator. After all, it was already more than a quarter of a century since *Jude the Obscure* was published, and not many of the present Fellows were likely to have read the book lately, while some of their predecessors had probably swelled the outcry that greeted its first appearance, echoing over the common-room port the anguished exclamation of the New York *Herald*'s critic: "I am shocked, appalled by this story . . . Aside from its immorality there is a coarseness which is beyond belief." My own recollection of the book was not strong on details, although I remember vividly Jude's desperate expedients in "Christminster," but I was aware that some years ago Hardy had categorically disposed of the myth that it was autobiographical.

Punctually almost to the second, the Hardys' car drew up, and a smallish, frail old gentleman in tweeds was clambering out of it. Alert, birdlike, and unassuming, he might have been an exceptionally intelligent retired farmer, but certainly not a literary giant, and still less a thwarted student; and it was with such polite small talk as might have been exchanged with a retired farmer that we occupied the crossing of the front quadrangle to the Provost's lodgings. The Provost of that time was a year older than Hardy—it was before the day of compulsory age limits—and was never seen abroad, his duties having devolved on the pro-Provost, who was to preside over a formal lunch that day. Thanks, however, to a rectangular white beard of the chest-protector type which had become fashionable during the Crimean War, the Provost looked, and presumably felt, vastly less contemporary than Hardy, and his manner suggested that he regarded his guest as a mere stripling. For some years past he had himself emerged only once or twice a year on exceptionally warm summer days, to be driven slowly about for an hour, heavily muffled in a coachman's cape, in a hired horse-drawn victoria, and perhaps he could not regard one who had just traveled in a motorcar from Dorset, and picnicked en route, as a coeval. And certainly as we left the Hardys with the Provost and his elderly niece, Hardy himself sitting upright and attentive on the edge of his chair and the Provost embarking on a genial monologue on the weather, I remember thinking, "Such is the English reverence for status as distinct from achievement, and such the academic indifference to mere literary genius, that the Provost is positively patronizing Hardy." But in retrospect I suspect that I was doing him an injustice. The Provost, I fancy, was putting Jude Fawley, a very junior Fellow with a distinctly dubious background, at his ease.

Next morning the Hardys were ritually conducted around the principal sights of the college by a small posse of four Fellows, headed by the pro-Provost. No one could have been better qualified than the pro-Provost to provide factual information, for he possessed a photographic memory and had once continued his lectures on the Peloponnesian Wars, quite unembarrassed and with every quotation and textual reference word-perfect, after the contents of his rooms, including his lecture notes, had been destroyed by fire. But this morning, I couldn't help feeling, he was almost too informative. We would pause before the Grinling Gibbons carvings in the Library or Garrick's copy of the First Folio or the contemporary portrait of one of our more distinguished Old Members, King Henry V, and Hardy would gaze reflectively at it and seem about to speak, when a fresh spate of information would break over his head. One recalled the observation of a rustic character in *Under the Greenwood Tree*: "He can hold his tongue. That man's dumbness is wonderful to listen to," but Hardy's, it was to be feared, had been to some extent involuntary.

However, when the tour was completed there was half an hour or so to spare before lunch, and Hardy asked me to go with him and Mrs. Hardy into High Street, where he was anxious to see the famous curve from the most revealing viewpoint. (Had not the carter assured young Jude that "there's a street in the place—the main street—that ha'n't another like it in the world"?) As usual, bicycles as well as cars were pouring down toward Magdalen Bridge, and Hardy remarked that about 1900 he had done a lot of cycling and believed that he could do it still if it were not for the motor traffic, of which, he confessed, he would be somewhat apprehensive. Once, he said, when bicycling from Bath to Bristol, he had skidded and fallen on the muddy road; and then going into a second-hand furniture shop, he had seen a first edition of Hobbes's *Leviathan* lying in a basin, and when he asked the price, the woman in the shop had eyed his muddy clothes and replied, "Would sixpence hurt 'ee?" He displayed little fear, however, of the cars now swirling past us; too little indeed, it seemed to me, when we crossed the street for a better view of All Souls. Hardy's eye traveled appreciatively along the majestic arc from Queen's to Brasenose. Was he recalling how often the youthful Jude had climbed the hill to gaze at the distant city, seen as a faint halo of light in the night sky, and called it "the heavenly Jerusalem" and "a castle, manned by scholarship and religion"? Evidently not, for he remarked thoughtfully that it was by way of Oxford that Shakespeare had traveled on his first journey from Stratford to London, and that he had put up at Carfax; by which road would he have entered the city? "Just fancy *him* being here!" he murmured. We had some minutes in hand before lunch, and Hardy's thoughts were evidently still running on literature rather than learning. Would it be possible to see the Shelley Memorial? he inquired. Shelley, like Jude, it occurred to me, must have got a good deal less out of Oxford than he had hoped for. I could not remember having seen the memorial myself, but I knew that it was conveniently close at hand, somewhere in University College, and without disclosing my ignorance to the Hardys, I led them through the college gate and made unobtrusive inquiries in the porter's lodge. Hardy did not seem to be very favorably impressed by the memorial when we had reached it, and perhaps the effigy of a naked man spread out on a slab does suggest a failed cross-Channel swimmer rather more than either the undergraduate who was suspended for atheism or the author of the *Ode to the West Wind*.

I remember little of the lunch, at which all the Fellows with their wives were present, but it was doubtless sumptuous, for our college chef was celebrated throughout the university, and beyond it. Afterward, a formal group of Fellows was photographed, with Hardy looking more diminutive and fragile than ever in the billowing recesses of the gown of the Doctorate of Literature. When the company had dispersed, the Hardys invited me to accompany them in a hired car which was to take them sight-seeing where they pleased. I was only too well aware that in respect to dates and architecture my local knowledge might prove sadly unreliable on an intensive tour of the university in company with one who, like the young Hardy, had been trained as an architect or, like the young Jude, must have eagerly accumulated heterogeneous information as to the colleges. I was somewhat relieved therefore, as well as somewhat surprised, when once again his inclination proved to be toward literature rather than the university. We would drive to Boars

Hill, a mile or two to the south, he proposed, to call on the Masefields. John Masefield was not then poet laureate, of course, but his *Widow in the Bye Street* and *The Everlasting Mercy* had excited the young shortly before the war, and in 1923 almost any undergraduate with literary leanings could quote "Quinquiremes of Nineveh from distant Ophir . . ." Mrs. Hardy remarked that Masefield had always sent her husband his books, with the solitary exception of *Right Royal*, which, they concluded, he had felt to be not up to standard. Of the younger poets, Hardy said, he liked Siegfried Sassoon best. This suited me, and I asked what he thought of another of my favorites, James Elroy Flecker, but he seemed hardly to know of him. However, they had been seeing a good deal of Colonel Lawrence, of Arabia, recently transmogrified into Private Shaw. Lawrence was stationed near Dorchester and used to ride over to Max Gate; and Hardy described how once Lady Crewe and some peer or other were in the house when Lawrence arrived, and he had refused to come in while they were there and had drawn himself up stiffly to attention against the wall of the porch as they passed him when departing.

So far as I know, the Masefields had had no warning of our advent, but they were at home, and I admired their almost instantaneous control of the incredulity with which they must have heard their maid announce Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hardy. Very soon we were seated, and Masefield was showing Hardy some of the more macabre vignettes among the tailpieces in an eighteenth-century edition of Bewick's *British Birds*. Indeed, the Hardy's arrival seemed to have turned his thoughts to the darker hinterlands of rural life, and he went on to tell of the ghost of Sidney Ball, a Socialist Fellow of St. John's College, seen thirty times since his death in the house across the road. Hardy listened alertly but without comment; as if to draw him into the conversation, Masefield inquired of their drive to Oxford. Hardy said that they had paused at Fawley (the Hampshire village which, as "Marygreen," was Jude's birthplace and had provided him with a surname), but he mentioned the book with a deprecatory air, and twice referred to Jude as "that fictitious personage."

I had begun to wonder whether, in his insistence on the fictitiousness of Jude, Hardy was defending himself only against a current misconception of the book. When we were being driven back toward Oxford, Mrs. Hardy said something about the advantages of cousinship being that one could make what one pleased of it, and I remarked that Sue Bridehead, Jude's *femme fatale*, was his cousin. Hardy, who was holding a red rose which Masefield had presented to him as we left, replied mysteriously, "I ought to have made them second cousins."

As we approached St. Aldate's the clock was striking the hour in Christ Church, the "Cardinal College" from which Jude had counted the hundred and one strokes at nine o'clock on his first night in Oxford, but Hardy made no reference to that doomed assault on the university: he only remarked that a pre-Reformation bell in their village church was cracked and that, despite their vicar, he hated the idea of its being recast; "Just think of all the people it has called!" He had told the vicar, he added, that he would, at least and at last, be a member of his flock when he was dead; on which Mrs. Hardy, who was his second wife and many years younger, commented hastily that he probably would not, since Mr. Cowley was not likely to stay with them much longer. Hardy now asked that we should visit the Martyrs' Memorial, and I am afraid that I asked him to repeat himself, thinking that I must have misheard him. For amidst so much that was ancient and academic, the choice of that unimpressive neo-Gothic structure seemed inexplicable. "Erected by public subscription" in 1841 as a counterblast to the high Anglicanism of Newman, Pusey, and Keble then spreading through the common rooms of the university, the memorial commemorates the three Protestant bishops burned at the stake three hundred years earlier in the reign of Queen Mary. I could not believe that Hardy was deeply interested either theologically in the controversies of the Tractarian era, or architecturally in an uninspired pastiche. However, we were duly driven to the south end of St. Giles, and after pensively surveying Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's crocketed pinnacles, Hardy observed that somewhere nearby a small cross in the pavement marked where the stake had actually stood. At this an obscure memory awoke naggingly in my brain, but before I could formulate it, we were on our way to New College, where Hardy had asked to be taken into the cloisters. Was this to be the first of our objectives which could be fairly ranked as academic? Probably not, I thought, for although the cloisters were undoubtedly part of the fourteenth-century college, they were also perhaps the most peaceful, secluded, and, with their ranks of memorial tablets, melancholy enclaves within the university, a fit spot for somber meditation. We did not, however, reach them, for evensong was about to commence in the college chapel, and instead of penetrating farther, we sat for a quarter of an hour in the antechapel listening to the soaring trebles of the boy choristers, Hardy unstirring and apparently entranced.

After this we returned to the Provost's lodgings, where the Provost's niece greeted us brightly with "Well, have you been to all the right colleges?" Fortunately she did not pause for a reply.

I went straight home to leaf through my *Jude*. Yes, Jude's first meeting with Sue, while his hopes were still high, had been beside the memorial, "at the cross in the pavement which marked the spot of the Martyrdoms," and it was past the memorial that he staggered with Arabella in his hour of despair. Something surely in that fictitious personage, although not his exclusion from the university, still mattered much to his creator.

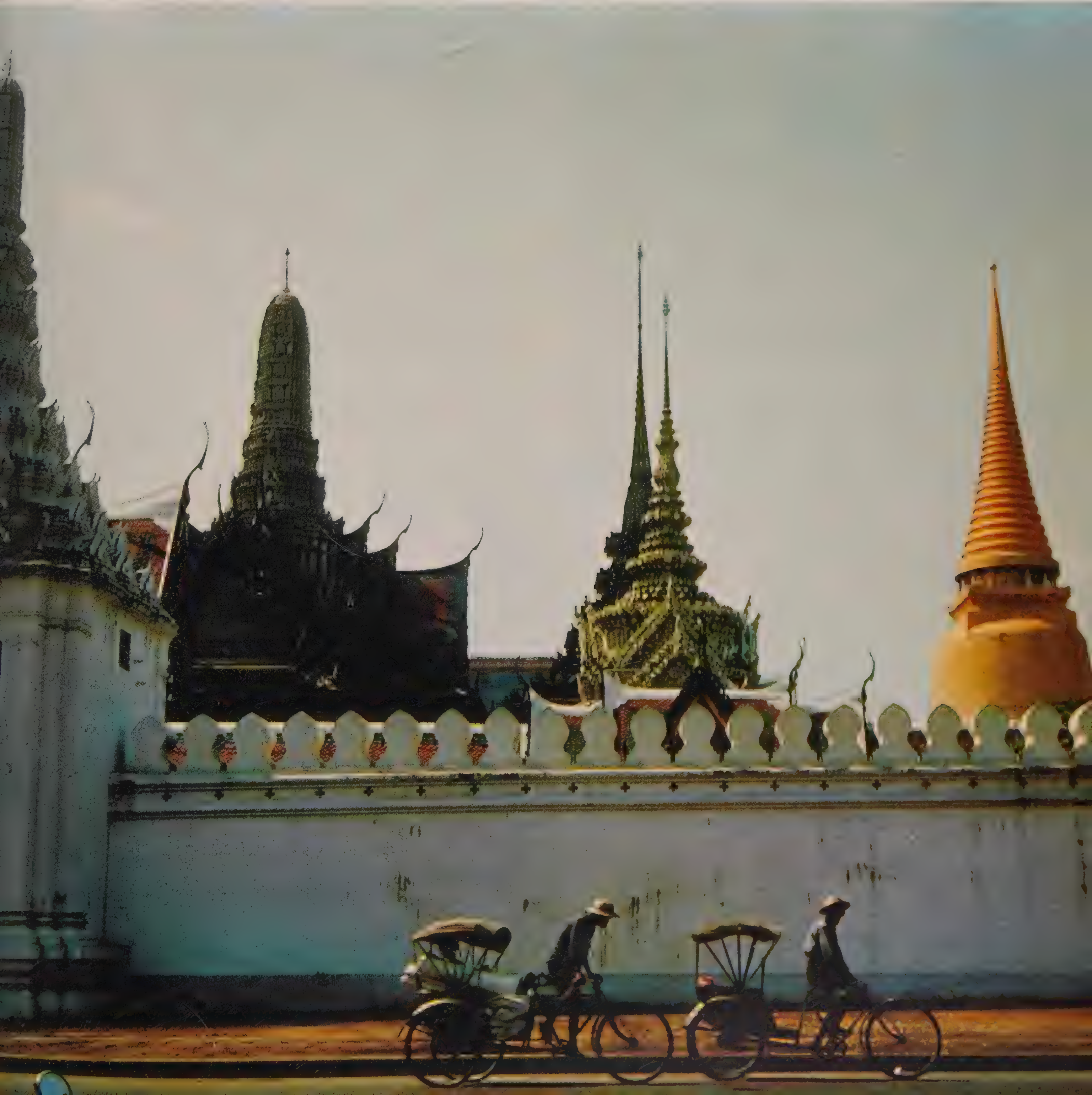
The Hardys were driven back to Wessex next morning. He never slept away from home again.

Lord Elton has had a long career in academic and public life, and is the author of many books. Two of the best known are The Revolutionary Idea in France, 1789–1878 *and* St. George or the Dragon.

Inside the crenelated walls of Bangkok's historic Grand Palace much of what glitters is gold; the rest is gilt, colored mirrors, glazed tile, and shiny brass temple bells, all contributing to the most astonishing architectural extravaganza ever gazed upon by king or tourist

PALACE in the SUN

ANDELLI—PHOTO RESEARCHERS



By MARY CABLE

"In the solar system of Siam, the Palace is the sun," wrote an English diplomat who visited Bangkok in 1894. "When the Palace awakes, everything awakes; when the Palace sleeps, everything sleeps—officialdom, politics, work, duties, pleasures. . . . The foreign element is, in fact, completely outside the real life of Siam. . . . To the Palace, therefore, one must speedily find one's way, to see things as they are, or in any sense to know Siam."

In the solar system of modern Thailand this palace is the sun no longer. The present king has moved to newer and more Westernized accommodations; the prime minister and the cabinet members (the real rulers of the country) now have their headquarters on a broad new avenue modeled after the Champs-Elysées; and the historic old palace is now part museum, part offices for the bureaucracy, and part haunted house.

In the frantic world of tourism, however, the palace still fulfills a sunlike function. Any visitor to Bangkok who indicates a wish to go sightseeing is sped immediately to the palace, where, in fierce sun or monsoon rain, he is herded relentlessly from building to building (for this palace consists of a number of building complexes). Most tourists who fetch up in Bangkok —and last year there were more than 251,000 of them, conveyed thither by twenty-four airlines—are either on their way around the world or are making a lightning circuit of Southeast Asia, between visits to the tailors and dressmakers of Hong Kong. In either case they are apt to be dazed by the speed and strangeness of it all; and, probably, they have never before been so hot. To people in this dizzied state, the Grand Palace may seem like a hallucination; they may wonder, afterward, if they really saw such a place.

The approach to the palace is by car through the congested streets of Bangkok. A visitor's first sight of it is a high whitewashed wall from behind which rises a little forest of glittering spires and rooftops. Bangkok is a flat city of low, nondescript buildings, and the sudden view of this thicket of spires is its most impressive sight. Passing through the first gate and leaving his car, the tourist finds himself in a grassy compound about two hundred yards square, with barracks and offices opening onto it; the spires, he sees now, are within a second wall, to the left, but his guide will march him off in another direction, through a double gateway, where he buys a ticket, and into another compound. Before him is the Chakri Palace, completed in 1880, which is saved from looking like a Victorian city hall by a glittering Thai roof. A Thai roof, one of the few original contributions of Thailand to the world of architecture, is in three tiers and slopes steeply, the two lower tiers being less steep than the upper one. The end of each roof ridge is decorated with a sort of finial known as a *chofa*. This suggests an animal's horn; some historians believe that distant, animistic ancestors of the Thai must have mounted the horns of animals on their rooftops to bring good luck. Whatever its origin, the *chofa* has no function now other than an aesthetic one.

Returning toward the glittering spires, the visitor now enters the compound of the Temple of the Emerald Buddha and finds that these spires rise directly from the ground, unlike spires in most countries. To erect one is a way of acquiring merit. One of the spires in this compound is entirely covered in gold leaf, and others are a mass of bright-colored glass mosaic. In fact, nothing has been left plain; and many Occidentals, brought up on the Cape Cod cottage or on Mies van der Rohe, find the place unnerving.

The Emerald Buddha itself, inside its gilded, mother-of-pearled, painted, carved, and inlaid temple, is a small seated figure, a mere twenty-six inches high, that is said to have been sent from Heaven during a thunderstorm in 1436. It is actually made of jasper. Brought to Bangkok at the end of the eighteenth century, it was placed here in the king's own temple at the top of an altar that is sixty feet high. In each of the three Thai seasons of the year—hot, cool, and rainy—the Buddha is dressed in a different costume. The king himself comes to the temple and changes the Buddha's dress.

Compared to other great palaces of the world, this one is not very old. It is, in fact, just about the same age as the White House (the similarity ends there). Nothing lasts very long in Thailand; the heat and humidity and the termites are always waiting to attack whatever is put up. But, more or less as we are the same people we were as children, the Grand Palace is the same palace it was in the eighteenth century. The plan is the same: a walled-in compound more than a square mile in area, with the outer part, known as "in front," forming a continuous corridor. This section was designed to include barracks, minor offices, accommodations for white elephants, and the Temple of the Emerald Buddha. Then comes a second high wall, behind which were erected the ceremonial buildings and the king's official quarters. Behind a third wall were the king's private quarters and the harem. Nowadays, as the king lives elsewhere and there is no harem, this innermost section is shuttered and locked.

Bangkok, once an unaspiring fishing village, became the capital of Thailand in 1782. The former capital, Ayuthia, about forty miles to the north, was conquered in 1767 by invading Burmese—so thoroughly conquered that no one was left alive to tell whether the king and his family were murdered on the

The Chakri Palace, the chief component of the palace compound, has a sobersided Victorian look until you get to the roof. This, with typical Thai exuberance, suddenly becomes a nine-tiered umbrella, all red, green, and gold tile winking in the sun.

spot or taken away as slaves. The treasury disappeared, the records were burned, and the charred ruins were left to the jungle. For the next fifteen years the Thai were ruled by a general, who managed to repel the Burmese and rally the country. It is said that he then became insane; in any event his son-in-law had him murdered and founded the dynasty that still rules Thailand, the Chakri, with himself as first king. This king, who took the name of Yot Fa, established Bangkok as his capital. As *bang* means village and *kok* means a species of wild plum, Bangkok did not seem like a very prepossessing name for a great capital, and Yot Fa thought that Krung Thep Maha Nakon Amara Ratana Kosin (Angelic City of the Precious Jewel of Indra) would sound better. Official Thai documents and maps frequently use this name, or at least Krung Thep, for short. Foreigners, however, persist in calling the city Bangkok, and only recently gave up calling the country Siam, which is a name given it by early Portuguese explorers and never used by the people who live there.

At the end of the eighteenth century Thailand was nearly as xenophobic as China and Japan. This had not always been so, however: a hundred years before, between 1680 and 1688, the most influential man in the country was a Greek. This extraordinary figure, whose name was Constantine Phaulkon, had arrived as a common seaman aboard an English ship, and remained to become prime minister and chief advisor to the king. He found Portuguese missionaries already in Ayuthia, as well as a few Dutch and English traders. While Phaulkon was prime minister, Louis XIV sent an embassy to the court at Ayuthia and, in return, Thai ambassadors were dispatched to Versailles. Things went very well until the French began demanding things, notably the conversion to Christianity of the entire Thai people. In Thailand missionaries have always been treated in a friendly manner—at Ayuthia they were even allowed to preach in the temples—but they have had remarkably little success in making Christians; even today, after hundreds of years of effort, less than 5 per cent of the population is Christian. The idea of forcible conversion seemed outrageous to them, and Constantine Phaulkon was suspected of being at the bottom of it. Phaulkon was killed; his friend the king died abruptly. A new government took over, and all foreigners were ordered to pack up and leave. And after that, until the middle of the nineteenth century, there was very little coming or going between Thailand and Europe. Practically the only relic of the French sojourn in Thailand is the Thai national anthem; it was composed by Louis XIV's bandmaster.

Bangkok became the richest city between India and China, and as the nineteenth century progressed, the Western powers were unable to leave it alone. In 1821 an English trade mission, sent by the governor-general of Bengal and headed by a diplomat named Crawfurd, sailed up the Gulf of Thailand and into the Chao Phraya River. A Scottish doctor, George Finlayson, who accompanied Crawfurd has left the first detailed account of a European's-eye view of the Grand Palace.

The English ship dropped anchor within a few miles of the palace. The welcome mat was not out. The visitors were ignored for several days and then called upon by an official whom they later found out was only of the fifth rank in importance. This official asked at once for a list of the presents for the king (they were fine cloth, glassware, muskets, and a small barouche). He then asked for, and got, an English horse that he had somehow found out was on board—it had been intended for the king of Annam, on whom the mission was to call after leaving Thailand. After further, unflattering delay, Crawfurd and a companion were taken to see a prince, who, informing them that His Majesty King Lot La had decided to receive them, wanted to make sure that they would behave properly in the royal presence. It was agreed that the Englishmen should take off their shoes at the door of the audience hall, take off their hats, bow in the English manner, sit down with "the legs bent backward and under" (to show the soles of one's feet is considered, in Thailand, very offensive), and make "three salutations with the hands united before the face, touching the forehead each time." The latter gesture is the conventional Thai greeting that serves

There are more than three hundred temples in Bangkok, and thousands of figures of the Buddha, who must always be shown in one of four postures. The aim of the artist is to copy, not to innovate.

JACK GAROFALO—PICTORIAL PARADE

in place of shaking hands. The higher the hands are raised before the face, the greater the obeisance, the highest position being reserved for Buddha.

On the day of the audience the king sent boats for Crawfurd, Finlayson, two other English members of the mission, and some Sepoy servants whom they had brought from Bengal. The party landed at a gate of the palace that faced the river and continued their journey in hammocks slung between poles, from which they nearly fell out. Followed by a highly amused rabble, they proceeded to an inner gate, where, after considerable delay, they were enjoined to leave their swords and Sepoy attendants. Then they were walked off toward an inner gate, this time between lines of puny boys dressed in sloppy uniforms and carrying rusty muskets "some on one side and some on the other." In front of the next gate the Englishmen, to their great annoyance, were relieved of their shoes. They now walked fifty yards in their bare feet, this time between a line of musicians playing what seemed to them "rude but not inharmonious" music, and guards who carried battle-axes and very large black shields. Thus they entered the audience hall, of which Finlayson says, "A more curious, more extraordinary, or more impressive sight has perhaps rarely been witnessed." Beneath a lofty ceiling, painted red and sprinkled all over with gold stars, were hundreds of prostrate figures lying with mouths almost touching the ground and not moving a muscle. These were the highest dignitaries of the land. At the far end of the hall was a golden curtain; as the visitors entered, this was drawn, revealing, "immovable as a statue," the king, seated upon a lofty golden throne beneath a nine-tiered golden umbrella. The guests, ordered to advance in a stooping position, seated themselves on the floor about half the hall away from the throne. The light was dim, but as their eyes grew accustomed to it, they perceived that King Lot La was a fat man of about sixty-five, wearing a close-fitting jacket of gold tissue. No crown or jewels adorned him, and Finlayson knew enough of Oriental etiquette to realize that he had left these things off purposely, in order to indicate that the mission was held in low esteem.

While large, elegant fans were waved around the base of the throne, a voice from behind the curtain read out a list of the governor-general's presents, some of which were on display. Then the king whispered something to the prostrate minister nearest him, who whispered it to the next behind him, and so down the hall, as in a children's game, until it reached the mission's interpreter. "Did you have a good trip?" "Yes, thank you." The answer went back by the same route and was succeeded by another question of equal significance. Betel was offered in silver and gold dishes, and then, after about twenty minutes, the king stood up and the curtain dropped before him, to the accompaniment of loud shouts and salutations from all present. Everyone sat up, and the audience was over. The matter of trade with Bengal had been ignored.

Outside, it had been raining, and although the way was now much dirtier than before, the visitors' shoes were withheld. "A paltry Chinese umbrella, which might be purchased in the bazaar for a rupee, was given to each of us. Not knowing with what view it was presented, I was about to reject it, when I was told that it was meant as a present from the King." Shoeless, and walking "up to the ankle in mud and water," the four were treated to a two-hour tour of the palace. First, to the stables of the white elephants—five of them, eating fresh-cut grass, sliced sugar cane, and bunches of plantains from a white cloth. They were not really white, but pinkish, with fine, scanty, yellowish hair. One of them was nearly white, with black pea-sized spots. It was explained that white elephants were reincarnations of princes or heroes and were an important source of luck for Thai rulers. The discoverer of a white elephant was granted "land equal in extent to the space of country at which

The audience hall of Amarindra, one of the oldest of the palace buildings, is still occasionally used. The king sits beneath a symbolic nine-tiered canopy, with the boat-shaped throne of his ancestors behind him.

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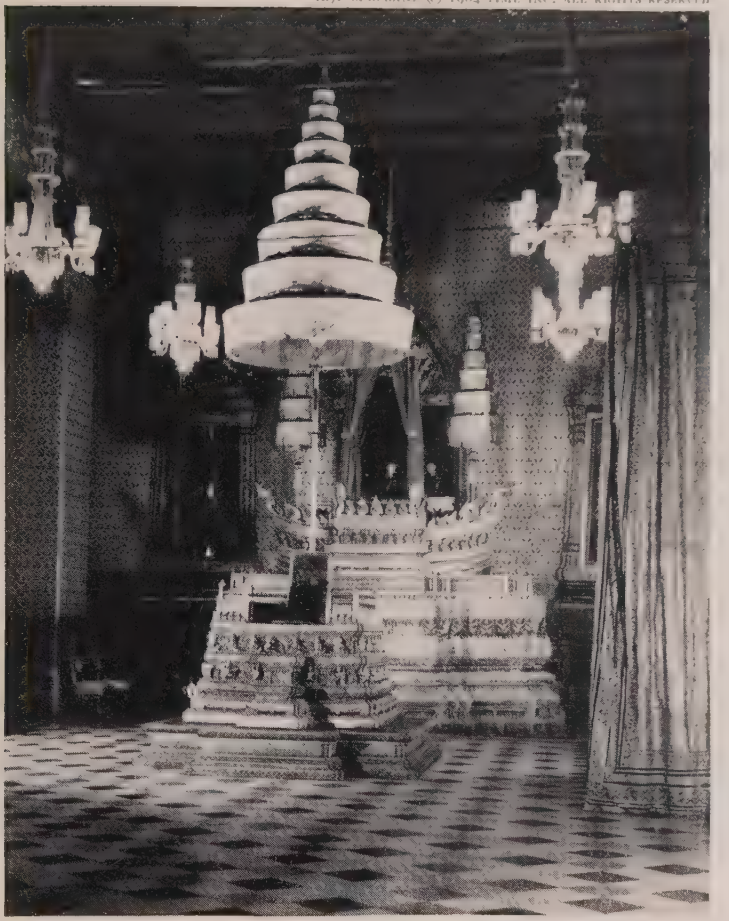

the elephant's cry may be heard," and he and his family were exempted from servitude and taxation to the third generation.

Next, the barefoot tourists were conducted to the temple compound, which must have looked then very much as it does now. Perhaps sore feet and general frustration had something to do with it, but they found themselves out of sympathy with Thai art. "Operose, unmeaning, and grotesque," snaps Finlayson. The temple tour concluded, the visitors were taken back to where their shoes were and given sweetmeats. "But it was impossible to overlook the mean condition of those left to entertain us," complains Finlayson, "the disreputable appearance of the building, or the jeering and disrespectful conduct of the herd of spectators that crowded round us. It seemed as if the court had said, *See them feed.*"

The truth gradually dawned on Crawfurd and his fellows: King Lot La was greatly offended because the mission came to him from a mere governor-general instead of from the king of England, and he was trying, in return, to be as offensive as possible. An ambassador from the king of Annam, who came to Bangkok at the same time as the Crawfurd mission, rode in the royal barge, was wined and dined, went to the audience hall in a palanquin instead of in an old hammock, and *kept his shoes on*. But in any event King Lot La was not interested in foreign trade. It was enough for him that once a year a fleet of ten or twelve Thai junks, manned by Malays and Indians, went to China with sugar, pepper, sappanwood, and ironwood, and brought back chinaware and silks, for the use of the court. The Thai, generally speaking, did not care for sailing, and they were a contented people, satisfied with what they found at hand. "A man who has his own rice in sufficiency, why should he want more?" says a Thai proverb. The Crawfurd mission departed in rage and frustration.

King Lot La's son, Mongkut, the first-born son of the First Queen, had been brought up in the expectation of succeeding to the throne. He was twenty years old when his father died, and happened, at that moment, to be away in a monastery, performing the temporary duties that are required of all young Buddhists. A state council was called and it was decided that Mongkut's elder half-brother, child of a non-royal concubine, would make a better king by virtue of his superior age and experience. Mongkut thereupon waived his claim and spent the next twenty-seven years as a monk, while his brother, Nang Klao, ruled Thailand very much in the conservative fashion of his father. When Nang Klao died, in 1851, he named his eldest son as successor, but his ministers ignored this and named instead the forty-six-year-old abbot, Mongkut. It is a pleasant reflection on the peaceable nature of the Thai that both these disputable successions were accomplished without bloodshed. In contrast, in Burma as recently as 1888 an incoming king found it necessary to destroy seventy-seven close relatives.

King Mongkut, who is known in the West today chiefly as the semibarbaric, semicomic figure of *The King and I*, was in fact a brilliant man and one of the most remarkable rulers the world has ever seen. During his brother's reign Thailand had stood still, as innocent as a bamboo in the jungle, while the world outside, full of startling changes, was moving ominously closer. Thailand now had two alarmingly aggressive neighbors "the whale and the crocodile," as Mongkut once called them: England had gobbled up Burma and was busy establishing protectorates over the various sultans of the Malay States; France was encroaching on Cambodia and Annam. Mongkut, instead of putting his head in the sand as the Chinese had done, was quite aware that he had to meet the challenge of this new and threatening world. He learned English from the American missionaries in Bangkok; concluded treaties with England, the

The story of the Ramakien, *the Thai version of the Indian epic* Ramayana, *is told in hundreds of frescoes on the walls of open galleries surrounding the Royal Temple. The artistic merit of these paintings is uneven, some being marvelously bold and inventive, others approaching the level of comic strips. There is no fixed perspective: a bird's-eye view here, a worm's-eye view there; and always (as in Thai architecture) a preoccupation with intricate detail. Ordinary people mingle nonchalantly with monkey-gods and monsters, and the costumes are those worn by Thai classical dancers, for whom the* Ramakien *is a favorite theme. The paintings date from the early nineteenth century, but because of Bangkok's high humidity, they must be restored every third decade.*

NAT AND YANNA BRANDT—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

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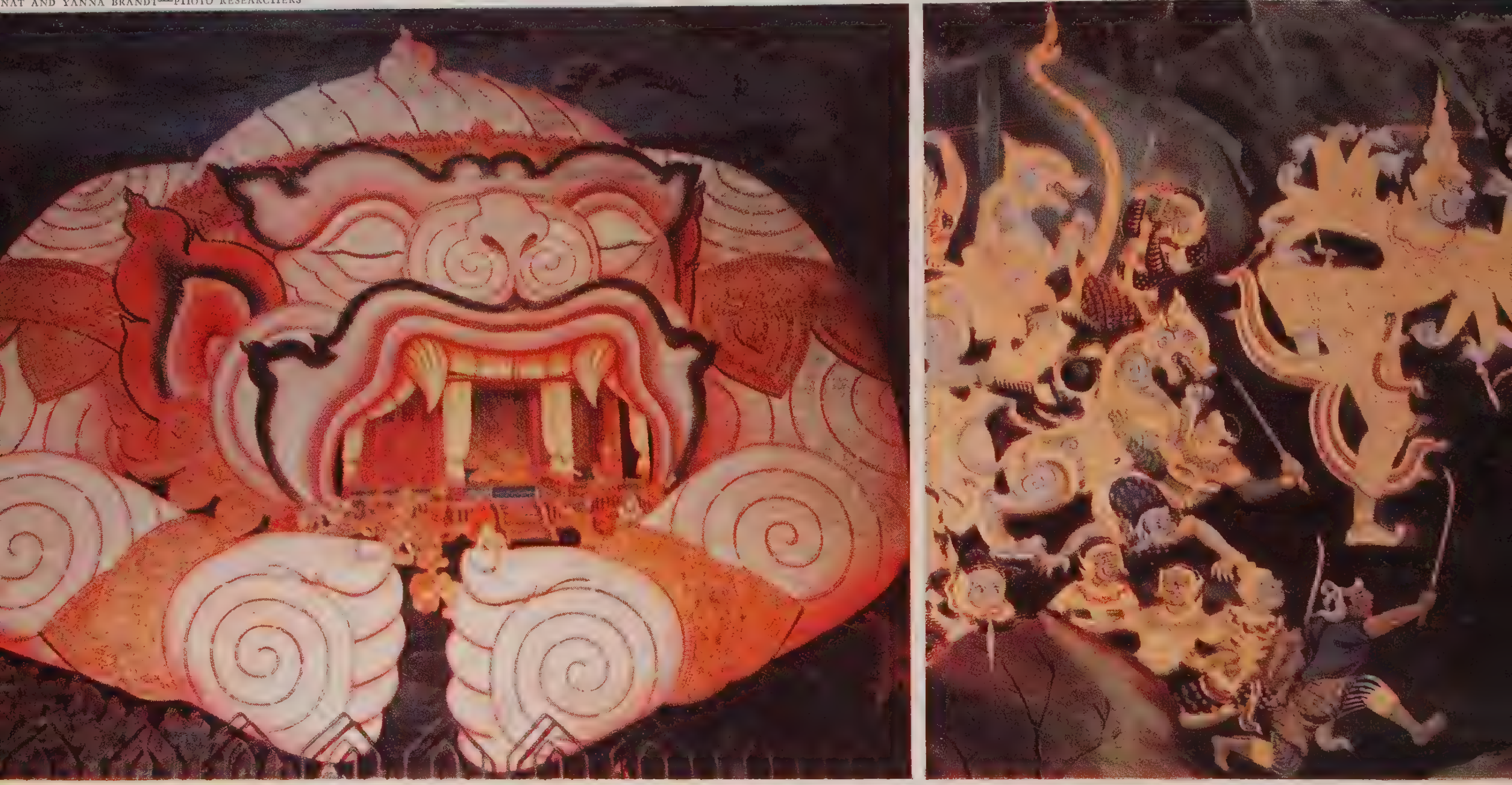

United States, and other Western powers; sent and received ambassadors; took an interest in the Paris Exhibition of 1867; and boldly hired many Western advisors, in spite of the risk of fifth-column intrigue. An Irishman had the post of drillmaster; Dr. Dan Bradley, an American missionary, was court physician; * Mrs. Anna Leonowens, as we all know, was royal governess; and there were a number of others. In order to insure an orderly succession, Mongkut revived an ancient Thai custom and appointed a Second King, a sort of vice-president. He gave this rank to his only full brother, a man even more outward-turning and progressive than himself, whose eldest son was named George Washington (Prince George Washington became Second King during the succeeding reign). "Our weapons will be our mouths and our hearts," said Mongkut, aware of the hopelessness of Thailand's competing in a nineteenth-century war, ". . . full of sense and wisdom for the better protection of ourselves."

Sir John Bowring, Ambassador of Queen Victoria, has left an account of his visit to the Grand Palace in 1855. The quality of the welcome he received had changed for the better, but the palace itself seems to have changed little since the days of the Crawfurd mission. There were still troops of ill-groomed soldiers, and the nobles were still supine or crawling "with their heads in the dust" in the presence of the king. Mongkut, who liked to work at night, received Bowring by moonlight. He wore a headdress of diamonds, a gold girdle, and a jeweled dagger, and inquired about the discovery of the planet Neptune, of which he had read in an English newspaper. Bowring was impressed with the king, but feared that in Thailand he was up against a system of "do-little or as little as possible." (He was.) Shown around the compound of the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, he noted "a barbaric style of gorgeousness; hideous figures of every sort are stuck round." At the elephant stables he observed that the animals wore rings on their tusks and diadems on their heads, were addressed as "Chao Phya," a high title similar to "duke," went to their daily baths in the river under seven-tiered red umbrellas, and were entertained with music during their meals. Despite this delightful treatment, they were often in bad temper—perhaps because of too many sugar cakes—and had been known to stomp on their keepers. King Mongkut presented Bowring with a tuft of white-elephant hair mounted in a jeweled holder, like a Victorian nosegay.

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* See Archie Robertson's "The King and Us" in the Winter, 1964, HORIZON.

Like his father, grandfather, and brother before him, King Mongkut maintained a large harem, locked away in the innermost regions of the palace. The harem was a self-sufficient town, populated by some three thousand women and small children and by one man, His Majesty. Policewomen, wearing blue panungs (loose-fitting drawers) and white jackets with a cream-colored scarf across the breast, patrolled day and night and were drilled to curtsy in unison. A policewoman accompanied any man whom it was necessary to admit—a repairman or a doctor. Dr. Bradley, the American court physician, was usually called—if at all—after Thai doctors had tried and failed. He found it discouraging to attend a patient whose problems had been complicated by doses of python bile or powdered vulture bone. Thai medicine was based on the premise that the body is composed of wind, water, fire, and earth, and that illness results when this balance is disturbed. Apoplexy, for instance, was believed to be caused by wind blowing on the heart and rupturing it. Doctors did not practice surgery or autopsy, and, in fact, did not touch the patient at all, even to take the pulse. They were paid only if the patient recovered, and customarily abandoned the case if there seemed no hope of recovery, to avoid the wrath of angry relatives. "The doctor has fled the patient" means, in Thailand, that the patient is expected to die. Only royalty might die inside the palace; in case of an accidental infringement of this rule, a three-day exorcism was necessary.

Within three months of ascending the throne, Mongkut, who had been a celibate for twenty-six years, had taken thirty wives. In all, he had close to a hundred wives and concubines and eighty-two children, including twelve sired before he became a monk. Most of the wives were the daughters of noblemen, presented by their fathers, and many were closely related to Mongkut. There was no taboo, at least in royal circles, against incest. One of Mongkut's favorite queens had three daughters and all of them married Mongkut's son and successor, Chulalongkorn, their half brother.

Despite King Mongkut's earnest efforts at modernization, Chulalongkorn, in 1868, became king of a country that had no modern army, no navy at all, no general education, no legal code, no sanitation systems, no postal or telegraph service, no railways, and very few roads. Although there were some twenty-

"Stupefaction assailed me when I saw these incredible buildings," wrote Somerset Maugham of his visit to the Royal Palace. "It makes you laugh with delight to think that anything so fantastic could exist on this sombre earth."

GEORGE HOLTON—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

two thousand people on the palace payroll, no serious records were kept of government finances. Mongkut had introduced paper money and coinage to replace the traditional bullet-shaped silver pieces and cowrie shells, but it took a long time to coax people to use them. Mongkut had abolished *corvée* labor, but enslavement for debt continued until 1905. For the most part, royal life was still lived in a mesh of ceremonial restrictions. In 1873 one of the three sister-queens, Sunanta, was drowned when the royal barge in which she was a passenger accidentally overturned. A law forbidding anyone to touch a royal person prevented her from being rescued, although the banks were lined with hundreds of people who could swim (because of the wateriness of their country, ordinary Thai learn to swim as soon as they learn to walk). In case a royal person should be in danger of drowning, the regulations said, he should be flung a string of coconuts as a life preserver; but on that fatal day no one had a string of coconuts at hand.

The royal family was addressed in a special, ceremonious manner, with words bequeathed by the court of the medieval Khmers, the builders of Angkor. The ordinary Thai word for "yes," literally translated, is "I ask to receive." The word used in saying "yes" to royalty translates to "I in the dust beneath the sole of your august feet ask to receive." There is no way whatsoever of saying "no" to Thai royalty.

King Chulalongkorn had seventy-eight children by thirty-six wives. The profusion of princes and princesses in pre-twentieth-century Thailand had made it necessary to institute what might be called a Law of Diminishing Titles: the grandchildren of a king had the title of Mom Chao; great-grandchildren are known as Mom Rachawongse; and great-great-grandchildren as Mom Luang; generations after that are simply "Nai" or "Mr." Toward the end of Chulalongkorn's reign a royal family party might include five hundred near-relatives. But as the three kings who followed had no heirs, and as the present king is a monogamist, the need for the Law of Diminishing Titles will soon have vanished.

The mother of the heir to the throne was exalted above the other royal wives and was known as First Queen. The mother of Chulalongkorn's heir was Saowapa, sister of the drowned Sunanta. Saowapa and Chulalongkorn lived on the second floor of the royal palace. The ground floor was occupied by servants, and the third floor, which was very hot most of the year, was largely occupied by rats, mice, spiders, and *chinchooks* (small lizards that swarm over every household in Thailand). Privacy is not much prized in Thailand, and royalty in particular appears to have disliked being left alone. The Queen had her own bedroom, but it was always full of attendants. The children occupied a very large room that was divided off by screens into play areas and sleeping areas. Although there was some elaborate Western furniture in this palace, for the most part it merely gathered dust, Saowapa preferring to sit, eat, and sleep in the traditional Thai manner, on the floor. The king's bedroom was lavishly adorned with gold leaf. His enormous bed had curtains around it and a nine-tiered golden umbrella suspended above. On either side, at a lower level, were beds for attendants.

Chulalongkorn took care of affairs of state at night, and slept until noon or later. The windows were kept closed while he slept; outside, the gardeners went about with blowguns, shooting peas at the birds to keep them quiet. The opening of the king's window was a signal to servants waiting below to bring breakfast. Three hours later His Majesty sat down to lunch in an enormous dining room. Thirty or forty people always joined him—wives, children, and officials. His food was served in a bag tied with string and sealed with white clay, the seal being broken in the king's presence. During the meal, which went on for hours, the king found time to chat with at least

This mythical figure, known as a naga, helps support one of the numerous religious monuments of the palace compound. Intricately embellished with tile-and-glass mosaic, these figures are always falling apart and need constant repair.

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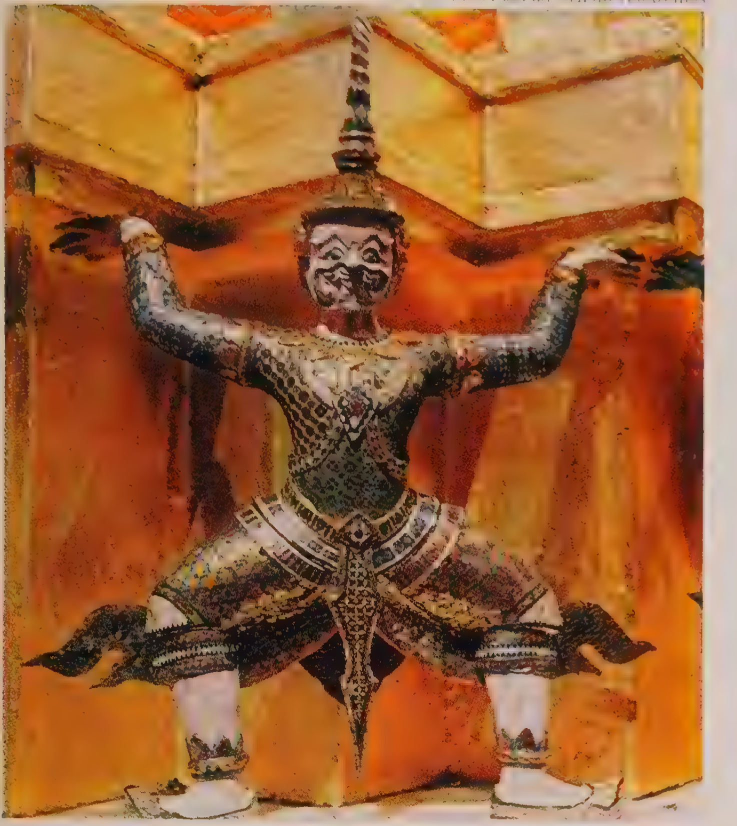


some of his children. He insisted that they know the history of their dynasty, its customs and traditions; the names of the royal palaces and gateways, the royal barges, and—possibly the most difficult feat—the names of their uncles and aunts. These were arranged in rhymes to make them easier to remember.

Royal children were seldom punished. Queen Saowapa did the punishing herself, when she felt it to be necessary, either by applying a bamboo cane or by bending the children's fingers back toward the wrist. The latter punishment served the additional purpose of lengthening the wrist and finger muscles; supple joints are much admired in Thailand, and many of the movements of Thai classical dancing depend on stretched muscles. Another, rather curious, punishment was administered by the king to the wives who had had the misfortune to displease him: every day they assembled in a certain room of the second floor, the Yellow Room. There, subdued and dejected, they waited, sometimes for hours, until at last Chulalongkorn would come into the room, walk slowly and silently among them, and then go out again, having absolutely ignored them all.

Often, on fine afternoons, the king went for a drive in an English victoria, with Saowapa, some minor wives, and a few dozen children following in more carriages. The drives must have grown monotonous, for there were no roads beyond the city limits and very few in Bangkok itself. Bangkok, in those days, was a tropical Venice, and the usual way to get from place to place was by footpath or by *klong* (canal). The fact that the king went out so often was amazing to his people. Before Mongkut, the rulers of Thailand had left the Grand Palace but once a year, at which time they visited all the temples in the city. The people had not been allowed to look at their king, but were required to shut themselves into their houses or, if caught outside, to throw themselves face downward and not peek. Mongkut had allowed himself to be looked at, and Chulalongkorn went still further and directed that the people shout hurrah. (This seemed appalling impudence to the conservative Thai, and the hurrahs were always very quiet ones.)

Sometimes, for variety, Chulalongkorn took a little voyage on his royal steam yacht, a twenty-five-hundred-ton affair, built in England. Designed to accommodate a hundred and fifty people, it usually sailed with between four and five hundred aboard. The crew and male servants stayed forward; the harem, hidden by screens, was aft. Sometimes the ladies were allowed to disembark on a lonely island in the Gulf of Siam, where, after the yacht had retired discreetly over the horizon, they went sea bathing.

Travel outside Bangkok, until the railway was completed in 1910, was by boat or elephant. A trip to Chiang Mai, Thailand's second city, took up to two months; the train cut this time to fifteen hours. When Chulalongkorn went to Chiang Mai or to another provincial city, he traveled in a cortege of some six hundred boats and three thousand people. He seems to have been a restless king, always journeying from one corner of his country to another. Certainly in the hot season, when cholera was usually epidemic, it was prudent to leave Bangkok. Until 1914 the city had no sanitation system. Water for the Grand Palace was brought in jars from a clear, swift stream fifty miles away, but the common people drank water from the river—the same river that was used as a vast municipal bathroom and dump and that, during an epidemic, often contained the bodies of cholera victims. An epidemic in 1849 caused between fifteen and twenty thousand deaths in one month.

It is said that the Thai play at work and work at play. At the Grand Palace the harem women spent hours arranging bowls of fruit—peeling every grape, peeling and segmenting every orange, and then putting the grapes back into bunches and the orange segments, with pips and membranes removed, back into the peel. They also knew how to sew hundreds of

Chinese rice junks of the last century often arrived in Thailand ballasted with stone statues like this one. More than ten feet tall, it guards the environs of the Temple of the Emerald Buddha.

LARRY SMITH—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

flower petals together to make bouquets of new, fantastic flowers or to make umbrellas or leis for Buddha images. Unlike most women in the world, they wore no headdress of any kind and their hair was clipped as short as the men's. Their teeth were black with betel (long hair and white teeth identified a whore). The time they saved by not adorning their heads went into weaving gorgeous silks for their panungs. Both men and women wore this comfortable, loose-fitting garment and usually went naked from the waist up—that is, until Mongkut ordered everybody into jackets. At court everyone dressed in a different color each day of the week—blue on Monday, green on Tuesday, and so on. It was the custom to sleep in one's clothes and put on fresh ones in the morning.

At the palace there was a theatrical performance nearly every night—a romantic play in poetry or a classical Thai dance for which the dancers were prepared from childhood with a training even more strenuous than that of a ballet dancer. These performances usually went on for hours, ending only when the last spectator finally left. Kite-fighting, fish-fighting, and cockroach-fighting were all serious-minded sports that took a lot of time. And there were other demanding pastimes: for example, one prince, a brother-in-law of Chulalongkorn, was particularly fond of the Victoria regia, a water lily that opens at dusk. He did not, however, wish to smell it until midnight. Accordingly, his gardeners tied each flower with string, to hold it shut, and then, at midnight, removed the string, flooding the dark gardens with a rich, jasmine-like perfume. With so much serious planning going into niceties like this, tiresome matters such as trade and finance had to wait.

The national devotion to detail, etiquette, and ceremony followed the king into death. The body of a dead king was placed, in the fetal position, inside a silver urn and this, in turn, inside a very elaborate golden one. The lid of the inner urn was sealed and the body fluids drawn off each day for two months, through a stopcock in the bottom of the urn, until the body was dry. During this time the double urn was displayed in the Funeral Hall of the Grand Palace. At the end of several months a mile-long funeral procession accompanied the body to an imposing funeral pyre in the main market place, just outside the Grand Palace. After the burning of the body, remaining bits of bone were given to the late king's children, who kept them in lockets, while the ashes were put into a casket and placed in an antechamber of the Audience Hall. (When Prince William of Sweden visited Bangkok in 1911, King Vajiravudh, showing him through the palace, said, "Would you like to see a bit of my father?" and opened a small golden urn. "Take hold, it won't hurt you," he said, smiling, and handed Prince William a bit of King Chulalongkorn.)

After King Chulalongkorn died, the Grand Palace ceased to be the "sun of the solar system of Siam." The next two kings, Vajiravudh and Prajadhipok, were without heirs and spent a great deal of their time building other palaces. The "inside" was inhabited now only by unmarriageable princesses—that is, princesses so royal that no one could be found who was royal enough to marry them. King Prajadhipok was at the seaside in 1932 when his ministers notified him that there had been a revolution and that he was no longer an absolute but a constitutional monarch. A peaceable and reasonable man, in the Thai tradition he seems to have taken this news quietly, and in 1935 abdicated in favor of a nephew, Prince Ananta-Mahidol, who was then a boy of ten at school in Switzerland. This young king died of a bullet wound in 1946—whether a case of murder, suicide, or accident has never been established. He was succeeded by his brother, Bhumiphol.

King Bhumiphol, with his beautiful wife and three children, lives much as other modern monarchs live, in a palace filled with French furniture and modern conveniences. As is well known, he plays the clarinet and is an expert jazz musician, and evenings at his present palace are apt to end in impromptu jam sessions. Only on ceremonial days does he go to the Grand Palace, where he pays homage to the Emerald Buddha. And then, although they are not required to do so, his people often lie down in the dust before him, and strew his path with garlands of sewn flower petals.

Young priests in their yellow robes, and freshly gilded figures of mythological creatures, contribute to the brilliance of the temple courtyard. Virtually every male Thai serves at least a few months in the priesthood, nowadays, a canvas carryall takes the place of the ancient begging bowl.

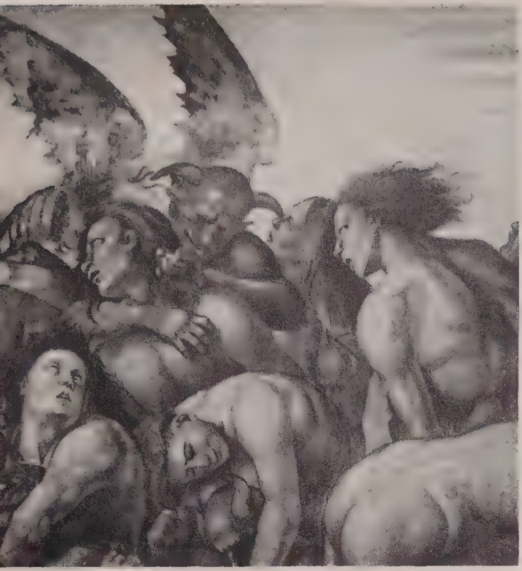
Mother Church

Rising on its volcanic butte midway between Rome and Florence, Orvieto catches the last rays of the setting sun

Orvieto

The superb Gothic cathedral of one of Italy's most picturesque hill towns stands witness to a rich past, to a timeless present, and to eternity

Pictorial narrative conceived and photographed by Sonja Bullaty *and* Angelo Lomeo



For almost five centuries the powerful frescoes of Luca Signorelli within the Orvieto Cathedral have proclaimed the end of the world and the Last Judgment (detail above); and for even longer the striped walls of the church have served as a backdrop for the life of this ancient community. In living counterpoint to the cosmic drama foretold in the frescoes, successive generations of Orvietans—and visitors from neighboring plains—have continued to use the shaded Cathedral steps from morning till night for their daily diversions—as a playground, trysting place, passeggiata, *and social center.*

The pursuits of life start early on the Cathedral steps

"Unique" is one of those words that a writer learns to approach with caution. It is an all-or-nothing word; it admits of no comparatives, in the sense that nothing can be either "more" or "less" unique, and before applying it to an object or thing, one needs to be very sure that nowhere in the world can a duplicate be found. I shall shy, then, from referring to Orvieto as being unique among hill towns. But I can say with certainty that it is singular in many respects. Although it was about as deeply involved as any of its neighbors in the factional warring of medieval and Renaissance Italy (it was Guelph throughout), it is the only Italian hill town I know of that has no wall fortifications, has never had any, and never needed them. The reason for this is that Orvieto was provided from the start with what amounts to a built-in wall; one of the singularities of the town is its position: it stands in breathtakingly dramatic isolation on a massive column, or plinth, of volcanic rock, oval in shape, about two square miles in area, and as sheer-sided and flat-topped as any mesa, rising more than six hundred feet above the valley plain below.

There are other singularities about Orvieto. It is the only Italian town I know whose chief religious festival celebrates an event that took place in quite another city. This is the Feast of the Corpus Domini, which was inaugurated in the latter part of the thirteenth century and has grown steadily in importance

By ROBERT M. COATES

through the years until now it is a day of such pomp and ceremony that it draws clerics and laymen as well from all over Italy.

What the event commemorates, however, is the so-called "Miracle of Bolsena." Bolsena is a town on the lake of the same name, a little to the southwest of Orvieto, and according to the legend, the miracle occurred there in the summer of 1263 when a young priest was performing Mass at the local church. Privately, he had been torn by doubts about the validity of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, according to which the bread and wine that are served in communion are actually transformed physically, in the course of the service, into the flesh and blood of Christ. But on that day his doubts were dramatically resolved, for the bread with which he was performing the Sacrament became stained with blood before his eyes.

The only connection Orvieto has with the miracle is that the then pope, Urban IV, was in residence there when messengers arrived bearing tidings of the event—plus the fact that the popes, right on up to Clement VII, who fled there after the sack of Rome in 1527, had always favored the place. Urban, in the highhanded manner of prelates in those days, probably felt that if there were any miracles going on in the neighborhood, Orvieto ought to have first crack at them.

Yet another singularity of the place is that it possesses what must be the deepest well of any hill town in Italy. It is the

Pozzo di San Patrizio, or Saint Patrick's Well—forty-two feet in diameter, more than two hundred feet deep, and equipped with interlacing spiral paths so arranged that twin processions of mules could be used in it, one coming up with kegs of water, the other going down for more. It, too, is attributable to papal enterprise, or perhaps to papal caution. At all events it was built by the military architect Antonio da Sangallo the younger, by order of the same Clement VII, who after the catastrophe at Rome was, quite wisely, taking no chances elsewhere.

Finally (but I will not say this is singular, except to an American like myself who thinks that anything built more than a century ago is "old"), it is somewhat surprising to find that Orvieto, most of whose buildings date from the 1600's or earlier, has its own "Old Quarter," or "*Quartiere Vecchio.*" The truth is, it is really old, too, a kind of shallow crater of spiraling alleys and ancient houses, including two beautiful small Romanesque churches, San Andrea and San Giovenale, of which the latter, a hunched little eleventh-century structure, low-roofed and squat-towered, is the more interesting.

(I mustn't go on multiplying Orvieto's singularities indefinitely, but I cannot resist adding one more. It was here that the first *monte di pietà*—more vulgarly, pawnshop—in Italy was put into operation. Run by the Franciscans and intended at first to help the poor of the parish (hence the ecclesiastical

As the day progresses
there are distractions to catch the eye
and diversions which stretch the legs

tinge to the name in Italian), it was opened around 1460, following a Church decision that no sin attached to the lending of money at interest. It succeeded so signally in adding revenue to the coffers of the order that more were opened shortly after at Perugia, Assisi, Mantua, and other towns all over Italy.)

Orvieto's Old Quarter lies at the western end, in the narrowing arm of the oval there. The famous *pozzo* is at the opposite end, where there is also a smart, modern funicular railway slanting steeply down to the Rome–Florence railway and the occasional small factories and farms on the plain below. Michelangelo, when he visited Orvieto in the opening years of the sixteenth century, was a little too early to benefit by the funicular. So, too, for that matter, was Henry James, who came there in 1877 in the course of his Italian journeyings. He found it a "dark old Catholic city. . . . inferior to its fame." But he may have been ill-inclined to praise it after making the trip by stagecoach up the interminably winding, dusty approach road.

Near the funicular is the only "new" section of town, a cramped little area of giddily varicolored wrought-iron-balconied bungalows that I took to calling Orvieto's "Floral Heights." It lies just behind the Cathedral, which is the center of the greater part of Orvieto's activities. For the piazza on which it fronts contains, among other things, the papal palace, now a museum of antiquities and an unusually fine one for a

An unfolding of new interests

and the promise of fresh adventures

provincial city; another museum in the Palazzo Faina across the way, this one mainly given over to Etruscan remains (Orvieto was originally a thriving Etruscan city and important finds have been made thereabouts); a couple of restaurants, a row of handsome sixteenth- or seventeenth-century dwellings, and, on one flank of the Cathedral, with a pleasantly cobbled area between, another row of quaint, low, tile-roofed country-style houses. And—as if to call attention to Orvieto's well-known light white wines—there is even a wine cellar. Say rather "cellars," for beneath the unpretentious-looking shop there are three or four cellars, one below another, and each one cool and odorous and crammed with huge hogsheads of aging wine—a kind of tiered *pozzo,* shallower than the Pozzo di San Patrizio but much more satisfying. Just down the street from the piazza, along the Via del Duomo, is Orvieto's main shopping street, the Corso Cavour.

The Cathedral itself almost defies description, especially in a summary as brief as this. One of the true glories of Italian ecclesiastical monuments, it was designed primarily as a repository for the Holy Corporal, the napkin on which the blood dripped from the consecrated bread at the time of the miracle, and the napkin is still preserved in a large, and unfortunately rather gaudy, silver-gilt receptacle in a chapel of the Cathedral. Work began on the church around 1285, with Arnolfo di Cambio

as probably the first of a series of architects, and continued with the Sienese Lorenzo Maitani, both top men of their day.

Maitani, at any rate, is known to have designed the façade, the outstanding feature of this remarkable edifice; and the general style of the building, with its alternating horizontal courses of black and white marble, is an echo of the Sienese manner. Otherwise the style, basically, is Italian Gothic, and here the emphasis must be on the word "Italian." For whereas Northern Gothic, the Gothic of Chartres, Reims, Rouen, and so on, including Notre-Dame de Paris, is also up-thrusting and aspiring, it is sinewy and essentially masculine in feeling; the Gothic of Orvieto, on the other hand, from the complex triptych-like plan of the façade to the incredibly delicate carving of the rose window that is its central feature, is just as essentially feminine in character. The building is huge, of course, but it is also lavishly rich in detailed embellishment. There are statues and dainty arcades where there are not mosaics (these last a fairly recent addition a bit crass in color and treatment), and where there are none of these, are bas-reliefs of Old and New Testament scenes from Adam and Eve to Christ and the Virgin Mary.

The bas-reliefs enliven the bases of four main columns, each rising to a separate spire and bordering the three panels of the façade. Each column is composed of a cluster of half a dozen or so smaller columns, each of these ornamented from top to

The pursuits of life include man's endless quest for beauty

bottom with small gold tiles closely set in richly patterned panels. As I passed one day, on my way to a favorite restaurant on the piazza, I stopped, and counted the tiles in one section of just one of the panels. There were thirty of them in roughly a foot of height—and that panel went up and up, of course, and was itself only one of twenty-four or more others.

Henry James was right, in a sense, in calling Orvieto old and dark, for, isolated on its heights, it has remained pretty much unchanged over the centuries; the local stone mainly used for construction is dark brown in color, and this does give the place a rather grim look. In such a setting the Cathedral, with its gold and its marbles, its almost prinking coquettishness of detail, stands out more dazzlingly than it might otherwise. The interior, by contrast, is rather somber, the outstanding feature here being the enormous frescoes in the Cappella Nuova depicting scenes of the end of the world and of the Last Judgment by Luca Signorelli. It was to see this that Michelangelo is supposed to have trudged or mulebacked up to the town so long ago, for with its hundreds of figures starting, squirting almost, from their tombs, still writhing, still agonized, it is an exercise in the same sort of *terribilità* that Michelangelo himself was working on in his designs for the Sistine Chapel.

Because of the amount and complexity of its ornamentation, and also because (like Chartres, for example) the Cathedral at

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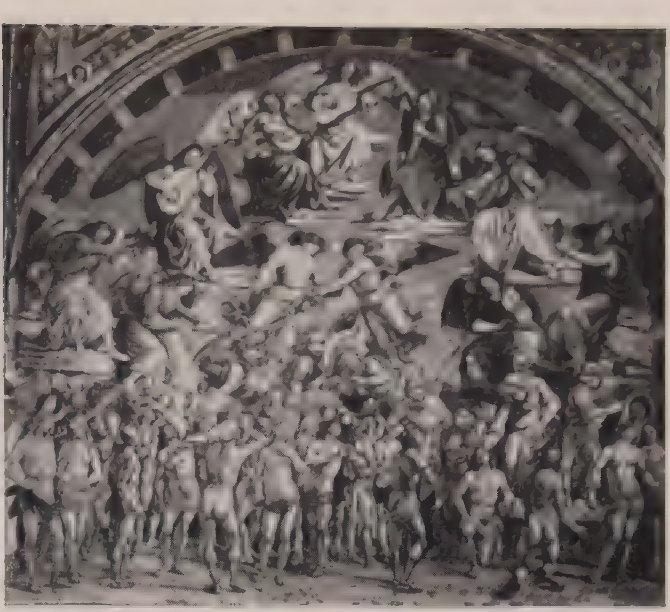
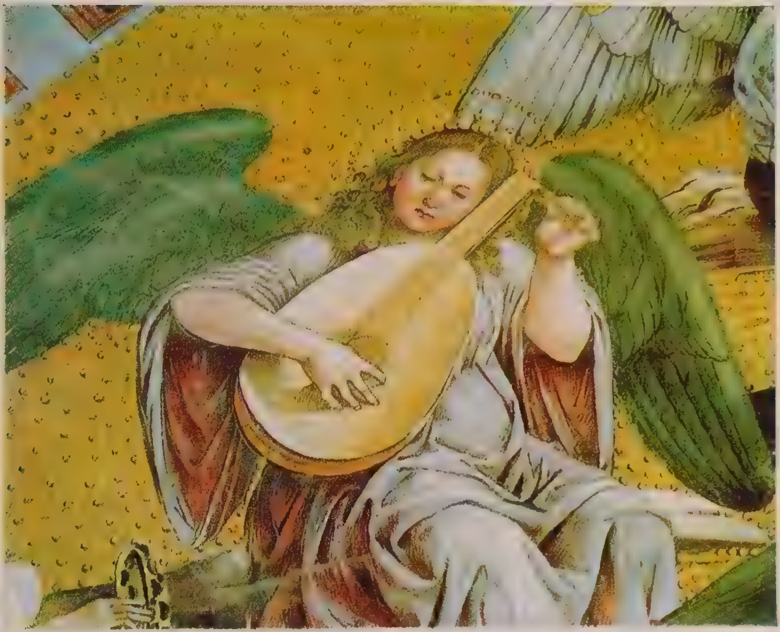
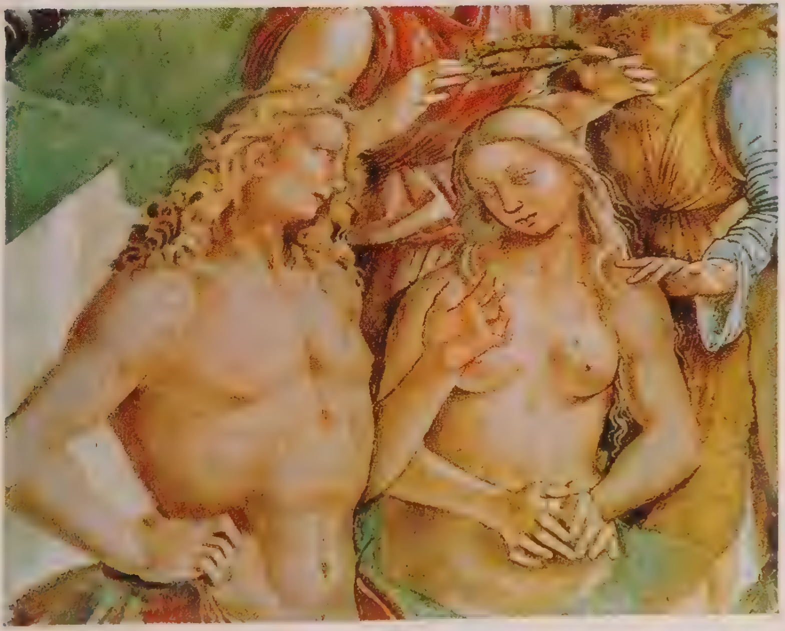
Within the Cathedral the rhythm of mundane life halts before the frescoes painted by Signorelli on the walls of the San Brizio chapel in the years just before and after A.D. *1500. These apocalyptic visions remain one of the crowning achievements of the early Renaissance, the chief glory of the Orvieto Cathedral, and Signorelli's most important surviving work. More boldly and emphatically than any artist before him, he made the human form an expressive force in stating concepts of epic grandeur—and thus portrayed the events attending the Last Judgment as a heroic but distinctly human drama.*

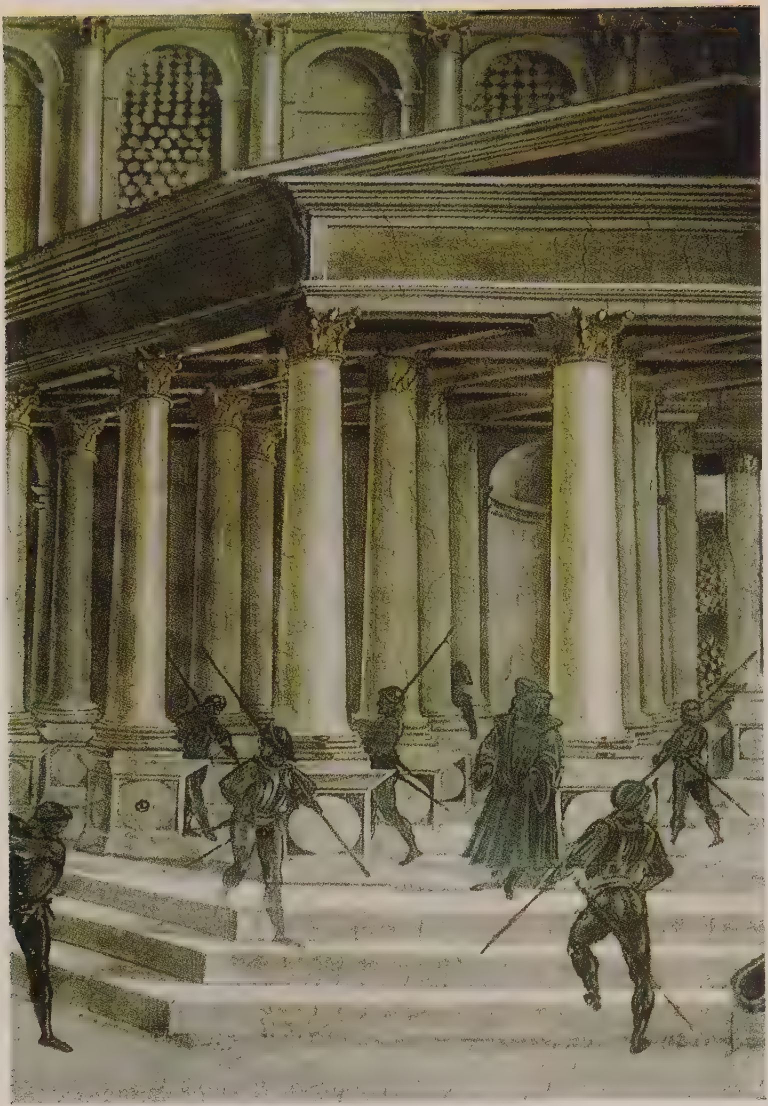


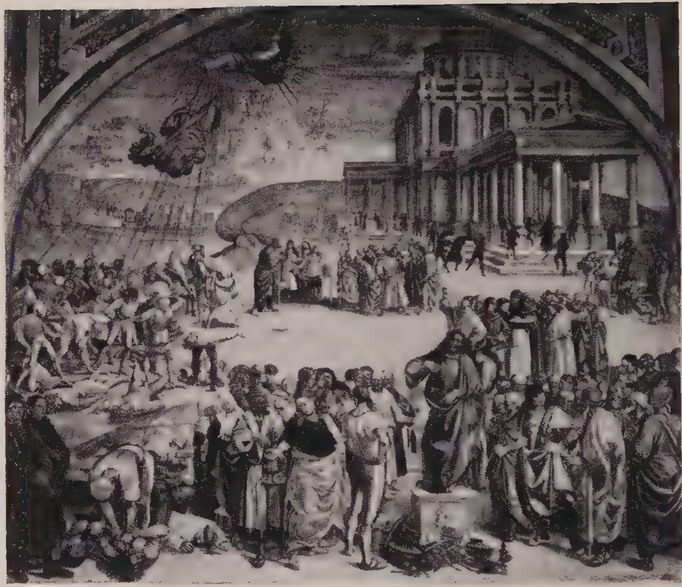
OF DOOM AND DELIVERANCE



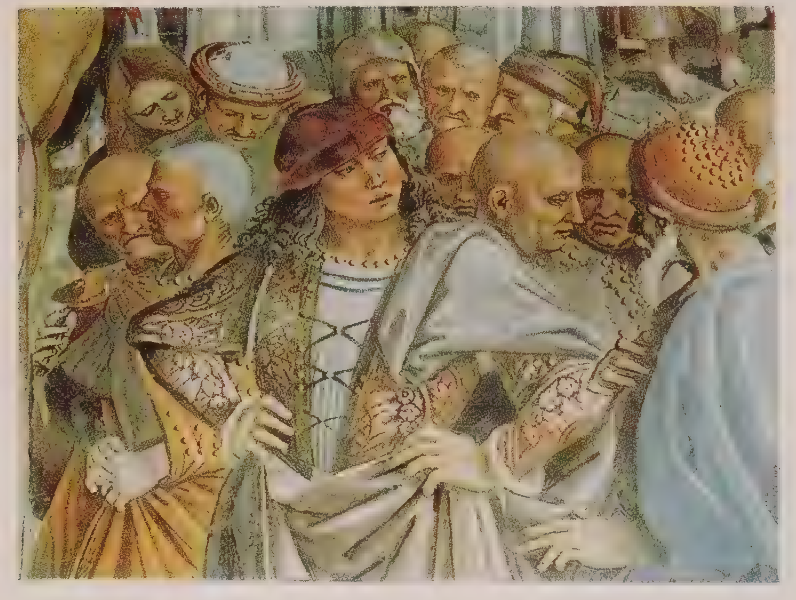
Signorelli was at the height of his powers when, in 1499—as the "famosissimus pictor in tota Italia"*—he contracted for 200 ducats to complete the ceiling frescoes of the Brizio chapel, left unfinished by Fra Angelico upon his death more than forty years earlier; and for 600 more ducats, plus lodging and two measures of wine and two quarters of corn per month, to paint the chapel walls. He proceeded to cover these walls with compositions of daring complexity, crowded with titanic figures that strain and writhe in every attitude of hope and aspiration, anguish and despair. Signorelli's passionate interest in human anatomy and the movement of the human body in space was highly typical of his time. The draped figures of the celestial choir, hovering over and summoning the elect to Paradise (above and details at left) by their music and their gestures, are variously posed to suggest the infinite flexibility of their bodies; and even the robust and muscled elect, poised as they are in their state of transcendent bliss, seem physically equipped to launch an assault on heaven itself. With the Renaissance, the body was no longer the prison of the soul, as it had been in medieval times, but an image of the inner, aspiring nature of man.*





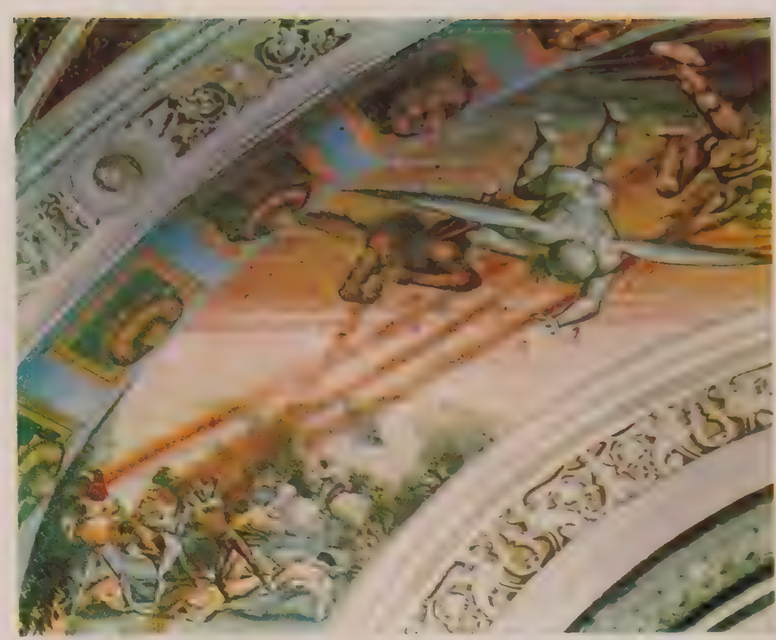


"AND MANY FALSE PROPHETS SHALL RISE..."

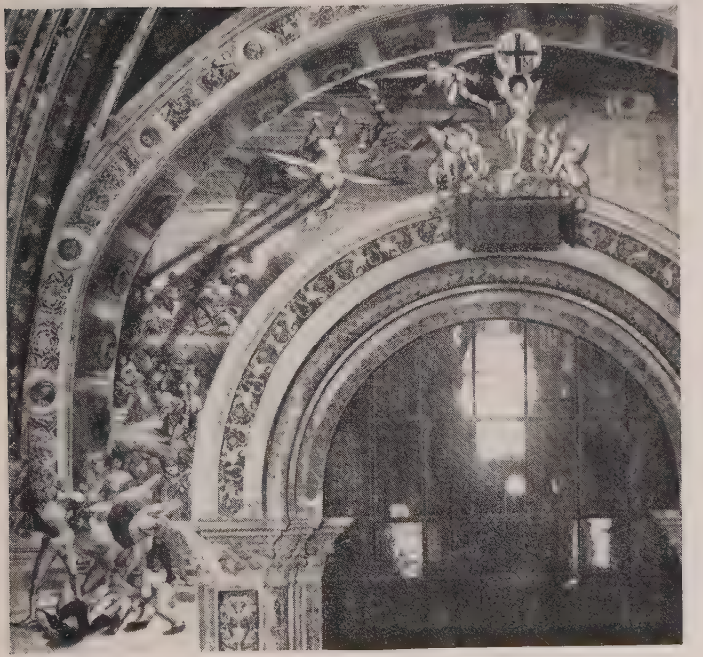


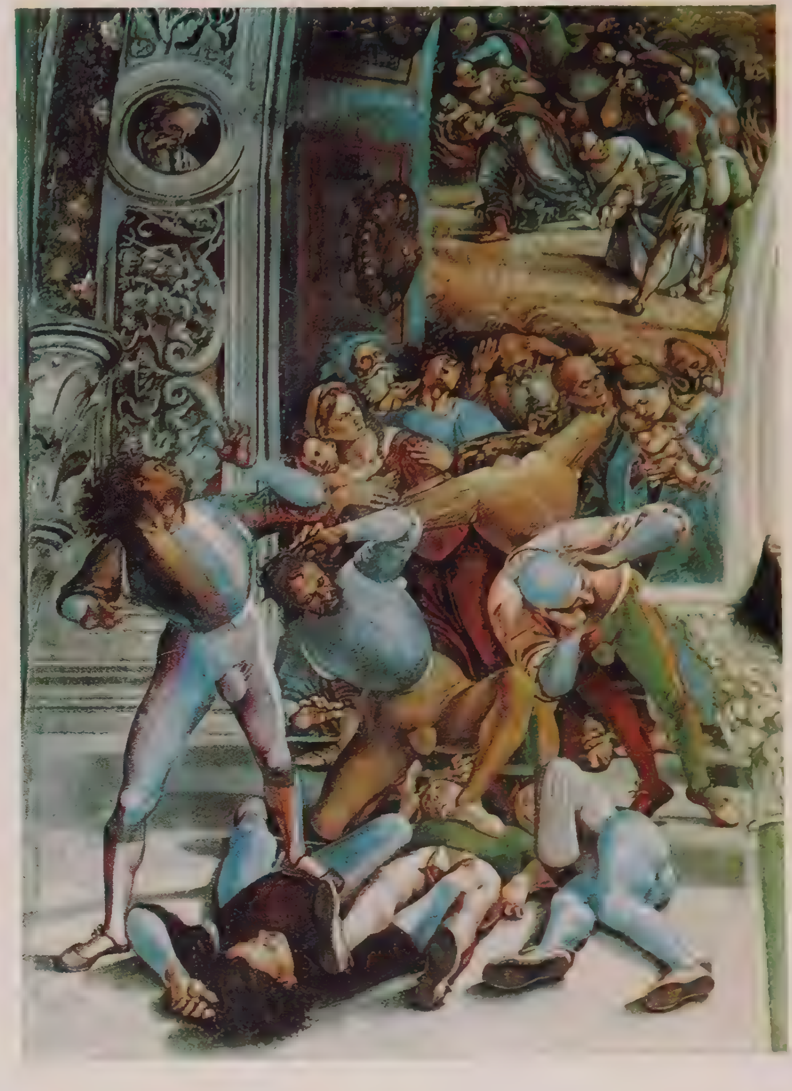
In the fresco depicting the troubled days preceding the Last Judgment (above) Signorelli combined episodes in the life of the Antichrist. In the foreground, prompted by the devil, he appears as a travesty of Christ preaching confusion to the worldly and the wicked. Among those who dispute his message in the right foreground, Signorelli has placed the profile of Dante (the sixth head in the upper row of the detail at left). Behind this group a monk reads from the gospel of Saint Matthew, foretelling the coming of the true Messiah. At the center of the composition the Antichrist performs a false miracle; at the far right, he supervises a gruesome execution; and, farther back, armed soldiers guard the profaned temple (detail above left). In the end the archangel Saint Michael hurls the false prophet from heaven and destroys his host of followers—while Fra Angelico and Signorelli, confident that good will conquer evil, witness the scenes of destruction from a vantage point at extreme lower left.

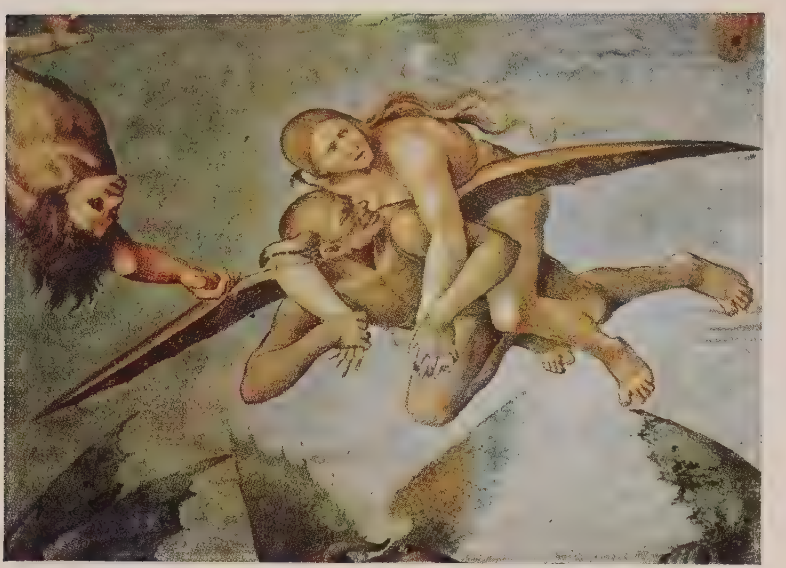
In Signorelli's representation of the end of the world, painted around the arched entrance of the chapel (below), naked angels with sharp-edged wings (detail at right), spew rays of scorching flame on the cringing wicked (detail below right), who flee in vain from this dreadful punishment, trampling on those already fallen in their agony. In their utter desperation these fulminati—*men struck by lightning—fall into every conceivable attitude to exercise the artist's skill in showing the human form foreshortened, contorted, and caught in violent movement, and to express every aspect of sudden terror and despairing guilt. Forty-odd years ago, Professor Frank Jewett Mather concluded that "no one is quite the same after a visit to the Chapel of San Brizio." Among others who have felt the impact of these visions was Michelangelo, who, it has been said, nourished his dream of a heroic world of majestic nudity on the Orvieto frescoes.*



THE DAY OF WRATH

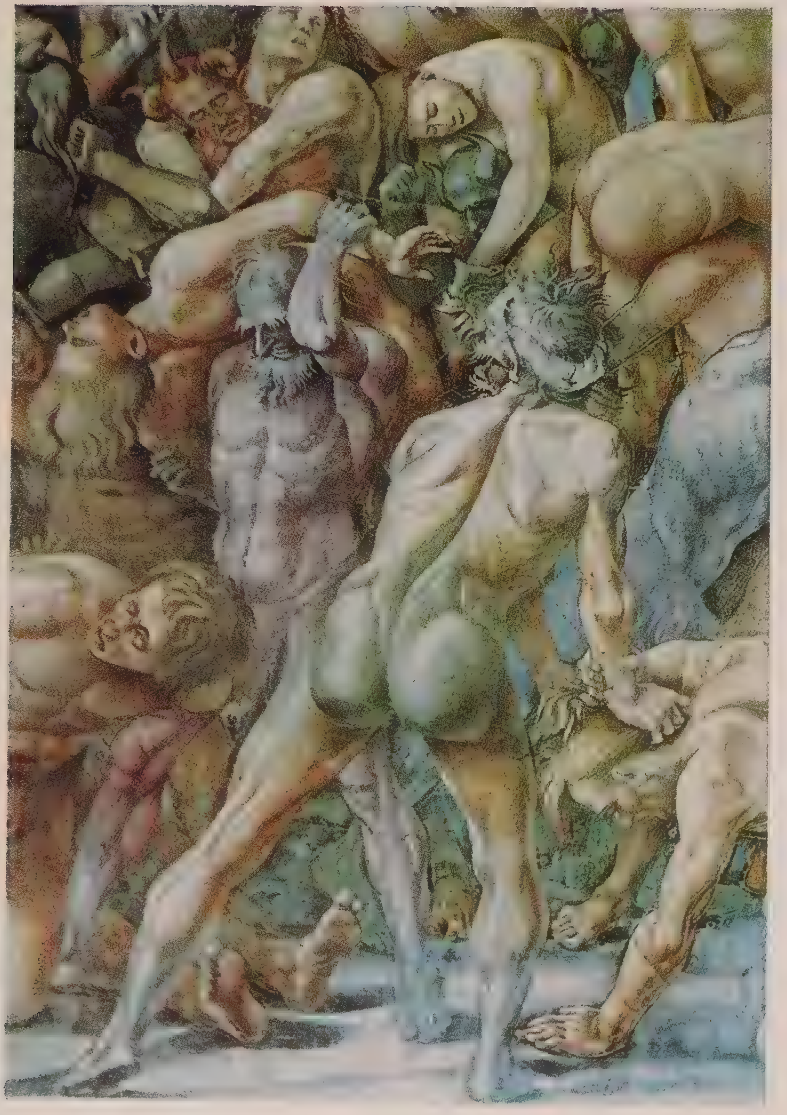


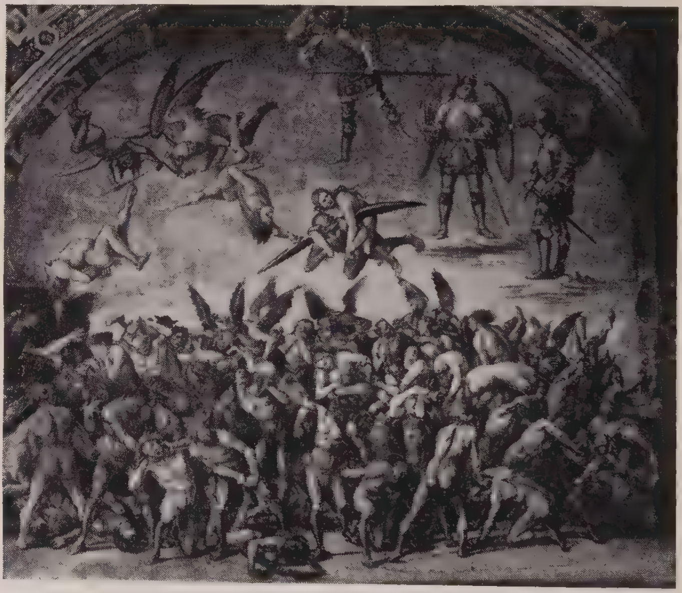


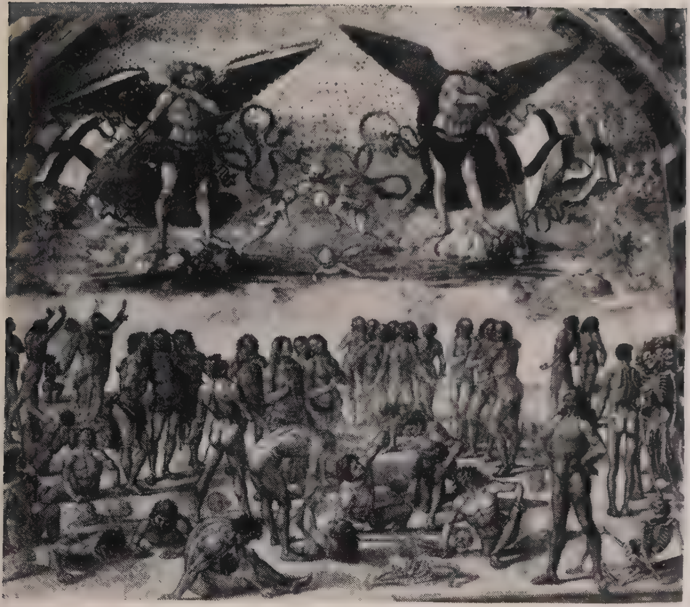


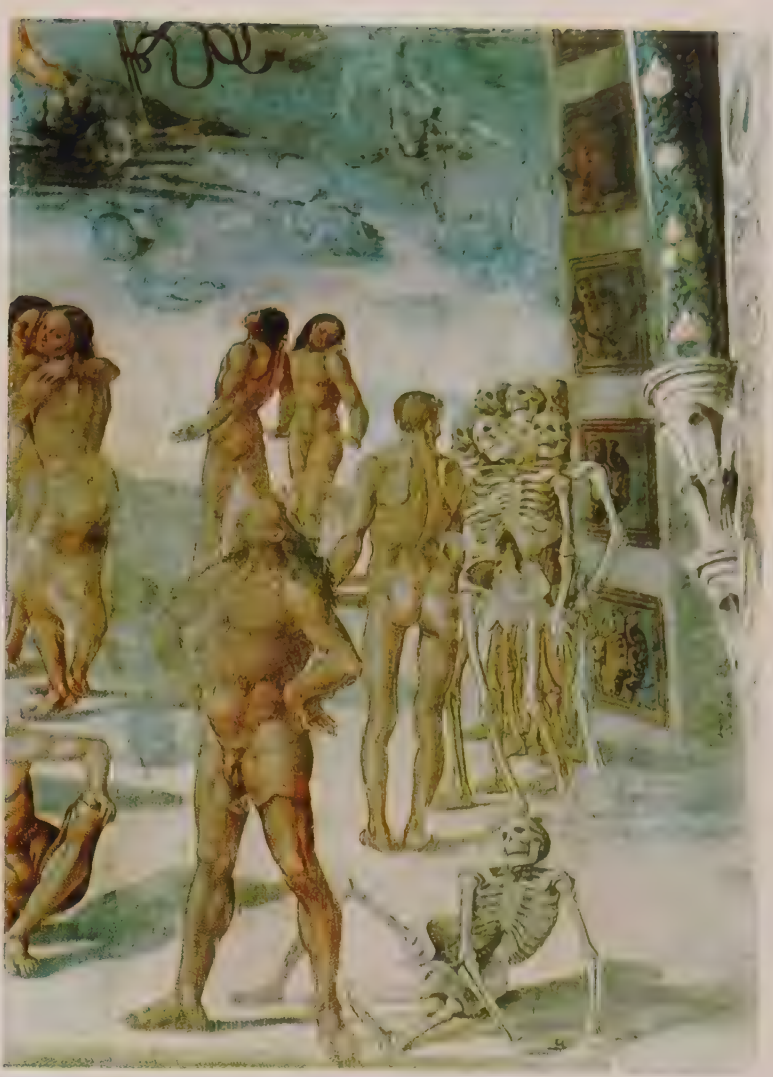
Signorelli's version of the damnation of lost souls (below) is the most complicated and awesome picture from his brush —and the most tragic. Three militant armor-clad angels watch justice take its course. For the rest, the pitiful damned spirits and their demonic tormentors of unearthly color (detail below left) tangle in a seething confusion of nude forms that seem almost flayed to display their muscles. But this is no medieval hell of grotesque and ugly monstrosities. Even in the face of unutterable tragedy "the damned retain their human dignity and the devils, too, are humanized; even in Hell, the Renaissance faith in man does not lose its force." Here Signorelli most obviously anticipates the work of Michelangelo, who, it is reported, borrowed the theme of a flying demon with a nude woman on his back (detail at left) for his own version of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

A VISION OF HELL



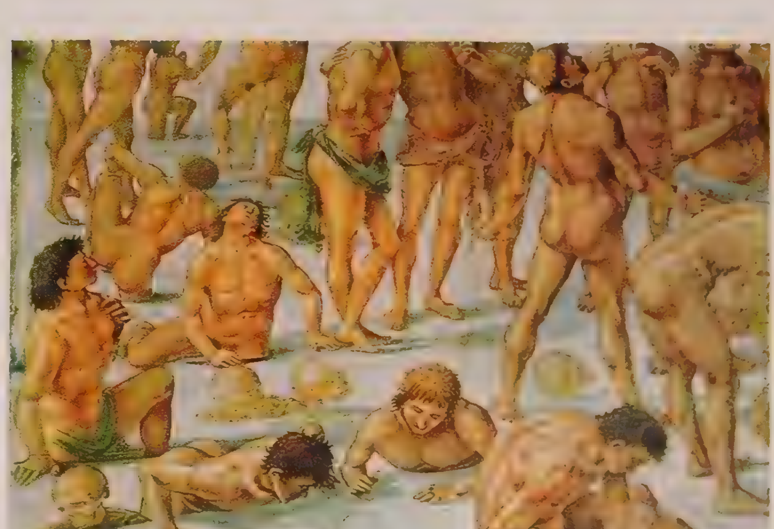






THE MOMENT OF DELIVERANCE

Signorelli's conception of the resurrection of the dead (above) is at once a matter-of-fact interpretation of the Book of Revelation and a great technical exercise in anatomical studies. Gigantic winged angels strain with all their obvious might to crack the earth with their trumpet blasts and, in the effort, to display their rippling muscles. In response to their summons, athletic nudes along with bare skeletal shapes struggle to hoist themselves from their shattered sepulchres toward deliverance (details in color). In their juxtapositions, the grinning skeletons explain the articulation of their robustly fleshed companions in grace. So relentlessly did Signorelli examine the anatomical elements that motivate human forms that, according to one probably apocryphal but highly suggestive legend, he even dissected the corpse of his own murdered son to satisfy his insatiable curiosity.



TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

Orvieto is set down in a smallish piazza surrounded on all sides by a close huddle of houses, it is impossible to take it in at a glance. One has to pore over it bit by bit, absorb it, so to speak, and early in the week or so that my wife and I stayed at Orvieto, I found the perfect place for that, in one of the restaurants diagonally facing it across the piazza. It was called, peculiarly, the Ristorante Cucina Tipica. I say peculiarly because the phrase "cucina tipica" is ordinarily used to announce that an eating place specializes in local or regional cooking, but it is used in connection with an eating place that already *has* a name (Ristorante Edouardo, Ristorante Gallina, or some such); and in this case the way of naming seemed to me to be an extreme expression of the reputation the Orvietans have throughout Italy for being down-to-earth, tough, and solidly matter-of-fact. The name of the house dog at the Cucina Tipica, by the way, was simply "Dog."

Matter-of-fact they may be, but the Orvietans cherish and adore their Cathedral, are fonder of it, more *at home* with it, one might say, than are the natives of any other cathedral city I can recall. Parisians pass Notre-Dame without a second glance. Chartres is too hoary, too venerable, to encourage intimacy. Milan, somehow, seems remote; one prefers the Galeria, with its cafés and music, across the way.

The Orvieto Cathedral, though, perhaps because of its fem-

Meanwhile,

generation

follows

generation

on the steps . . .

although

the lives of children

clearly

hang by a thread

inine qualities, appears maternal and certainly is approachable: all day long, from morning to evening, she has a brood of her citizenry, changing in one way, in other ways constant, clustered about her. And the Cucina Tipica, with its small unroofed *terrazzo,* provided an unhindered view both of the piazza and the soaring height of the Cathedral across the way. Since I stopped by there, during our stay in Orvieto, more or less at all hours—for an espresso or a cappuccino in the morning, after the flabby bread and weak coffee one got for breakfast at the hotel, for lunch frequently, and even oftener for dinner (and then how the Cathedral loomed, soared, and finally disappeared in the darkness above the street lights)—I had a chance to study the comings and goings of the people around the church. I even thought I detected a kind of daily rhythm in their movements.

I was never there very early in the morning. For one thing, I'm a late riser; for another, we were lazing in Orvieto, having spent a few strenuous weeks on the road elsewhere. But whenever I got there—eight thirty or nine, nine thirty?—there were always dozens of children around. It was summer, and school was out. They had plenty of time on their hands. But I still do not understand quite why they flocked to the Cathedral. Children do not congregate around Notre-Dame in Paris, or around the busy parvis of Rouen Cathedral. Yet there they were—and at all hours of the day—playing bounce-ball against the august

Age advances on the steps, with bread and wine when need be

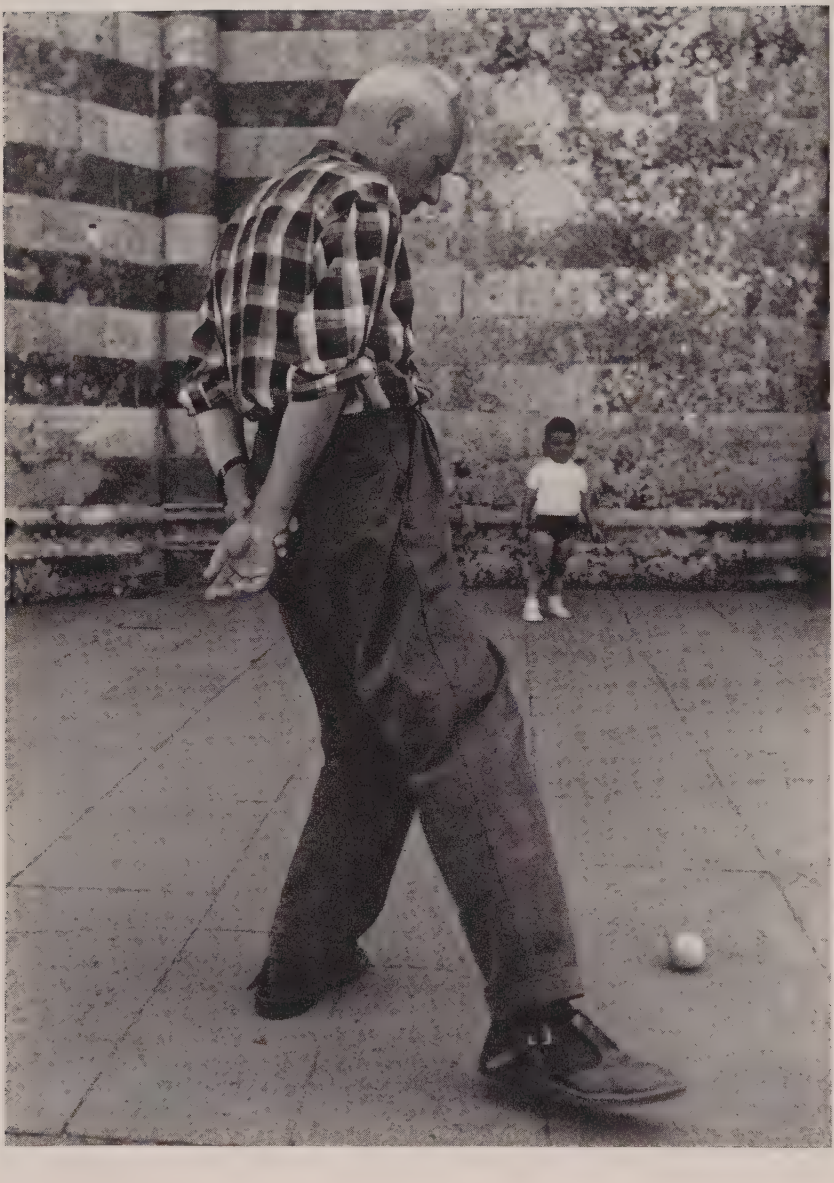
walls of the transept, kicking soccer balls back and forth on the cobbled area, tufted here and there with grass. This spot must have been a particular boon to the children; it formed a sort of ell, and a dead end at that, off the piazza, and so was practically free of traffic.

The church offered conveniences for the older folk as well. It is built on an enormous platform, with some seven or eight steps leading up all around it, from the level of the piazza to that of the entrances. Around ten o'clock in the morning the mothers appeared, with babies in arms or infants in carriages, and, a little later, men; men, in fact, did not appear in large numbers until afternoon, and then they predominated. Neither men nor women came to sun themselves; this was July, and no one but a madman would do that in Italy. They came to *shade* themselves, and since the Cucina Tipica stood catercorner to the façade and the west face of the nave, the best time to view the proceedings was in the morning, when that side was in shadow, and, of course, in the evening. After noon, when the shadow of the cathedral, like that of a giant sundial, shifted from west to east, the whole congregation moved over en masse to the east side, facing the papal palace, which by then would be in shadow.

There were differences in the disposition of the sexes, too. The women, I observed, lined up usually on the top level of the

platform, which was broader than the steps and so more suitable for the setting down of infants or the deployment of baby carriages. The men, more restless or possibly more self-conscious, tended to ramble. Idle men, a little sadly, are always plentiful in Italian towns. Not all of them are out of work, precisely. Italy has become the nation of "odd jobs," and a fair percentage of the men one sees on the streets or in the cafés have not one but two or three jobs, each for two or three hours a day: helping out during rush hour at the market, before that portering at the railway station, and so on. Between times, in most towns, they pass the time mainly at the local café, where they order an espresso or a Campari and then sit over it, listlessly, as long as the *padrone* will let them. And the café proprietors are remarkably lenient in Italy. They don't shove people around, they don't urge; there, a seat at a table is almost a public privilege —until a busload of tourists arrives, let's say, and then what snappings of napkins, what shooings-away, as the tables are cleared for the paying customers!

In Orvieto, though, there was the Cathedral, and the men made the most of it. Noontime and dinner time brought a general exodus. In Italy, as in the United States until a century or so ago, the midday meal is the main one of the day. After that, in the two hours or so of the siesta, things thinned out a little. Later still, in what is my own perhaps overromantic recollection,



Life is a game
till the end.
Mother church is
all things
to all people

came the lovers. They were scattered about, here and there, throughout the day. (I remember one couple who sat on one of the lower steps for hours, hand in hand, oblivious of all the gossiping and promenading going on around them.)

Evenings, though, they came into their own. Orvieto is not a late town; things close up fairly early there, and by the time we made our way home from the Cucina Tipica to our hotel—which would be around ten o'clock, for we lingered a while after dinner—shops, restaurants, even cafés, would be shut or being shuttered up, and the lighting along the way reduced to the spaced-out lighting of the street lamps. So it was in the Piazza del Duomo, except that there, still, in the same frosty illumination, lighting only the base of the soaring cathedral, one might see a young couple, or more than one couple, sitting on the steps or walking back and forth slowly, hand in hand, arm in arm, or, in the peculiarly possessive masculine Italian fashion, with the man's hand resting solidly on the girl's shoulder. The evening still was theirs.

Robert M. Coates, whose art criticism and short stories are well known to readers of The New Yorker, *is at present writing two books on Italy—one about Rome, another about the South. Northern Italy was the subject of his most recently published book,* Beyond the Alps *(William Sloan Associates).*

ART ON THE MOVE

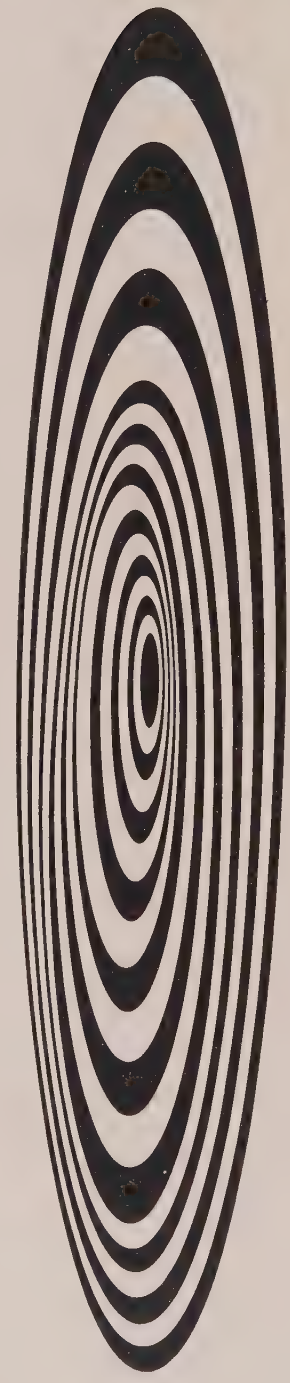
Art never stands still, and recently it has been on the move as never before—in a double sense. During the past several seasons abstract paintings, drawings, and prints have been featured whose static, precisely delineated images on flat surfaces trick the eye with an impression of perpetual change and motion. Ovals and circles seem to spin; rectangles of color alternately advance and recede in unstable relationships; straight or sinuous lines ripple, fuse, and separate into constantly shimmering patterns; images of one color are succeeded by afterimages of another, alternating in giddy pulsations; halations grow and spread from prescribed boundaries of pigment, to the confusion of any established design. The disturbed eye is led a wanton chase, even to the point of inducing vertigo. In contradiction to all logic and precedent this so-called optical, or retinal, art is deliberately made to be hard to look at.

A long and complicated genealogy might be charted for optical art. One very active living progenitor is Josef Albers, whose patient explorations into the endless mysteries of color squares within color squares have influenced scores of students at the Yale Art School and at large. On this and the following seven pages HORIZON reproduces a sampling of recent work in the genre. The artists represented are all included in the international exhibition "The Responsive Eye," which was organized this season by the Museum of Modern Art in New York and which displays the wide range of optical art as it is currently being practiced in the Western world.

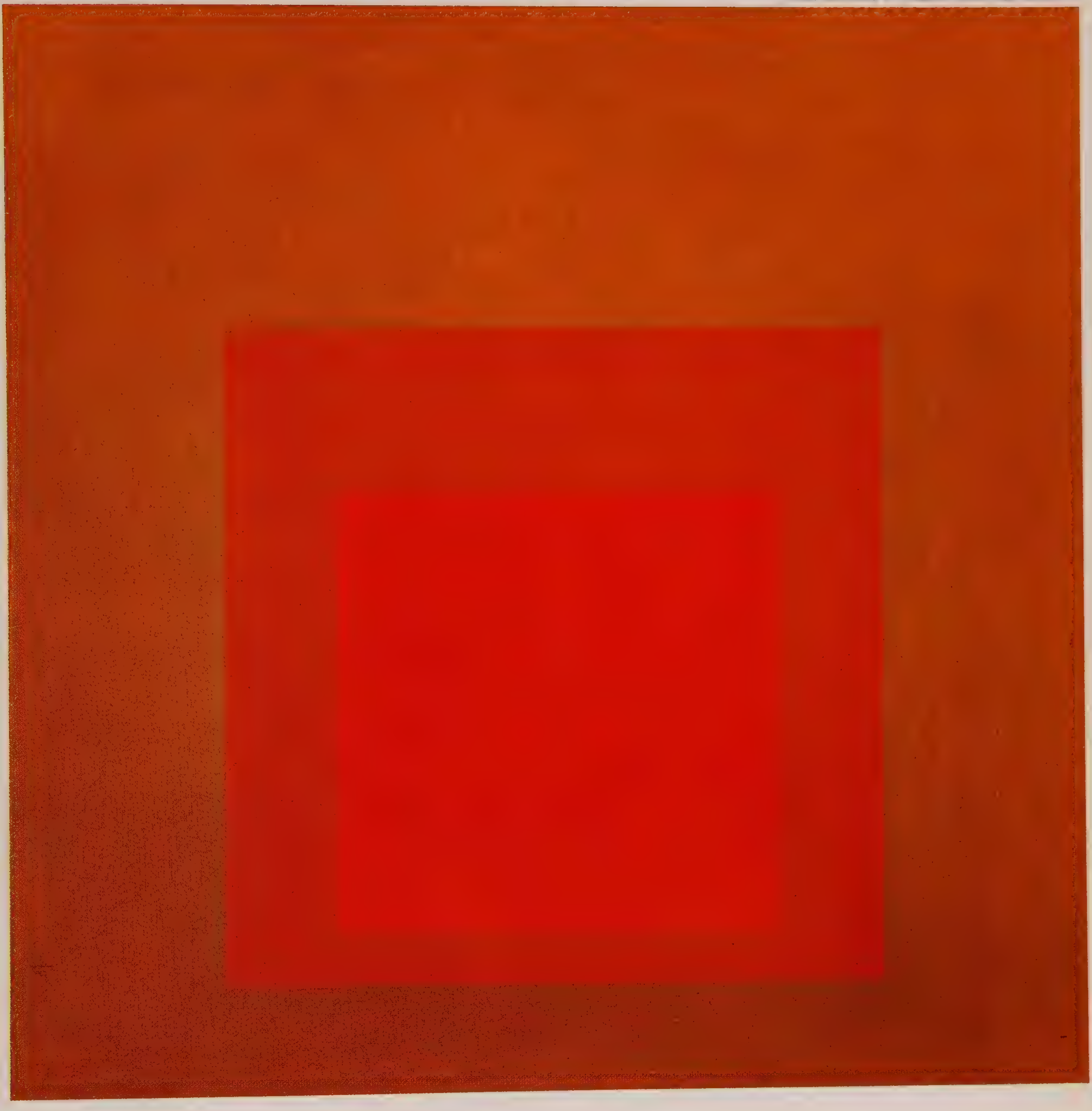
In theory there is nothing new in such illusionism. For more than a century scientists have been reminding us that the retina gives off luminous sensations of its own, and when the eye is provoked by certain combinations of forms or colors, this may lead us to see what is not there. And at least since the days of Seurat, Monet, and Cézanne, artists have been more or less consciously relying on such optical effects in projecting their images.

Since much earlier, of course, painters have been fooling the eye, by the use of color and perspective, into finding three-dimensional space on a two-dimensional surface. In optical art, however, perspective is reduced to a state of utter ambiguity; color becomes an absolute, divorced from its customary associations and relationships in the natural world. The artist leaves the eye to dance attendance according to its own inner lights, or to turn away if it must.

If the results remind us of optical charts and demonstrations in psychology handbooks, it is no wonder. These artists have isolated a small portion of the rich vocabulary of traditional painting for what might be considered intense and specialized laboratory testing. Their approach to such experiments may as often as not be intuitive or, indeed, random. But the questions remain whether this is a form of applied science or of aesthetic fiction, and whether it is a preoccupation with essentials or with incidentals. These are matters for speculation in more ways than one, for the public interest has been engaged and the art market has its own responsive eye to popular taste. In any event, these adventures in retinal art do reflect the need for change and action that seems so much a part of our times. And they do persuade us to see more than actually meets the eye.

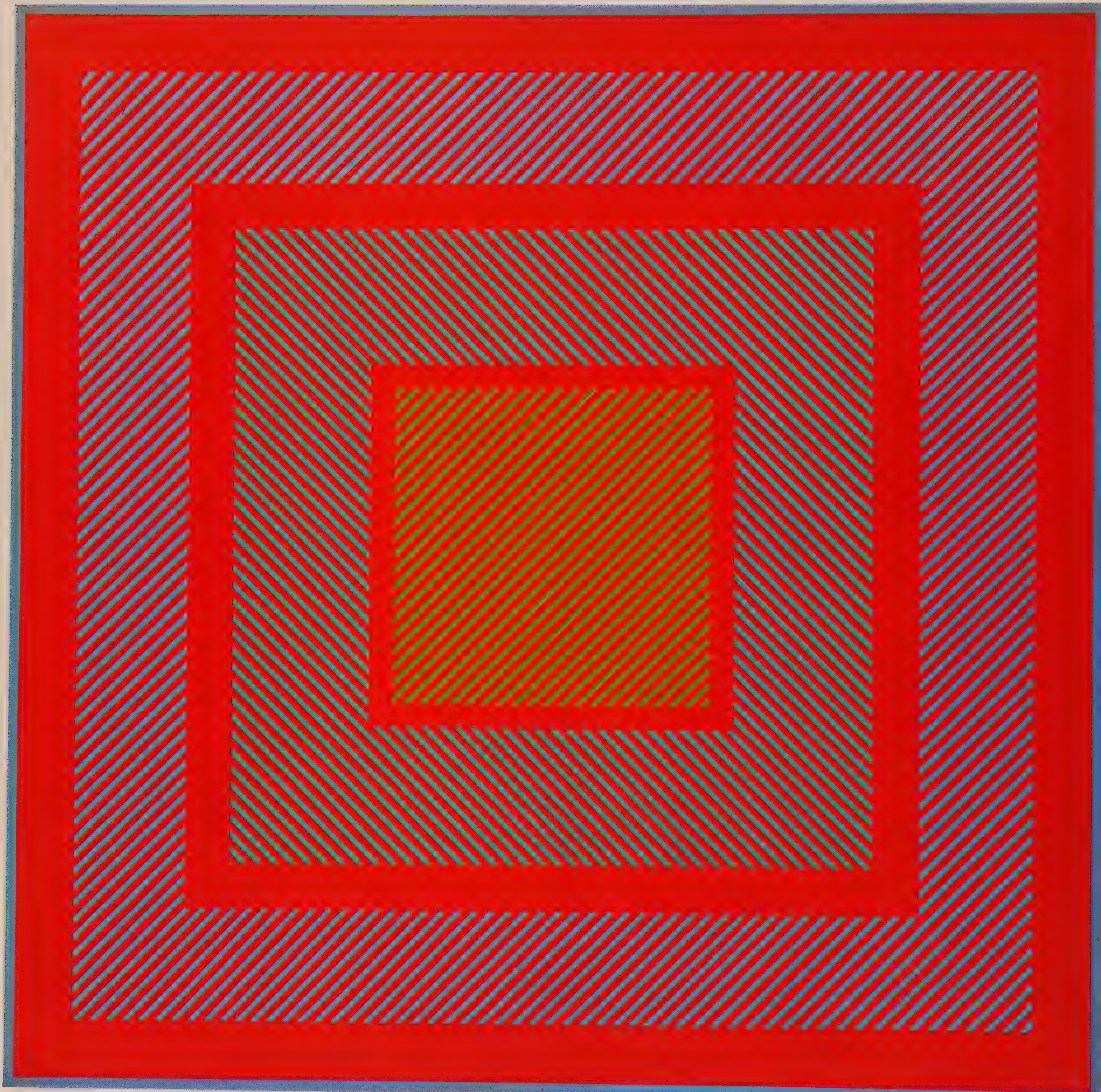


Bridget Riley: *Untitled*, 1964, 30 x 14⅛" (silk screen print)

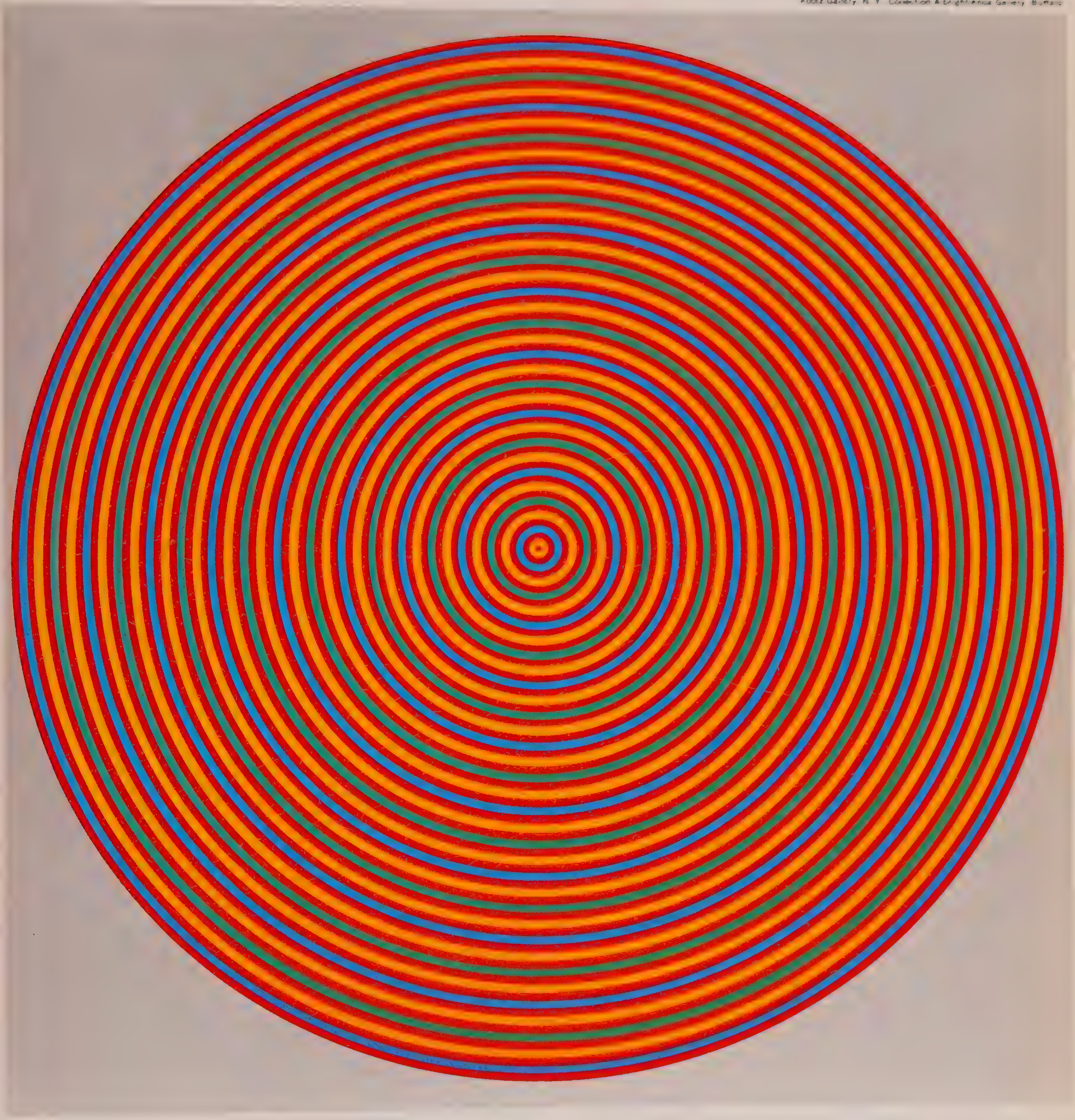


Josef Albers: *Homage to the Square: A Rose*, 1964, 30 x 30″

Yale University Art Gallery, gift of the artist under the Ford Foundation Purchasing Program



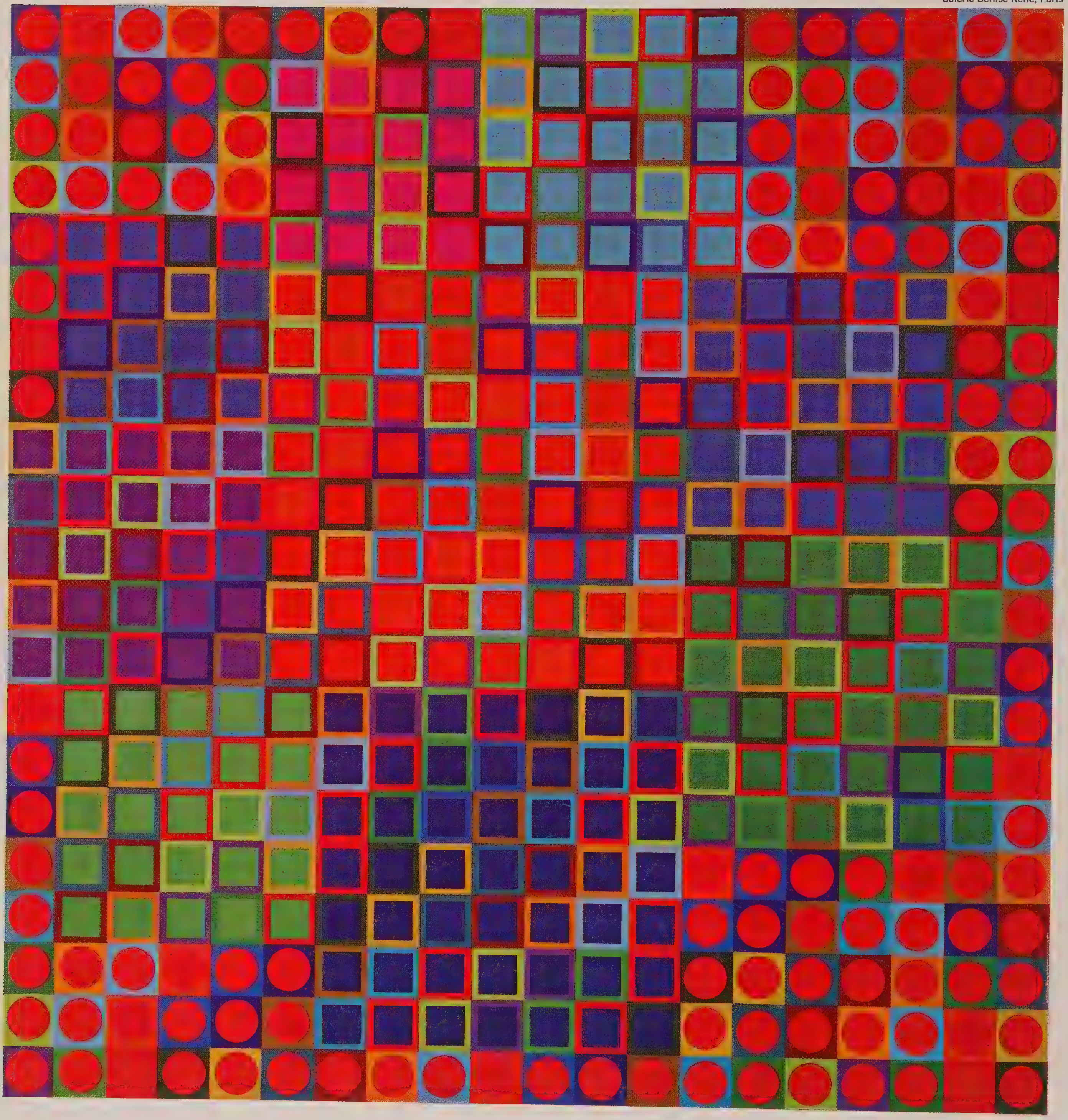
Richard Anuszkiewicz: *The Sounding of the Bell,* 1964, 48 x 48″



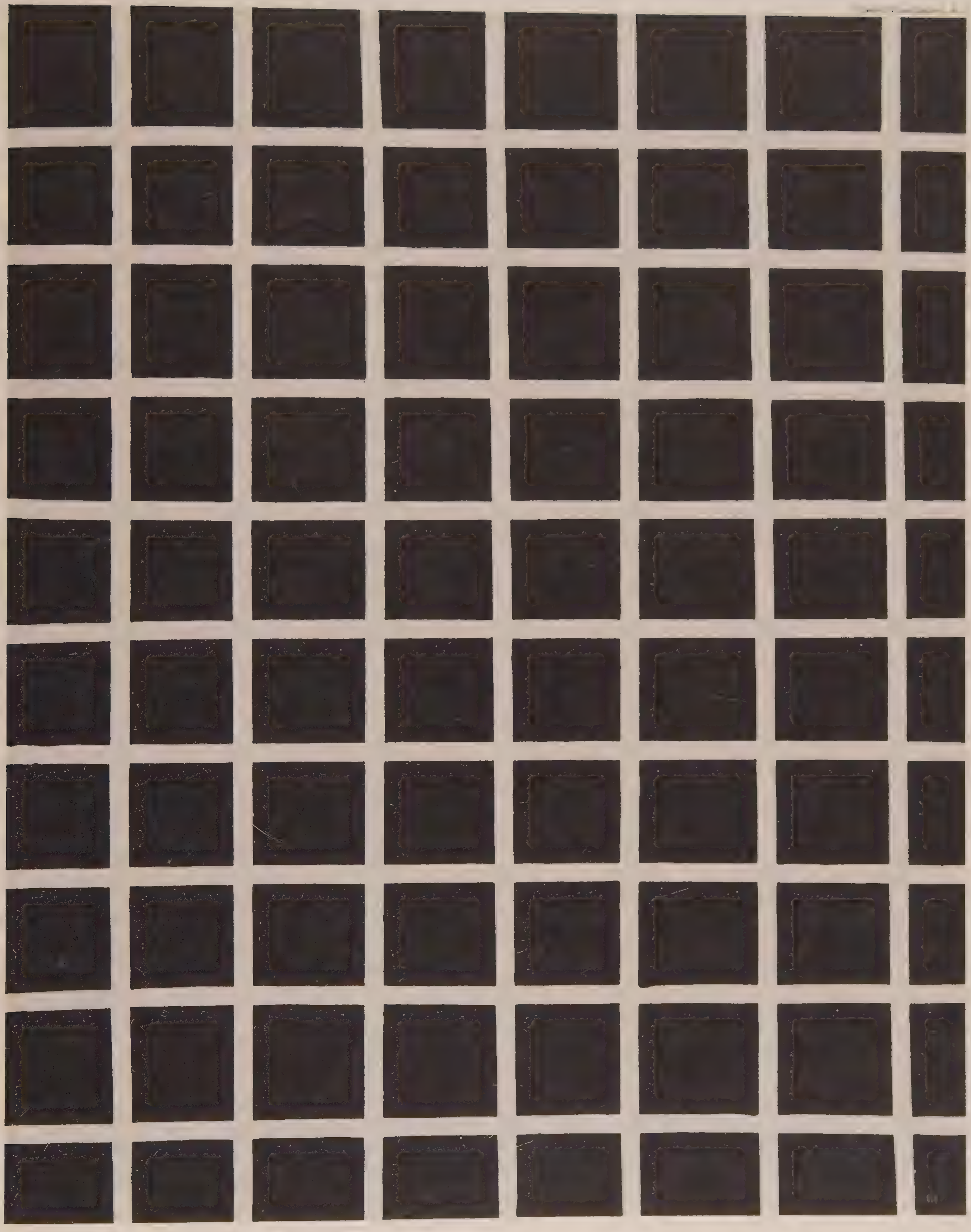
Kootz Gallery, N. Y. Collection Albright-Knox Gallery, Buffalo

Tadasky: *Untitled*, 1964, 46½ x 46½"

Galerie Denise René, Paris

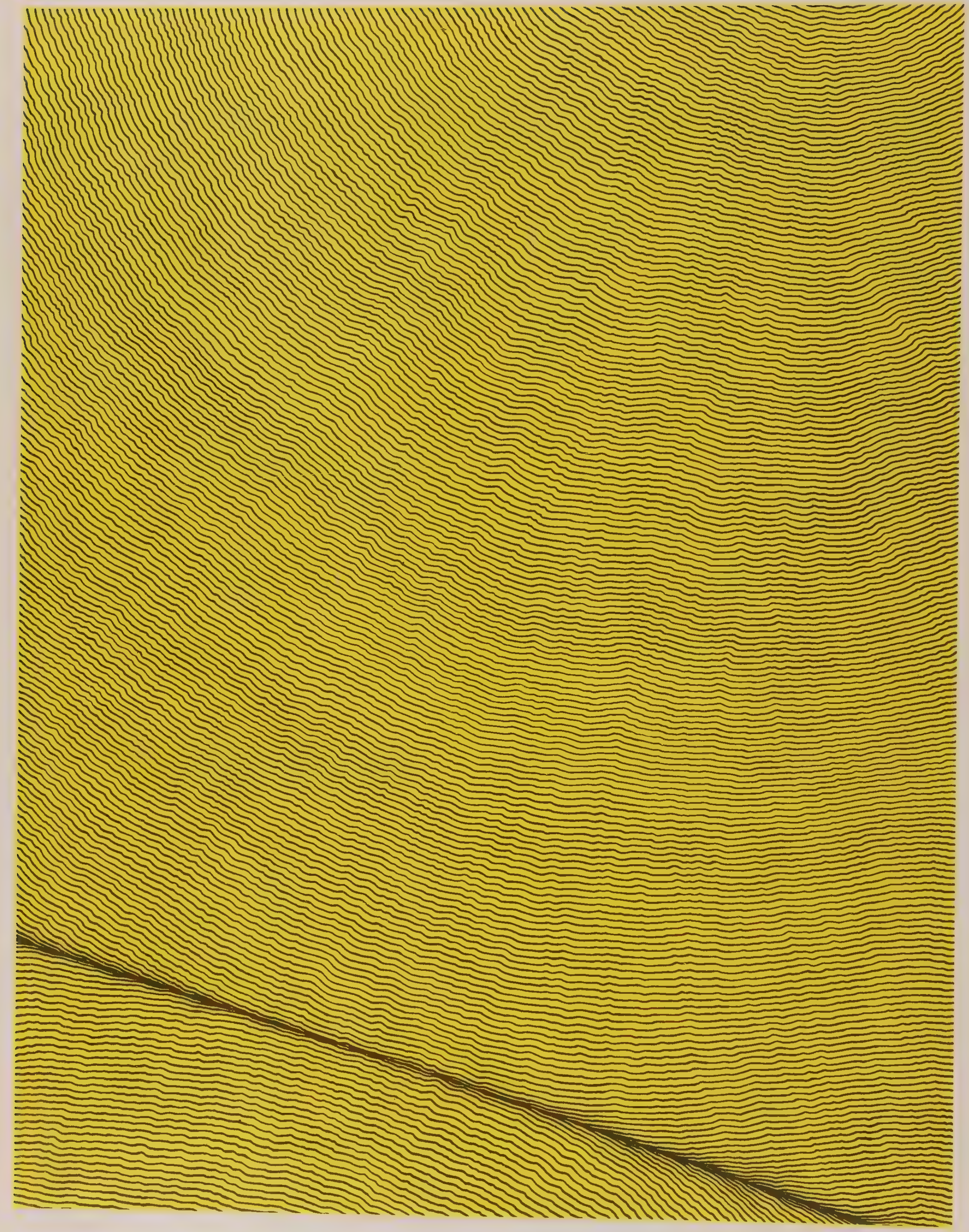


Victor Vasarely: *Matyo — 2,* 1964, 7 x 9½″

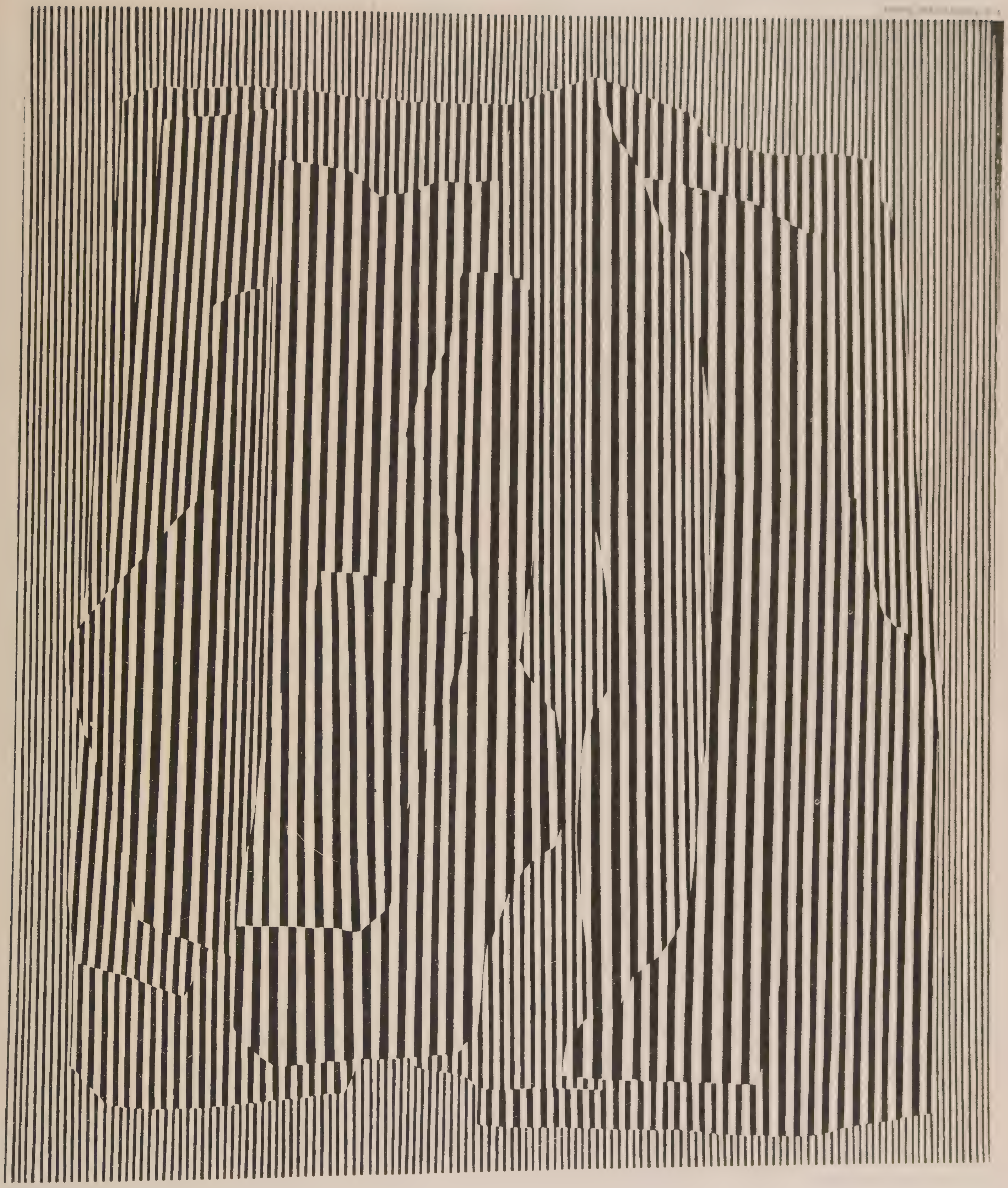


Bill Komodore: *Thousands*, 1964, 60½ x 50″

Martha Jackson Gallery, N. Y.



Henry Pearson: *Black on Yellow*, 1964, 86 x 68″



Julian Stanczak: *Gossip*, 1964, 64½ x 53½"

The yeti, or Abominable Snowman,
of the high Himalayas
is so retiring by nature
that no one has ever
been able to describe anything
about him except his
footprints. No one, that is,
except Sir Tashi,
the late ruler of Sikkim

SIR TASHI AND THE YETI

The very first time I saw the late Maharajah of Sikkim in his long stiff golden skirts, his short golden jacket and small natty cap of sable and brocade, I thought that he looked just as I had hoped, and precisely the way a royal Himalayan wizard should. Sir Tashi Namgyal, the Eleventh Consecrated Sovereign of the old Buddhist kingdom of Sikkim and famed authority on Tibetan demonolatry was, when I met him in the spring of 1963, an elderly semirecluse often referred to by his family as a "saint." Although he moved and spoke with pronounced, almost excessive quiet, there was about him an air of hidden reserve, not so much physical as psychic; a sprightly vigor that could, one sensed, be turned on and off at will. He was a small man and, judging from his face and hands—which were all of his body the thick brocaded garments permitted one to see—delicately made and fine-boned. His skin was the very palest beige, much lighter in tone than that of any of his children or grandchildren, and his long, lean jaw and high-bridged aquiline nose were curiously un-Asian; a throwback, perhaps, to the ancient Aryan aristocracy of northwestern India from which the Namgyals of Sikkim (via Tibet) are proudly descended.

To my surprise, at our first encounter and, indeed, at all subsequent ones, His Highness wore no jewels of any kind. I had been hoping to see on his headgear that "diamond as big as a star" noted many years ago on his predecessor's hat by an intrepid French explorer, Alexandra David-Neel, when en route through Sikkim to "impenetrable, secret, and forbidden Tibet" (which she managed, in due course, with the help of a Sikkimese interpreter, to explore rather thoroughly, disguised as a Buddhist lama). What had happened in the intervening decades to the starbright Namgyal jewel that so dazzled Madame David-Neel I did not learn during my recent Sikkim visit as a royal wedding guest. I only know that His Highness wore no gems of any kind, not even on the day his son married an American heiress who had just been graduated from Sarah Lawrence College.

But although the famous family diamond was missing from His Highness's hat, he did wear something equally dramatic in its way: a pair of extra large, very black sunglasses. The startling incongruity of these dark glasses worn with a costume straight from the era of Marco Polo, served to rivet a visitor's attention more compellingly than any diamond of whatever magnitude. I never saw the late Maharajah remove these glasses even at post-wedding balls when, from time to time, he would rise and gamely push towering Western ladies around the dance floor to the strains of a Calcutta jazz band imported for the week of nuptial festivities. It was said that his eyes had been seriously injured by an attack of snow blindness suffered in his youth while climbing the treacherous slopes of sacred Kanchenjunga, Sikkim's Guardian Deity. Age, it was claimed, had worsened the condition until now he had to protect his eyes from light even while in his studio painting mountain landscapes from memory.

Soon after first meeting His Highness I found myself questioning this pat official explanation. It occurred to me that such formidable spectacles could well protect him from all intrusions as effectively as the four-piece orchestra and private astrologer that accompanied him whenever he traveled away from his palace grounds. Was it not also possible that these opaque black lenses enabled him to look on at the passing show with more open curiosity than rulers of his exalted status usually permit themselves? And although it might be argued that a man who consorted intimately with palace ghosts and local demons could find little to interest him in the behavior of human beings—even those from foreign lands—my own private observations led me to suspect that this was in no way the case. A lively exchange I had with him on the subject of his periodic visits from the Abominable Snowman confirmed my initial suspicions once and for all. But the story of Sir Tashi and the *yeti*—to use the Sherpa's term for the legendary monster of the Land of Snows—should be told in chronological sequence. I must begin with the sover-

By NANCY WILSON ROSS

eign of Sikkim's alleged ability, upon occasion, to exert control over his kingdom's weather.

In recent years two of these special occasions of weather control have been reliably documented, and I myself witnessed the third. In 1956 Sir Tashi reportedly cleared the sky and rolled back the clouds from the face of Kanchenjunga in honor of a state visit from the now exiled Dalai Lama of Tibet. Again, in 1958, when Prime Minister Nehru paid a visit to this still independent principality on India's northernmost borders, Sir Tashi accompanied him to the top of the Natu Pass and there, for about half an hour, stopped a persistent cold foggy drizzle, presumably to permit His Excellency from New Delhi a clearer view of Chinese Red encroachments in Tibet. Finally, in March 1963, Sir Tashi was credited with holding the weather at a golden peak during six entire days for the convenience of the two hundred guests, of whom I was one, who had entered his mountain fastness by jeep, limousine, and helicopter to attend his son's wedding.

Since the Chinese Communist infiltration of Tibet it is not easy to gain access to Sikkim. All travelers must obtain Inner Line Permits from India (of which Sikkim is now a "protectorate") and accept strict regulations about their length of stay. On the best Indian advice I decided, therefore, to go into Sikkim early and stay as late as possible in the hope of seeing something of the country under normal conditions before and after the wedding frenzy. As a consequence of this fortunate decision I found myself installed in the capital at Gangtok several days before the rush of other guests began. This put me in a particularly good position to estimate the magnitude of the Maharajah's achievement in connection with the local weather.

During the week before the wedding the Gangtok climate was considered "normal" for the season. There were frequent cold, driving rains. There were two destructive hailstorms with stones as large as a maharani's pearls. There was even an earthquake—sharp but mercifully brief—in the middle of one dark night. All signs seemed to point to a sodden wedding day with disgruntled ladies in satin pumps stepping out of tents and bamboo huts into ankle-deep mud, protecting as best they could the floor-length gowns in which court protocol had requested them to appear on the astrological dot of 9:01 A.M. at the Maharajah's private place of worship, the *gompa* on the palace grounds.

From the very first morning of my arrival I had been leaping at dawn from my comfortable bed in the hope of catching a glimpse of elusive Kanchenjunga. While it was still dark a bearer, by prearranged signal, would tap at the door of my little hut and singsong something unintelligible through his chattering teeth. I would at once put my warmest coat over my flannel pajamas, wrap myself in an extra blanket, and rush up to the embankment behind the compound of bamboo dwellings called *bashas* that had been specially built for wedding guests of ambassadorial rank. (As official representative of the Asia Society of New York, I rated inclusion in this select society.) There, on the embankment, while a group of sentries in white dress bloomers, black-braided scarlet jackets, and jaunty straw hats adorned with the royal crest and peacock feathers, snappily changed guard, I would scan the western sky for a sight of distant snowcaps. Only once did I catch a teasing glimpse of a long line of sunlit pink and crystal peaks, as gloriously unreal and evanescent as a mirage. But almost before I could exclaim aloud, a giant hand pulled a swift gray curtain across the dazzling sight.

My companion each morning at this disappointing rendezvous was the Nepalese-Sikkimese gentleman who had first informed me that even in bad weather Kanchenjunga could sometimes be seen just as dawn broke. His name was Jimmy Thapa. He was Sikkim's expert on hybrid maize, and he spoke fluent colloquial English learned at an Australian agricultural school. Thapa had been born with the gift of natural tact and this, plus the kind of Luther Burbank patience necessary for experimental work with plants, had made him the Palace Wedding Committee's unanimous choice for major-domo of the *basha* compound. No wedding guest whom Thapa served in this capacity will ever forget his countless courtesies, among which I must surely name those chilly pre-breakfast watches for a glimpse of one of the world's highest and most spectacular mountains.

Every morning as we descended, unrewarded, from the embankment for our cup of early tea, Thapa would say in a consoling voice, "Never mind, ma'am. You'll see the whole range before you go." At about the fourth repetition of this remark I inquired in an offhand way just when he thought that would be. He stunned me by answering without any hestitation, "On the day of the wedding. Weather is sure to be perfect on the twentieth." I glanced sideways at him. He did not seem to be joking—or was he? His face wore a tentative half-grin as if he was prepared for skepticism on my part and would suit his manner to whatever response I made. I tried to sound properly casual as I asked, "How can you be so sure of that?" "Because," he said, "the Maharajah will lay it on." I looked him full in the face. He let his grin widen a little but he did not retreat. "You'll see," he said, not aggressively, just very firmly. "He knows the right prayers and rituals to bring out Kanchenjunga." Then he added, "After all, it *is* his mountain, you know."

I did know, for I had read every word to be found in print about Sikkim before I left New York. Not only is Kanchenjunga Sikkim's personal Guardian Deity and the Great Snow of the Five Treasures, but it ranks next to Everest and K2 in altitude and inaccessibility. Part of a mighty range bearing the same name, its lower slopes have served for years as a training ground for Everest aspirants. Because of the proprietary rights to Kanchenjunga inherent in the title of Maharajah of Sikkim, Sir Tashi had been quite within his province when he requested the British climbers who made the successful ascent of its tricky peak in 1955 to kindly refrain from walking the last five feet of its 28,208-foot summit. This was by way of showing proper deference to the divinity of the mountain. His request—which amounted tacitly to a royal command—was, although singular, not without precedent. In 1929 the Dalai Lama had closed Mt.

Everest to all climbers for three years because a series of near accidents and losses of life indicated to him undue disturbance of this rival mountain's reigning spirits.

Jimmy Thapa's prophecy about the weather on the twentieth of March came true in every respect. The day of the wedding in Gangtok dawned gloriously fair, and for six memorable days the breath-taking beauty of Sikkim shone forth for all to see. The immensely high, minutely terraced blue hillslopes that ring the capital city plunged down thousands of feet to bright threads of river marking the implausible depths of green valleys where, at other seasons, Sikkim's hundreds of varieties of butterflies embroider the soft air. Everywhere, on tall bamboo poles, white prayer flags relayed their block-printed messages to winds that were deliciously warm and light. Tibetan ladies in rainbow-striped woolen aprons, with black braids worn to their hipbones or curled under tilted Homburgs (imported long ago from Europe, I was told), walked twirling their prayer wheels in the balmy air in the company of rakish gentlemen in long black boots. The dignified aristocrats from the inaccessible court of Bhutan entertained in perfect comfort in their lavishly painted, luxuriously furnished tents, and elegant society ladies from steamy-hot Calcutta dared go forth in backless saris of the sheerest silk chiffon. Most important of all, just as Thapa had promised, sacred Kanchenjunga obliged all photographers—amateur as well as professional—by appearing in full, glittering splendor for hours on end.

Sir Tashi's success with the weather (in which he was said to be aided by two gifted lamas) persuaded me that in spite of his crowded social calendar, and the presence of any number of guests who outranked me, I must somehow contrive to talk with His Highness privately. I had, as a matter of fact, promised Mr. William O. Douglas of the United States Supreme Court that I would, if possible, continue with Sir Tashi a conversation that the Justice had had on a brief visit to Sikkim some years before. During this audience Mr. Douglas had inquired of the Maharajah if he had ever, by any chance, laid eyes on the Abominable Snowman. "Oh, yes, regularly," Sir Tashi had replied with unruffled calm, and when his guest, somewhat taken aback, had inquired "Where?" the old Maharajah answered, as airily as if speaking of a family croquet match, "Right on the palace lawn." An interruption of some sort had prevented Mr. Douglas from pursuing any further the fascinating subject of intimate encounters with the mythical Himalayan ape man. He had been wondering ever since just what His Highness had really meant. I told him I would try to find out.

The interview I managed to get with the Maharajah was arranged for me by one of his daughters, the handsome, worldly, and efficient Princess Pema Tsedeun, known to her friends as Co Coo La, with whom one morning, right after breakfast, I had jeeped down to visit a Tibetan refugee camp. The Princess, who is married to a former Tibetan noble now exiled from his homeland—as are countless thousands of his fellow countrymen—visits the refugee camp every morning in all weathers. For the occasion, on the day I accompanied her, she had dressed herself in several long full skirts of dark twill cut after a Florence Nightingale pattern, a bulky army-style jacket of tufted khaki, and high leather boots. In spite of this cumbersome attire and her dignified bearing Co Coo La could drive her jeep over Gangtok's winding roadways with a casual but breath-taking undergraduate skill.

At some point during this early morning visit to the refugees I told the Princess that I was particularly interested in modern painting and very keen on seeing some of her father's work, about which I had heard such interesting reports. "I'm sure Daddy will be delighted to have you come to his studio," she said in her charming soft English. "I'll speak to him about it." Then she added, "Of course he isn't altogether a modern, you know. Not like Picasso or anyone of that sort." I assured her that this in no way affected my interest, and a day or two later word was sent that His Highness would receive me in his atelier.

The plain room in which Sir Tashi did his painting was on the ground floor of the Namgyals' hilltop palace, itself a singularly unimposing oversized bungalow kind of edifice distinguished only by a little bright Sikkimese decoration around the eaves and windows, and crimson geraniums blooming on every sill and doorstep. Sir Tashi, however, was resplendent in his golden robes of antique brocade. He was also wearing the large dark glasses. His head was bare, and I had my first chance to observe the extremely delicate modeling of his lean skull, over which thinning white hairs had been carefully brushed.

Although Sir Tashi's hands appeared, on close view, to be somewhat twisted with arthritis, this obviously did not prevent him from painting with the same kind of acute joy attributed to Renoir as an old and crippled man. The Renoir comparison might, however, be misleading, for the subject matter of these two distinguished elderly painters—with one notable exception—could hardly have been more dissimilar. Renoir, up to the very last, was happily painting those rosy buttocks, rubbery pink bosoms, and ample thighs that had always given him such exquisite pleasure as a young man. Sir Tashi, on the other hand, was reproducing from memory the cold mountain lakes, milky glaciers, and sun-touched icy peaks of the magic land of Northern snows he could no longer visit.

Some people have described Sir Tashi as "remote," "abstract," "somewhere off on a cloud," not seeming to hear or see what was happening around him. He made quite an opposite impression on me the day of my visit to his studio. Like any gracious host he walked with me past his canvases, which were all done in a bold semirealistic style with intense blues and sharp greens, the mountains and lakes starkly outlined, the sunlit snows as brilliant as life. He told me he painted straight from the tubes, and never bothered to mix his colors. He also said—though I had not inquired—that none of his paintings was for sale, "not for a million lakhs"; he did them solely for his own pleasure.

In the sky above several of the mountain scenes and above a feminine deity holding a lotus in one hand and in the other the traditional Tibetan thunderbolt, His Highness had painted some curiously precise rainbow circles and ruler-straight bands of color. I commented on these arbitrary designs and ventured to remark that I had seen something similar in the ceremonial paintings of certain Southwest American Indians. Sir Tashi appeared to listen with interest, and, before I could ask him what these circles and bands represented in his own work, he volunteered, "They are gods." I felt he wanted to say more on the subject but did not quite know how to. His English was good, though a little stilted and halting; occasionally, too, he mumbled as if deliberately smothering his remarks.

I was anxious not to seem too curious for fear he might become guarded, and with the important question about the *yeti* still to be broached, I dared not pursue the matter of the mysterious circles and bands any further. After I left Sikkim, however, an American student of esoterica to whom I had described Sir Tashi's paintings sent me a book called *The Kingdom of the Gods*. It was the recent work of an Englishman who claims the power to see definite concentrations of "invisible" energies emanating from plants, trees, mountain peaks, the waves of the sea. These spirit emanations were illustrated in the book in various forms under such names as "A Lord of the Pines," "A Tree Spirit," and "A Deity of Tree Ferns." Many of them were accompanied by rainbow-colored auras and aureoles distinctly like those the Maharajah had painted. One illustration in particular, "The God of a Snowclad Range," could quite easily have come from the hand and brush of the monarch of Sikkim.

It was not until we had made a circuit of the studio and were turning back toward the entrance that I found an opportunity to extend Mr. Justice Douglas's most respectful greetings. When Sir Tashi had politely thanked me and sent his greetings in return, I gathered my courage and went on to say that Mr. Douglas had suggested I inquire about His Highness's familiar acquaintance with the Abominable Snowman. Was it true that he regularly saw this mythical mountain creature for whom so many intrepid Himalayan climbers have searched in vain?

For the first time during this interview Sir Tashi gave me an abrupt, piercing glance. In spite of the thickness of his protective dark lenses I caught the full force of a directly focused interest. Later I was to remember that penetrating glance when pursuing a little further the mystifying subject of the Abominable Snowman, in conversation with the Princess Co Coo La. "Papa liked you very much," she said to me, and then added with significant emphasis, "He always knows when people believe him."

This was the moment, apparently, when I passed muster with Sir Tashi, although at the time I was not aware of it, for after that one sharp, searching glance he turned his head to one side and said nothing. The silence in the studio was nerve-racking, but I did not feel that it was my place to break it. Finally, in a very quiet, matter-of-fact tone, His Highness replied to my question, "Oh, yes, to be sure, I still see the *yeti*." He paused, raised his voice a fraction and added very clearly and unmistakably, "He visits me on the twenty-ninth of the month. Every month. Right here in the palace." After another short pause he concluded, still very quietly and clearly, but now with the almost paternal air of one deciding to share a special secret with a child, "Only *this* month he will be coming on the twenty-sixth."

I did a hasty computation. The twenty-sixth was the last day of the wedding festivities. I would still be in Gangtok. I must admit that a slight chill passed through me at this piece of information, a chill communicated at least in part by a painting I had noticed just inside the studio door as I entered; one to which His Majesty had made no reference of any kind. It was one of only two paintings in the whole lot that showed human figures—if human they could be called. The other was the goddess with the lotus and the thunderbolt. In the somewhat startling canvas near the door a coal-black masked demon was to be seen carrying off toward distant snowcapped peaks a naked lady whose pink skin and blonde hair plainly indicated a Caucasian origin.

After his statement about a change in the *yeti*'s visiting date the old Maharajah conveyed the impression that he expected me to carry our conversation to its next phase. Perhaps it was the painting of the black demon and the naked lady that inspired me to ask if his monthly visitor came in "different disguises." For the second time I received, through those protective black lenses, a sharp glance. I had for a moment the heady feeling that my last question had pleased His Highness. I even imagined he gave me a half-nod of approval before he replied, "Oh, yes. Quite! Sometimes he comes as a black demon." He paused effectively. "Sometimes in golden armor." Again he seemed waiting for me to carry on. "Does anyone else see him except you?" "Only two lamas." I wanted desperately to ask if these were the same two lamas who assisted him in controlling the weather on important occasions, but since there was something else I wanted to know even more, I took a breath and inquired, as casually as I could, "Are these the same two lamas who must pray continuously for the salvation of the world?" This was another "true" story I had been told by a palace intimate, an attractive British wedding guest who was a close friend of the Namgyal princesses. She assured me it was well known to all that two Sikkimese Buddhist lamas unceasingly prayed for humanity, and if one of them stopped for so much as a moment, a sharp clicking sound was plainly heard in His Highness's private quarters. At once an aide was sent forth to discover what had happened to the lama to make him break his strict ritualistic exercises.

As soon as I asked the question about the dedicated praying lamas, I knew I had somehow muffed it. Had I intruded beyond my place, or my depth? Had I introduced a subject of another order altogether? Sir Tashi gave me no clue. He only acted as if he had not heard, or understood, what I had said. Then, after a moment, he began to mumble. He did not look away—quite the contrary—he stared straight at me as he began a half-articulate account of how a palace servant—or was it a local farmer?—had been carried off by the *yeti*; how a search had been organized; how a party of expert climbers had gone into the high, dangerous mountains; how there, after days of search, they discovered the dreaded creature's enormous, strangely formed footprints in the snow and then, a little farther on, found the poor abducted chap on a lonely hillslope with the *yeti* seated above him "chin on knees" (I had an immediate vision of Rodin's baffled and burly *Thinker*) contemplating his captive, who was "digging in the ground and eating earthworms." These last words were quite distinct. His Highness amplified them by making a gesture toward his lean cranium which plainly indicated "lunacy."

Now I was completely at sea. Was *I* perhaps the lunatic? I decided to play the only role left to me; that of a wondering child. I opened my eyes wide and permitted myself to look alarmed. "Has he ever been rough with you—the *yeti*?" I asked. I could have sworn he started to give me a grin that he forcibly checked. "Sometimes," he mumbled. "Once he seized me by the shoulder," and Sir Tashi took some of the cloth of his golden jacket between this thumb and forefinger and gave it a series of brisk tweaks. "And once or twice," he added—and at this he glided toward me very quietly and swiftly with a long rachitic forefinger alarmingly extended—"he has done this," and he thrust that imperial finger into my cashmere pullover at just about the third rib on the right side and gave it a sharp circular twist. The movement was not only unexpected, it was distinctly painful. I jumped back. I couldn't help it. I seem to remember that I exclaimed "Mercy!" Recovering as quickly as I could and moving to a safer distance, I managed to squeak, "And what do you do then?" His voice took on the tone of an old British nanny. "I say, come, come now, that's enough of that!" He made shooing motions in the direction of the windows that overlooked the palace grounds. "Then he leaves."

I cannot remember how I made my own departure, but I do remember waiting alone in the palace drawing room for transportation down the hill. I sat nervously looking around at the magnificent old Tibetan religious hanging scrolls called *tankas* wishing that I knew a great deal more than I did about the iconography of the ancient Bon religion of Tibet. Those "mystic" meals of corpses, for instance, what did they symbolize, or those weird disciple ships on the so-called "Short Path" where the acolyte's *guru* provides him with the most fearsome opportunities to rid himself forever of the fear of demons, real or imagined? Tied to a rock or a tree through a long, cold Himalayan night, the disciple must deliberately call up such monstrous powers as the ferocious *Towos* whom *tanka* painters so love to portray fiendishly devouring human brains. The brain! Aha! Was there here, perhaps, some psychological clue, could one but put it into our terms? And was there something also, vital to understanding, to be grasped from the inevitable central composition

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of these surrealistic paintings; that recurrent theme of perfect order and discipline, composure and control, expressed in classic mandala form, with the Presiding Deity depicted in a pose of serene Enlightenment, quite oblivious to the scenes of insanity and horror surrounding him in the rest of the picture space?

I gave up looking at the *tankas* and stared instead, for rather a long time, at a pot of the fabulous orchids for which Sikkim is as famous as it is for its butterflies. Waxily unreal, pale mauve in color, this particular species was erupting with mad extravagance from an inadequate bowl onto a circular golden table whose supports were four gold-painted replicas of human skeletons. Out the window I could see, from the comfortable overstuffed chair I had chosen, a certain undecorated tree near the main ceremonial tent in which the wedding reception, and all other festivities, had been held. This was the only tree in the palace compound that had been left untrimmed. I had inquired about this conspicuous neglect and finally got an answer from the invaluable British lady who knew the Namgyals so well. She replied crisply that it had not been decorated "because an old man lived in it who did not take kindly to being disturbed." She had gone on in her high-style staccato tones, "I'm glad to see you didn't laugh. It's easy to make fun when you first visit Sikkim and hear these strange tales, but the oftener you come the harder it is to disbelieve. Of course I'm convinced there are palace ghosts. One is an old lama who was murdered for his jewelry. He's harmless, but others are dangerously violent. Sir Tashi does his best to keep them all under control. It must be extremely taxing to be a demonologist in the Himalayas. But to go back to that undecorated tree. One day one of the Western-educated Dorjé family from Bhutan said, 'Oh, what bloody nonsense! There's no old demon in that tree,' and he went up and gave the trunk a good hard kick with his boot. The next morning his whole foot and leg were alarmingly and painfully swollen. They remained so for some time. Everyone said, 'Well, what did he expect? After all he should have shown proper respect even if he had been influenced by all that Western scientific hocus-pocus.' "

I saw my jeep wheeling up to the entrance, and I rose and went into the front hall, which smelled faintly of incense from a second-floor chapel. A palace servant with rather grubby bare feet, wearing a long dark gown and a scarf tied skater-style around his throat, was passing with a covered tray. He gave me a dangerously low bow as I hurried out the door into the bright mountain sunlight. I rode down the hill past the gray stone palace walls with unfamiliar flowers spurting from every crevice, past the scarlet-coated, straw-hatted musical-comedy sentries at the gate, holding the muzzle-loading rifles that had been a gift from Queen Victoria, between the long rows of small red, green, and blue triangular banners flapping in a light breeze.

By the time I had reached the *basha* compound at the foot of

OPPOSITE: *Sir Tashi, the late monarch of Sikkim, permitted the photographer Brian Brake to make this study of him at work in his palace studio. Behind him one of his own paintings shows the* yeti, *or Abominable Snowman. The parallel bands have a mystical significance.*

RIGHT: *Mount Kanchenjunga, the third highest peak in the world (28,208 feet), is a sacred place to the Sikkimese. On its loftiest and most inhospitable slopes, the mysterious* yeti *is said to make his home.*

UPI

the hill I knew I must make a point of asking Co Coo La just what her father meant by the Abominable Snowman. It was some days before I had the opportunity and when it came I had already moved from the *bashas* (since the busy ambassadors had all gone home) and been most hospitably installed in the palace guest house where the bride and her family had stayed before the wedding. As a consequence of this circumstance my last and strongest memory of Princess Co Coo La is seeing her seated in one of the large guest-house windows that overlook a spectacular view, her chic head silhouetted against the distant terraced hillslopes that dominate the Gangtok landscape. She had her hair dressed high in a semipompadour style, and since the day had turned chilly, she was wearing smart olive-green stretch pants and a bulky hand-knitted Italian sweater. Her appearance was so much what one might expect at a fashionable European ski resort that it made what she said that afternoon all the more fantastic.

I began by telling her how interested I had been in her father's paintings and how much I had appreciated my interview with him. I said, however, that I had been puzzled by his use of the term "Abominable Snowman," in view of some of the other things he had told me about his monthly visitor. Was I wrong in believing that the Abominable Snowman was an animal, sometimes described as an ape bear, sometimes as an ape man, perhaps a vestigial creature from an earlier earth age, like some of the sea monsters we now know do really exist? Surely, I said, only a terrifyingly powerful beast of some kind could, for instance, take the neck of a yak and twist it like so much paper—a condition in which dead yaks had frequently been found in *yeti*-land, according to a Bhutanese acquaintance I had talked to at dinner one night.

She nodded slowly. "There are a lot of stories like that one," she said. "Of course he—the *yeti*—feeds on human beings too. That's why he arouses such fear and why he has been given such filthy, unclean names. Fortunately he usually stays at very high altitudes. Around thirteen thousand feet or above. No, the Snowman is certainly not a myth. Lots of Western climbers have seen its tracks perfectly plainly, and of course lamas in lonely monasteries, and Sherpa climbers, have given quite exact descriptions." She paused and after a moment she gave a little tinkling half-laugh. "As to Daddy—he just uses the term Abominable Snowman because he thinks it's the only name in—" again she hesitated—"in demonology that any Westerners know. And, of course, none of—all this—is very easy to explain."

Although the Princess has, in addition to immense social grace, the capacity for unusual candor, she also has her due share of royal reserve, Asian style, and it was not entirely easy for me to press her for any further explanations. But I felt I must, while I had the chance, so I continued, somewhat hesitantly, "Then if it isn't the Abominable Snowman, what would *you* call the monthly visitor your father described to me?"

She started to say, "Well, of course, I don't know which one Daddy . . ." and then broke off into silence. Had she meant to say, "which one Daddy described to you?" It seemed a likely guess.

The Princess took her time about replying, as if anxious to give just the right answer. While I waited for her to speak I looked out the window. On nearby slopes the tall prayer flags were blowing their evening messages into the all-embracing, boundless air. On farther hills little bonfires had been lit and were blazing like grounded stars in the blue twilight haze.

Inside, in the cozy guest-house sitting room, a log shifted its position in the fireplace, releasing a stream of sparks, and at that, as though it had been a signal of some kind, the Princess spoke. Very gently, and without the least trace of embarrassment, she said, "I would call it He Who Dwells in the High Mountains."

Her quiet answer made it surprisingly easy for me to put the next logical question, "Have you ever seen Him Who Dwells in the High Mountains?"

Again she hesitated, but only for a moment. "I've not actually seen Him but—I've felt His presence." Then, without waiting for any urging, she told this story: once she had been on a journey in lonely mountain country; she alone, I took it, except for a band of porters. At evening as they were all seated around a blazing campfire, they "heard It, far off at a great distance. It was coming through the trees, like a high wind—only it wasn't a wind." The porters fell flat to the earth with their arms covering their heads, prostrated with utter terror. She remained seated upright (as a Princess should, I presumed), but she closed her eyes tight, gripped her palms together, and prayed as she felt It pass. "Trees were falling all around, but there was no real wind. It was not a wind at all. It was very different altogether. It was just a—tremendous, overwhelming Presence."

Tea had been ordered, and it came just then and so did another visitor. I had to drop the subject for the time being. As it turned out, the only other words I had a chance to speak about the Abominable Snowman, or any other local demons, during the rest of my Gangtok stay were spoken to His Highness at a buffet luncheon given by the Indian business community on the day he very plainly "let go" of the weather.

I stood eating a very hot curry and shivering a little in the unheated tent on whose painted canvas top an icy rain was falling with the sound of thunder. I heard someone say, "Here's the Maharajah now." I looked up and saw him enter. He was alone. His son and his son's bride of a few days had, as a matter of fact, suddenly left the palace, flying to the States because of the unexpected death of the new kumarani's American uncle and guardian. His Highness was, as usual on public occasions, decked out in his golden brocaded skirts and jaunty jacket; the black-lensed glasses rested firmly below his saucy little Mongolian cap of gold and sable. As he made his quiet way toward the center of the tent I thought his appearance seemed unusually sprightly. His step was light, his expression half-smiling, as if at some interior vision not possible to convey; that indescribable smile of Gothic angels and Buddhist Bodhisattvas. Certainly if the *yeti*, or the Mountain Presence, or whatever one cared to call it, had visited him the preceding night, the encounter could not have been an unpleasant one. Or did his air of relaxation come perhaps from having relinquished, at last, his hold on the weather, or from the related fact that since its sudden and drastic deterioration most of the foreign visitors were clearing out of the capital at a rapid rate?

It was plain that Sir Tashi knew how to create a total vacuum around him if he cared to. As soon as he had been deferentially served his plate of curry no one spoke to him or even stood near him while he ate. For the first time I realized what people meant who spoke of his "impenetrable" air of abstraction. I also saw how truly delicate and frail he was; a single puff of the mountain wind battering at the tent could easily have blown him away.

Much as I dreaded the thought of being publicly rebuffed, so strong was my intuition that if I did not speak to him now I never would again that I forced myself to move near enough to say in a tone so low I hoped no one could overhear, "Your Highness, I'm very curious to know—did the Abominable Snowman come last night?" (I had decided, in spite of Princess Co Coo La's briefing, not to confuse the matter by altering any names at this point in our exchange.)

To my intense relief his face brightened at my question. He turned to look at me, and I could have sworn there was something conspiratorial in his glance, as if we two shared some special, delightful secret. "No," he said in a voice as low as my own. "He didn't show."

Where could he have learned this particular expression? I edged a shade nearer. "How do you account for that?"

"I'm at a total loss to account for it," he murmured.

I felt him waiting for me to proceed. "Do you suppose," I ventured, "it might have something to do with all the foreign visitors? There have been so many. Over two hundred, isn't it?—and so many different kinds at that." There was an extended pause. I could almost feel him thinking about that mixed bag of unrelated personalities that had come crashing into sleepy Gangtok for the wedding: the bride's former schoolmates, prime ministers, neighboring maharajahs, reincarnations of famous holy men, Communist agents, Calcutta millionaires, European aristocracy, television crews, Indian politicians, American "Eastern seaboard society," ambassadors to India, photographers, newsmen. If it was true that he possessed special powers over invisible forces, what a task it must have been for him to siphon off into safe channels all these conflicting energies. (In spite of dire predictions to the contrary there had been surprisingly little disturbance of any kind to mar the wedding festivities. Even the inevitable grumbling in the bazaar about the expenses had died away after the first all-community gala, with free meals and dancing for everyone who came to the palace grounds.)

Sir Tashi was holding his fork poised with a bit of cauliflower impaled on its prongs. I caught myself remembering that it was Jimmy Thapa, the agricultural expert, who had introduced this unfamiliar vegetable into the Sikkim cuisine. Somehow at this moment, standing in a painted tent beside the little golden Maharajah, it was Jimmy Thapa's Australian training and American seeds, his experimental agricultural station on Gangtok's outskirts, and his burning interest in Sears Roebuck catalogues that seemed far stranger to me than anything I could ever be told about the Abominable Snowman.

At last Sir Tashi spoke. "Do you know," he said softly, warmly, "I think you are quite right. I think it was *precisely* that—all the foreign visitors," and he popped Thapa's experimental cauliflower into his mouth and solemnly began to chew it.

Those were the last words I was ever to hear from Sir Tashi Namgyal. Eight months later, only a few weeks before the celebration of his fifty years of sovereignty, he was dead—Sikkim's great Dogen Chogyal, Knight Commander of the Star of India, Companion and Knight Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire, and quite probably the last of the royal wizards of the Himalayan world. (It seems unlikely that Prince Palden Thondup, who has succeeded him, will have either the time or the opportunity for the esoteric pursuits in which his father spent most of his adult life.)

Now that he is gone beyond all further questioning, I cannot but wonder what strange lore went with him, unrecorded, to the funeral pyre; lore of a different nature altogether from semiscientific speculations about the existence of an ape man of the Land of Snows. What might I not have learned had I only known how to put the right questions? Was it possible that Sir Tashi had really experienced, within his own being, in the most explicit terms, something of the eternal battle between matter and spirit? What specific training had he undergone, or was he, perhaps, a natural, a "born" demonologist? As a true Tantricist did he meticulously extend goodwill to his fierce demon acquaintances who, in Buddhist terms, are as entitled to compassion and brotherly concern as all other living things in the world's great Oneness? If questions about the *yeti* had not so obsessed me, might I have learned, perhaps, something of the sovereign of Sikkim's own arcane techniques for acquiring direct knowledge of the blind and unblind forces, the various "intelligences" of Nature; how to co-operate with them, control them, even, perhaps, defy them? Now, alas, it is all too late.

On the day of his cremation, so it was reliably reported, not a breath of wind stirred. The white smoke from his funeral pyre rose, an unwavering column, high into the clear mountain air, indicating to those with power to read the signs that the old man's spirit had been truly and freely "released" from future rebirths. And later, Desmond Doig, the most trustworthy of journalists, described how the officiating lamas had discovered among Sir Tashi's ashes, a certain small, bead-like residue of a special kind that is only found in the remains of "great kings who have defended their country's faith," or in the ashes of the most spiritually evolved lamas.

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In Shona, a polytonic language of southern Africa, there are eighteen classes of nouns, no feminine gender, and the word for "dawn" translates to "the time when the elephants bathe"

By FRANCES STRAUSS

On Learning Shona

When I first heard Africans talking on the streets of Salisbury, Rhodesia, I could not believe that the sounds I was listening to constituted a language. I know that this is one's immediate reaction to the words heard in any foreign country, but in Rhodesia it amounted to conviction. Shona is the language of the Mashona tribe, and is spoken, in varying dialects, throughout the Rhodesian high veld. It seems to the uninitiated listener to have no beginning or end, with every word flowing into the next one. It was only rational to conclude that the Africans leaning against the parking meters or sitting on the curbstones were communicating, but I could not hear how. "It is not easy to sing the language as it should be done," wrote the Reverend S. K. Jackson, author of an excellent paperback grammar. "The whole language is, so to speak, set to a fixed tune using mainly three notes."

I never learned to sing Shona, and I was far from able to speak or understand it when I had to stop my lessons. Even the slightest effort to use it, however, often brought a touching response from the Africans. I was parking my car one afternoon when a woman vendor with a basket of potatoes on her head came up to me. I needed potatoes and bought some from her. I said a few words in Shona and added, "I am trying to learn your language." Her whole face lit up and she said, "You are trying to learn Shona? Then I give you all the potatoes." And she did, going off with the empty basket replaced on her head and her baby dangling on her back.

I told my Shona teacher, Leetah Goko, about the episode. "Probably she had overcharged you in the first place," Leetah said. "How much did you pay, and how many pounds?"

I told her.

"No," she said, "she was really giving you the rest."

I worked my way doggedly and with anguish to the end of the grammar and exercise book. Inarticulate as I still was when I finished, I knew how the language worked. Moreover I felt as though I had watched curtains being slowly pulled back to reveal a stage where even the sets were strange and the actors lived and moved and thought in a rigid context whose terms of reference I could only guess at. Perhaps the language touched, in me, the "collective unconscious" that Jung claims is part of the human heritage. How else explain my pleasure in a language having no word for "room," and one of whose most frequently employed verbs means "help me up with the load on my head"? And how else respond when the word for dawn is *mashambanzou*—the "time when the elephants bathe," and that for late evening translates as "the time when strangers ask for lodging"?

My initial response to the study of Shona was to feel affronted: by what right could it be so contrary to the way any reasonable language operated? If I had known anything about linguistics, my recoil might have been less violent. But I came to Shona from Greek and Latin, with some French and Spanish, and, from second-year German, "*Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühn . . .?*" Those languages certainly differed from each other, and from English, but at least they followed predictable patterns: you sweated over verb forms and genders, whipped through adjectives and adverbs, mastered the pronouns and prepositions, and you were on your comparatively familiar way. Verbs, of course, were the worst.

Shona was the exact reverse. The verbs were a cinch. You just stuck in two letters to change the stem from active to passive; three to indicate you were doing something *for* somebody; others to show you were getting another to perform an act, or still others to indicate the intensity of feeling (e.g., to love *very* much). There were a few other refinements: the verb forms, for example, ignored person, number, and gender—in fact the feminine gender was ignored completely. There were changes in words (not verbs) for

Scanning the Shona Dictionary . . .

Jengachenga	Horizon.
Bandika	1. Anxiety. Pain. 2. Second wife.
Mutsunyarunya	Edible long-headed grasshopper (eaten by adults only). Person with long face (physically).
Chikundywemuroyi	Inedible cricket.
Chamukumbomukumbo	1. Elopement. 2. Hopping on one leg (as game).
Chitebwe	Ghost. Lion into which spirit has entered.
Tapanu	Scoop up, with hands, such things as soft mud, fresh cattle dung; lift up a person who has collapsed.
Batsavatsi	1. Hollow made by rats or termites below floor or path. 2. Hypocrite.
-rukuta	Soften a hide by beating. **Muviri wangu wakarukutika** I have not strength for anything (lit., my body is as soft as a freshly beaten hide).

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"they" and "it" and "he-she," but whether the third person singular referring to humans meant a man or a woman had to be gleaned from the context. None of these differences, however, proved a serious barrier.

The first real inkling the Shona student has of what lies ahead of him comes with the news that there are eighteen classes of nouns. Some teachers divide these into nine classes, singular and plural, but since the amount of memorizing remains the same, this seems only a sleight of the mental hand. The student has just come to accept this complication, reasoning that a language should be permitted some eccentricities, when he meets up with the first of the concords. Even the term means nothing to him, and the Reverend Mr. Jackson sternly indicates that the subject will not be easy: "Concord means the agreement in a sentence of all words related to a noun in such a way that the prefix of the noun reappears in full or in part with those words agreeing with the noun." Concords, in fact, do all the work, and there are eleven different concords that must be learned for each of the eighteen classes of nouns. (In addition, there are various forms of absolute pronouns, reduplicative ones, and endless plays on the demonstratives). Even now I do not like to think about those concords.

The only Shona dictionary was compiled in 1959 and comprises seven hundred pages of Shona words with their English translations and examples of their use, and a mere one hundred pages of English words into Shona. To have put that dictionary together surely ranks as a monumental achievement on the part of M. Hannan, S.J., who acknowledges in his foreword the "sustained effort and patient co-operation of the African assistant Mr. E. Gumbo, whose feeling for the speaking example is evident on every page."

Indeed it is. Here are examples of the uses of *svika*, the verb stem whose basic meaning is "arrive" but which, like all Shona words, shifts its significance in differing contexts. In each of the following a form of *svika* would be the verb:

"There is no reaching Salisbury in one day from Umtali."

"Yes, he violated me."

"The axe almost hit me."

"This person is very hard to catch out."

"It is not everybody who becomes possessed of a tutelary spirit."

"From here to our home is quite a distance."

"If you reach his home he will welcome you wholeheartedly."

Reading any dictionary is fun; reading the Shona dictionary proved a distraction fatal to any further studying. It contained such life and color, such a relish for words, such a shaping and molding and playing with them, that the whole life of the rural African can be imagined through the words in its pages.

The Shona language makes ours seem as pale as our skins. Ideophones are integral to it, those exclamatory and often onomatopoeic words out of which an infinite variety of verbs and nouns grow, much changed but with the meaning still shaped by the original ideophone. Every conceivable sound seems represented: slapping, flapping, clapping, rattling, rustling, "as when a person wears a raincoat." There are also ideophones for colors, smells, tastes, and various reactions to touch.

The one ideophone shared with English is *bibi* ("beep beep") for the sound made by the horn of a motorcar. There is *bababa* meaning to pat on the back, to congratulate, out of which comes *batapata*, meaning activity or bustle. *Kive* sounded high and thin means the sound of a train whistle; *bopo*, the sound of water falling; *popota*, grumbling. *Banga* means putting in a safe place or packing up: "the woman packed her belongings, shot out of

. . . and some Shona sayings

An elephant is not weighed down by its tusks (the burdens of the head of a numerous family are not oppressive however heavy they may be).

A male child is an iron bone (i.e., is of more value than a female child).

It's a cockroach fallen into the milk (said of a person who has been sought and not found, but who now un-

the house, and went," is Mr. Gumbo's laconic example.

Bu means slapping on the mouth, falling flat, clapping hands, or eating dry food. *Bu bu* means eating hard objects, and *bu bu bu*, flapping wings, threshing, or beating dust from an article. And one of the nouns based on *bu* is *bupira*. This is a garrulous person; "flies do not get a chance to rest on his lips."

Bebe means following closely: "if you quarrel with someone else's wife, she will follow you, shaking her finger in your face."

Dau is the ideophone for hopping. Still to be found in the Rhodesias is the Mbira, a small piece of wood to which flattened nails are attached and tuned to the African scale, which always sounds flat to us. A hollow gourd is often attached underneath for resonance. By using his thumbs a skilled African musician creates miracles of melody and rhythm from this unlikely, homemade object. What is his playing called? *Obira kudaura*, to "hop" on the Mbira.

Leetah Goko and I met for Shona lessons in the community hall of the township on the edge of Salisbury where Leetah and some sixty thousand other Africans have, perforce, to live. The only place we could count on finding empty was a dressing room behind the stage, equipped with benches, washbowls, and mirrors. During October, which is the hot month in Rhodesia, Leetah and I were frequently thirsty and stopped our work to get a drink, holding our cupped hands under the faucets.

"I notice you always lap up the water with your tongue," said Leetah.

"Do I? I guess I do." I had never noticed how I drank out of my cupped hands, nor how she did out of hers.

But one learns from the Shona language that these Africans notice everything. Precise observation was essential to continued existence in the isolation of the scrubby bush, prey to lions, elephants, hyenas, and deadly snakes. One basic ideophone means "stark fear on glimpsing," and the variations based on *what* one glimpses—a lion, a mamba, and so on—seem endless. Survival depended on keenness of hearing and vision. And without reading or writing, the success of any recital around the fire in the kitchen hut—the heart and center of life—was contingent on the vividness with which a picture or a human being could be conjured up.

Many ideophones tell how one walks or sits: "like a baboon," or with slow, deliberate steps, or like a short angry man, or slithering in the mud like a duck, or as though treading mud for plastering, or with a heavy step like that of a heavy person (many changes hang on this), or trotting like a fat person, or walking slowly or lazily or sorrowfully or pugnaciously. *Serere* (sehrehray) means to move quietly, or to subside slowly. *Zenene* (Zehnaynay) means to walk with the stomach sticking out. There is an ideophone for being warmed by the sun, and it is used in the proverb, "A lizard suns itself within reach of its hiding place." One may walk like a sick person—or even like one who is hungry.

From ideophones, or by using what grows from them, the Mashona have devised their other words. Where we need adjectives, adverbs, and prepositions to convey a precise meaning, they have a noun or verb that tells the whole story by itself. One word means the kind of bad breath that originates in the mouth; another means that whose source is in the stomach. *Chidiya*—pronounced with the "y" sounding like our "g"—means a "short, restless, vigorous person, usually a woman." *Chidoma*, on the same page of the dictionary, is "a witch's familiar, a mythical animal shorter than the polecat." (This creature, I was told, precedes a witch wherever she goes, acting as a sort of scout.)

"Native" beer brewed by the women—a very nutritious product, but the cause of much drunkenness because it will not keep and therefore must be all drunk up immediately—rates a whole vocabulary of its own. *Chidyashe*, for example, is the "cup of beer for the village headman at a beer drink," *chidyavarime* is the beer kept for private consumption with friends, and still another variation means "the owner's portion of the beer or meat being distributed at a gathering."

There is a specific word for any number of characteristics: one for the kind of child who is always "asking to be scolded," one for the kind of person who is "like a big male mouse." One transitive verb that means to wipe or flick away perspiration shifts to a variation meaning to bale out muddy water, and then comes to be used to mean sending your wife back to her family.

expectedly appears).

He must have eaten a monkey's arm (he is continually slapping people across the mouth).

He spread out his intestines to dry on a stump (i.e., he betrayed himself into the hands of his enemies).

Do not kill a snake and leave its tail (i.e., if there be a grievance, settle it completely).

A noun variant is the token given to the wife to take to her parents to show you want a divorce. There is another verb meaning to make life unbearable, "as a husband who wishes his wife to leave him."

When I first glanced through the Shona dictionary, I was struck by the number of peculiar demons there seemed to be: near demons, far and precise demons, emphatic near and emphatic far demons. I began to feel that the rural African had to live out his life daily beset by malign spirits hovering around him like a swarm of bees. It was some time before I made the elementary discovery that the word "demons" was always followed by a period and was merely an abbreviation for "demonstratives." Actually, remarkably few words in Shona refer to the world of the spirits.

Is it valid to reach conclusions about a people based on their language and their proverbs? I do not know. I only know that both seemed to confirm what I had already heard and concluded from the people I knew. One is struck by the fact that the Mashona—those Africans living around Salisbury—seem to be unusually free of nastiness; they show no signs of that hate which takes itself out in suspicion and ugliness. They are perfectly aware that trickery exists and that even close friends can turn into enemies, but there is not the assumption—as there is in some developing countries—that no man, not even a brother, is to be trusted. "I won't take revenge if you do it once," says a Shona proverb, "but do it twice and I fight."

Feeling against the white man is growing by the second, but it has not yet found its way into the language, or more precisely, it had not yet found its way into the dictionary published in 1959—unless one includes the term for an African member of the white constabulary: "watered-down porridge." Many foreign words are now used generally: *nyuzupepa* for newspaper, *basikoro* for bicycle (there is no "l" in Shona), *buku* for book, *motokari* for automobile, and *paderi* for "at the dairy." But the real enemies, to judge only from words in the dictionary and from proverbs, remain those of an elemental existence: snakes, animals, starvation, drought.

"Basically, the Mashona are a peaceful people," say the Rhodesians, and I am sure they are—or were.

What Shona lacks in extent of vocabulary, it gains in the richness and imagination of its proverbs and idiomatic expressions. Among those I collected I remember, "The child expert is the one who is childless," "Most people blame children for what they do themselves," and "Chew before you swallow." One should have a witness to any business transaction: "If you buy a dog in private, you will tomorrow be fighting about its collar." Popularity is something that has to be cultivated: "If you would be popular, invite people"; and, somewhat in the same vein, "If you want to get married, you'd better do something about it; the fig tree does not go in search of birds."

There are variations on familiar themes. "It is better to have an old sleeping mat than to lie on the ground," and "The child of a chief is a slave elsewhere." Our proverb "Opportunity knocks but once" is reflected in "The spirit does not give twice." To the Mashona "Spilt water has no one to gather it up," and "The bark is like the tree it was peeled from," and "Baboons laugh at each others' projecting foreheads." If you want to approach the chief, you must remember that "To climb a mountain, you must go a long way around." And does the saying "Take care of all the pumpkins; there is not one without seeds" relate to thrift alone or to a view of human beings? Quoted as a proverb, but not quite seeming so to us is "When he no longer loves you, it seems as though it had always been like that."

Sometimes there is an element of bitterness in these Mashona proverbs: "He who does good things gets bad in return," or its variant, "The kind heart kills." On the other hand, "Giving is the same as storing up," and "Pleasure is like a mousehole: if you follow it you will come to its end."

One sharp, heartbreaking proverb lays bare the hurts of youth and old age alike: "You are still young enough for blood to flow from a wound."

Frances Strauss and her husband, a former official in the Agency for International Development, are now living in Virginia, after several years abroad, first in Rhodesia, then in Pakistan.

Realistic Hallucinations

Panopticons by PETER MAX

Peter Max, who conceived the kaleidoscopic patterns reproduced on the following pages, has referred to such creations as "panopticons," a word Webster defines, in part, as "a place where everything may be seen; an exhibition room for novelties." That label tends to stick, although its inadequacy becomes obvious when we examine these unique graphic fantasies. Max constructs his images from photographs, magazine illustrations, old engravings, and decorative papers, pasting together only one segment of his intended composition which is then mechanically reproduced, mirror-fashion, over and over again to complete the circle or rectangle.

The illustration opposite, for instance, grows from part of an automobile engine at the center and proceeds outward to a driver speeding so fast that he must resort to a parachute as a check, then on to other automobile parts, and ultimately to a whirling profusion of enameled and chromed cars. The whole creation recalls an enlarged vision of some symmetrical cellular organism as seen under a microscope. By similar devices, Max projects a compressed section of New York's crowded cityscape (and a scrap of marbleized paper) into a fantasy that suggests the urban scene grown to its ultimate limits (overleaf). In the final illustration bits and pieces of advertisements from fashion magazines burgeon into a semblance of a flower viewed through turning prisms.

As a prospering young graphic designer, Peter Max finds inspiration for many of his book jackets, record covers, and advertisements in the lacy tendrils, rich textures, and organic structures of Art Nouveau. In our illustrations, however, his symbols are the chrome and chromo material of the 1960's. Even so, like the forms of Art Nouveau, they suggest the possibility of proliferating indefinitely beyond any arbitrary limits of space. But their reiteration of the commonplace paraphernalia of life is in the idiom of Pop Art. By mechanically repeating combinations of single, familiar images, Max suggests, he achieves a visual intensity that transcends the effects produced by the original individual elements. He describes the resulting patterns as "realistic hallucinations . . . focusing into something relating to everything," a statement that may or may not clarify his intentions, but clearly emphasizes the ambiguous mood of his presentations.